

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

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THE history of the City of London, with that of the great companies or guilds which governed it, is, to a not ordinarily recognized degree, the history of English liberties, and their decisions a potent factor in the history of the race—the adherence of the city often deciding the fate of dynasties. The House of York conquered because London supported it; and when the Duke of Northumberland rode out for Lady Jane Grey against Mary, the silence of the citizens convinced him that his cause was doomed. It was to the Londoners, and not in vain, that Mary appealed in the perilous beginning of Wyatt's rebellion. The sinister uprising under Wat Tyler was cut short by the dagger of a lord mayor, and these hardy citizens grappled with and overcame even the redoubtable Elizabeth herself in the

matter of patents and monopolies. Their stubbornness brought Strafford to the block, and their attitude decided the civil war against the king—their resolute demand for a free parliament overcoming the resistance of the parliamentary army later, and rendering the restoration inevitable. Even in Saxon days the citizens of London by their yea or nay in the Witenagemote decided the succession to the throne, and in the election of the Danish sovereigns the sailing merchants of London took a weighty part.

Today no Englishman who has deserved well of his country is held to have been adequately rewarded until he has had conferred upon him the freedom of the city—bought with gold and eternal vigilance—sign-manual of privileges once unique.

In the early Saxon times certain associations denominated "frithgilds" were founded, most conveniently to comply with the exactions of the frankpledge, which required every freeman of fourteen

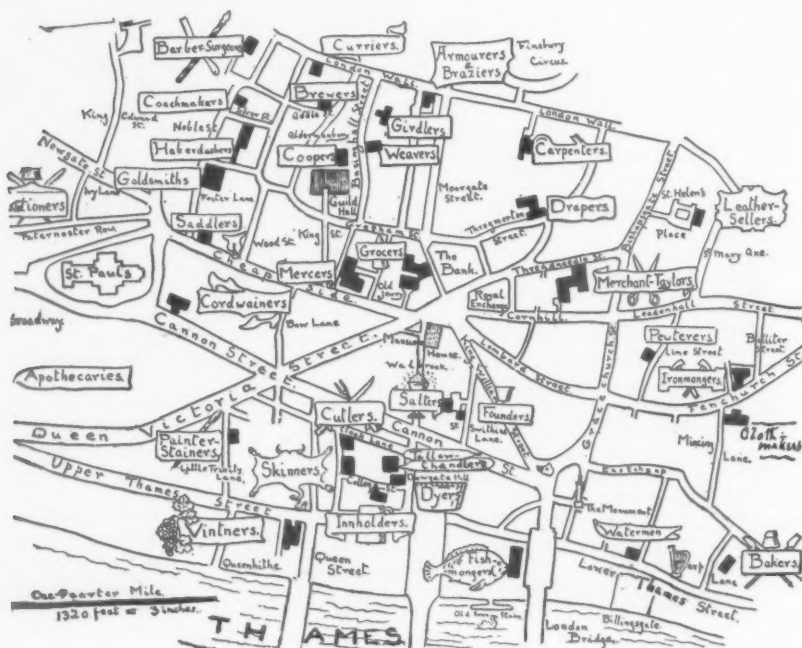
years of age to find sureties for his good behavior. The price of life or limb was paid by the family or house of the wrongdoer to the family or house of the man wronged—the first effort of a dawning civilization to make clear that a wrong to one was a wrong to all. As the blood-witte or fine was heavy, ten families combined to form a guild; all being equally responsible for an offence committed by any member, and having a further privilege of acting as compurgators, who investigated the case and took solemn oath as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. The members of each guild met once a month at dinner; partly for social purposes, and partly to keep a watchful eye upon one another, and these frithgilds developed by natural evolution into trade guilds, and acquired also a certain religious savor—as is shown by the titles of some of them, such as "The Guild of the Blessed Mary the Virgin of the Mystery of Drapers," the "Fraternity of the Body of Christ of the Skinners;" this mystery, it may be mentioned en passant, being a corruption of the old French *maesterie*, a

craft or trade. Even yet the guilds go in solemn procession to the church of their patron saint on his day.

The first royal charter given to these guilds of freemen came from William the Conqueror and is still in the city archives—four lines and a quarter, beautifully written on a slip of parchment of the length of six inches and the breadth of one, and in Anglo-Saxon—a great concession from the Norman William. The translation reads thus:

"William the king friendly salutes William the bishop and Godfrey the portreeve, and all the burgesses within London, both English and French. And I declare that I grant you all to be law worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward; and I grant that every child shall be his father's heir, after his father's days; and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong. God keep you."

The traders having grown powerful and somewhat tyrannical, the craftsmen began to make desperate efforts to obtain their share in the city's government, forming the craft guilds, or commonalty, as op-





THE MANSION HOUSE.

posed to the mercantile guilds, or aristocracy. The weavers first received royal recognition in 1130, when Robert, son of Leowulfston, paid sixteen pounds for them into the treasury. They obtained from Henry 1. a charter which enacted that no one not a member should exercise the trade in London or Southwark, and from this time until 1180, when the other eighteen craft guilds obtained from Walter Heney, the mayor of that year, charters also, the weavers were the object of the envy, hatred and malice of every one of their less lucky brethren. In 1262 they gained their first triumph over the mercantile guilds in the election of their candidate for mayor, Thomas Fitz-Thomas; and from that time all questions were submitted to the vote of the citizens at large, to the intense disgust of the aldermen.

The state of the guilds at this time was briefly this: no one who was not a member of the guild of his particular craft could exercise it in London or Southwark. To secure this membership he was obliged to serve a seven years' apprenticeship, but its advantages were well worth the waiting for. He was then secure against ruinous competition, for the rulers of the guild settled the prices: he was secure against grinding overwork, for the rulers of the

guild settled the hours; he was secure against underselling by unworthy work or unlawful means, for they examined all the work turned out. Disobedience to the laws of the craft—kept in the company's craft box and read once a year to the members standing bareheaded—was punished by fine or expulsion. His officers were of his own election, and he himself had as good a prospect as another of rising to authority. He was protected from persecution or injustice; if he failed in life he was supported by the charity of his brethren and buried at their expense, while masses for the repose of his soul followed him to his last resting place. Lastly, from the year 1284 he had a vote in the election of the members sent to represent the city in parliament.

The connection between the larger history of the country and that of the companies is interesting. The granting of charters by the kings was in no sense an act of enlightened policy, but a strictly business transaction, it being one of the methods by which the sovereigns raised money for their numerous wars in France and Scotland. Between 1280 and 1420 twelve companies received charters. Out of those 140 years 107 were spent in warfare, and no charters are recorded during

the intervals of peace. From 1420 to 1470 ten charters were granted, war with France being carried on for forty-eight of the fifty years. And the same story is repeated during the following century. Henry VIII. granted but one, greatly preferring force to cajolery, besides being the lucky heir of his careful father's savings of £2,000,000. During the peaceful forty-four years of Elizabeth's reign only five companies were incorporated. But the arrival of the Stuarts, with their hunger for money and objection to parliaments, produced a shower of charters, James granting seventeen and Charles twenty-two. Cromwell gave but two only, but the business of selling charters began again with the restoration, ending altogether with the final expulsion of the Stuart family, only one having been granted since to the fan makers, and that, appropriately enough, in the bric-à-brac age of Queen Anne.

So rapidly did the influence of the companies increase that in 1375, by special ordinance, the city elections were taken from the wards and bestowed upon them. The halls of the companies began to rise in various parts of the city, usually adjacent to the principal seat of the crafts to which they belonged. In almost every case, though most of the buildings were swept away by the great fire, the sites are the same to this day. The Merchant-Tailors had a hall in Basing Lane before moving to their present position; the Mercers, Fishmongers and Pelterers—or Skinners—also roamed somewhat at first, but the others settled and stayed. Thenceforth they governed their city and minded their business undisturbed. The kings and

nobles had endeavored to create capitals of Warwick, Stafford and Winchester by right of royal favor, while the Londoners were cheapening hides, warehousing the foreign wines that were to supply the royal tables, or bargaining with the adventurer from the East for the incense to accompany high mass at the cathedrals. The grocers (or grossers, because they sold by the gross) were inspecting drugs, the goldsmiths assaying and stamping plate, the brewers testing beer, the vintners testing the wine, and the merchant-tailors

—proud company that sometimes ranked kings among their members—keeping an eye on the cloth-markets and comparing the measure that gave its name to the dreaded English clothyard shaft with a rule of solid silver stamped with their arms. And out of all this commerce grew wealth and from the wealth the power which worked for freedom; the great companies standing always as a barrier against every encroachment upon the freedom and dig-



SAMUEL PEPYS.

nity of the commoner, until all commoners were free alike.

The guilds suffered much under the restoration. The great fire swept away their halls and warehouses, Charles's suicidal foreign policy and the "quo warranto" proceedings crippled their gains and liberties, and after the advent of the German dynasty, with its importation of the German aristocratic contempt for trade, the younger sons of nobles and country gentlemen ceased to enter the mercantile pursuits. The crown and the nobles, too, were fixed within constitutional limits by this time, and the guilds had no longer a battle to fight. Now, so



ENTRANCE TO THE GUILDHALL.

far from its being compulsory for a trader to belong to his company, but three—the stationers, the apothecaries and the goldsmiths—contain more than a small minority of actual craftsmen. The goldsmiths still possess their full powers; the apothecaries license the members of that calling; the fishmongers pay officials to seize unwholesome fish; the gunmakers prove all firearms made in London; the saddlers examine saddles, and the pewterers make assays and have supervision over the plumbing trade. In constitution they remain practically the same, except that the head of the merchant-tailors, no longer travelling for the company, has ceased to be called the "Pilgrim." The "Budge Bachelor" of the drapers, whose robe was trimmed with budge—or lambskin with the wool outward—and the "Bachelor in Foins"—or the skin of the marten—of the skinnners, have both disappeared with their forgotten duties.

Admission to the companies is still obtainable by patrimony or right of birth, it being frequently traditional with families that son after father should belong to such and such a company for generations, though the family's connection with trade has long since ceased—if it ever existed. Also by servitude and apprenticeship,

which, however, is now almost always redeemed by payment.

A freeman enters the "Livery," or body of members entitled to wear the livery robes of the company, on payment of a fine varying from a few shillings to the £110 of the cloth-workers. Entrance to the Court of Assistants which conducts the affairs of the company is by election, but the vintners demand a fee of £213 from anyone assuming office, and the other guilds vary this sum. The corporate moneys of the sixty-four guilds amount in all to £484,475. The richest company is the drapers, with £50,000 among 300 members. The richest in proportion to liverymen is the mercers, who divide £48,000 among 195 members. In addition to this the trust incomes of fifty companies amount to £201,427. The mercers have the largest trust, £35,000. The amounts at the disposal of others vary through thousands, hundreds and tens, and even to the odd sum of six pounds fourteen shillings and eightpence—the sole income of the tin-plate workers. The total incomes of all foot up £685,902. This is applied to the expenses of the great halls; and the civic festivals, such as lord mayor's shows, receptions to royalty and distinguished men,

gifts to the reigning family upon their marriages, and such like functions that must be done in a manner suited to the wealth and power of the town of London. The fame of the city dinners and the good keeping of the aldermen

has passed into a proverb; their most expensive and magnificent feast was given to the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia and the Prince Regent in 1814, in celebration of the end of the Napoleonic wars. The proud and powerful merchants of the city of London, whose gold had made these wars possible, bade to their table the three most powerful monarchs of Europe, spending upon their entertainment £25,000, while the plate upon which their food was served cost an equal sum, a large part of this gold and silver being the gift of kings and some of it the work of Cellini's own hands.

But the larger portion of the guild money is spent in charity. Orphanages, almshouses, pensions, schools, hospitals and technical training colleges all share



THE STATIONERS' BARGE.

in these funds. The drapers gave £10,000 to the People's Palace and support a large training school for boys in connection with it. The mercers have just opened a great technical institute for both sexes in King's Road. No

deserving effort to aid the unfortunate or to train the young appeals to them in vain. Guy's hospital was founded by a member of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. Guy, after accumulating a large fortune, was about to marry his housemaid, but the engagement was broken after this fashion. He had given instructions that the pavement before the door should be repaired as far as a carefully indicated spot. The maid ventured to authorize the men to proceed a little farther, and Guy, taking fright at this indication of a tendency to judge for herself, repudiated so extravagant and officious a mate and founded the hospital instead.

Dean Colet of the Mercers' company founded St. Paul's school in 1509, giving nearly the whole of his private estate during his own lifetime for the purpose. Sir Hans Sloane, a member of the Apothecaries' company, left to the guild in 1674 a portion of his large estate in Chelsea for a botanical garden, on condition that they annually presented to the garden fifty new varieties of plants until the number reached 2000; and this they faithfully did, making there the most complete collection of medicinal herbs and simples in the world. The place is still kept intact, shaded in part by the fine old cedars planted by the donor, and used as a valuable annex to the Chelsea hospital. It was in this garden that the first attempt was made in 1687 to grow plants in an artificially heated atmosphere.

It was a member of the Goldsmiths' guild who first brought water into the city. Sir Hugh Middleton, in 1609, after careful consideration, selected two springs in Hertfordshire, one at Chadwell and another at Amwell. He sunk his entire fortune in the work, and was forced



to appeal to the king, who assumed half the past and future expense at the price of half the profits; this half share remaining to this day an enormously valuable possession of the crown. So aided, the following year saw the work completed and the water brought to Islington, where the waterworks are still situated, close to Middleton square. Middleton was knighted, and found in this almost his only reward, as the New River works paid no dividend for eighteen years. Dying, he bequeathed to his guild one share, which is today worth £10,000, and also his portrait, which hangs in the Goldsmiths' hall.

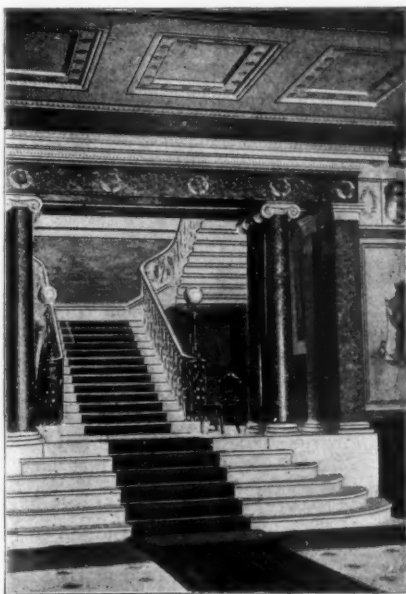
In 1572 the companies undertook to, in a manner, police the city by organizing the trainbands, practising them to arms and holding them in readiness to quell disturbance or defend the city from invasion. For these bands they chose "the most sizeable and active young men to the number of 3000," they putting on armor themselves when the realm was threatened. In 1588, when the Armada's sails were descried from the Lizard, the great companies of London put in the field, at their own expense, 10,000 men and on the sea thirty-eight sail.

Two years after the great fire of 1666, in which nearly all the guilds lost their halls, the corporation ordained that every one of the companies "provide and keep in readiness thirty buckets, one engine, six pickaxes, three ladders and two hand-squirts of brass"—thus originating the first metropolitan fire department.

The constitution of the corporation is as follows: First, the common council, consisting of 206 members selected in fixed

proportions from the various wards. Second: twenty-six aldermen, one from each ward, except that of Bridge-Without, of which the senior member of the court is alderman by right. They hold the office for life, and the fine for refusal to serve after election is £500. Third, the sheriffs, elected by liverymen of the companies. Fourth, the mayor, elected by the liverymen from among those aldermen who have been sheriffs. The man chosen declares his acceptance (being fined £1000 if he declines), and the lord mayor, recorder,

sheriffs and common sergeant announce the result to the liverymen; the elected mayor is then presented to the lord chancellor, who gives the formal assent of the crown to the election. On the morning of November 8 he swears in the presence of the outgoing mayor and the aldermen to serve faithfully. On the 9th he goes in solemn procession to the law courts to renew his oaths before the judges, whom he formally invites to dinner. This banquet takes place the same evening in the Guildhall, where



STAIRCASE AT SALTERS' HALL.

the outgoing and incoming mayors sit side by side, and at a certain point in the meal change seats. The salary is £10,000—equal to that of the President of the United States—and the mayor during his year of office has the use of the Mansion House as a residence, as well as the city plate, valued at £20,000; but so great are the expenses of his procession and his dinners that no man takes the place unless he is prepared to spend all his salary and four or five thousand pounds more out of his own pocket. The duties are many and various.

In return for all this labor and expendi-

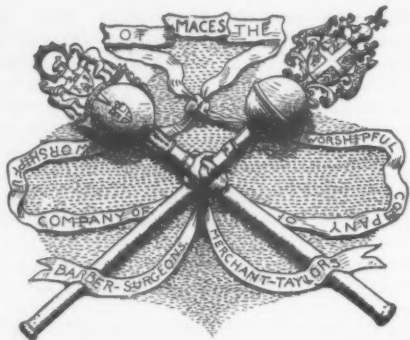
ture he is knighted, is surrounded with almost royal state and splendor, and is so important a personage in the kingdom for twelve months that the average visiting Frenchman can hardly be persuaded that he is not ruler of England. The sovereign herself may not enter the city without pausing at Temple Bar to be received by him, and in that part of London he takes precedence of everyone save her. Outside of the city he ranks as an earl, and has the right to officiate as chief butler in case a coronation takes place during his year of office, in which case he receives a gold cup.

For over 200 years the lord mayors went in state to the law courts at Westminster by water, in the splendid city barges, and the present fashion of riding in a gilded coach drawn by eight horses only began in 1711, when some improvement in the metropolitan pavements made such a journey possible. The highly ornate vehicle now in use for this purpose was painted by Cipriani in 1757, and cost over £1000.

The history of the goldsmiths may serve as an example of the history of all the guilds, and gives some suggestion of the part each one took in the development of the greatest of the world's capitals. They were incorporated in the reign of Richard II., in the year 1392.

Their arms are thus described: "To the Master, Wardens and the rest of the worthy Members of the Rt. Worshp. Comp. of Goldsmiths—T. B. wisheth event of all Felicity and humbly dedicates this plate.

"The Rt. Worshp. company of Goldsmiths, London, bear for their Ensigne Armorial: Quarterly, gules and azure; in the 1st and 4th a Leopard's head on. In the 2d and 3d a Cup covered between Buckles of the last. On a helmet a wreath of their colours; A denty Lady her arms extended proper, in the dexter hand a pair of scales, and in the sinister an ingot of the third. Supported by two Unicorns



gold. Underneath on an Escrole for their motto, JUSTITIA VIRTUTUM REGINA. Patron Saint, Dunstan."

The leopard's head upon their arms was used as a sign of the proper standard of the precious metals. The twenty-eighth of Edward I. says: "It is ordained that

no goldsmith of England, nor none other where within the king's dominions, shall from henceforth make or cause to be made any manner of vessel, jewel, or any other thing of gold or silver, except it be of the true alloy (that is to say) of gold of a certain touch, and silver of the sterling alloy; of the coin or better at the pleasure of him to whom the work belongeth. And that none work worse silver than money; and that no manner of vessel depart out of the hands of the workers until it be assayed by the wardens of the craft. And further, that it be worked with the leopard's head; and that they work no worse gold than the touch of Paris [there were no English gold coins then to serve as standards]; and that the wardens of the craft shall go from shop to shop among the goldsmiths to assay if their gold be the same touch that is spoken of before; and if they find any other than of the touch aforesaid the gold shall be forfeit to the king."

This enactment applied to all the towns of England, and once a year every town where the precious metals were worked in was ordered to send one of their goldsmiths "unto London for to be ascertained of their touch." No gold or silver could be sold unless "marked with the puncheon of the liberd's head."

The penalty of an infringement of this law was a visit to the pillory. Thomas Lanleye, for the offence of selling vessels of laten gilded, was—in the fashion of an age that inculcated its moral lessons after the kindergarten methods—condemned to stand three days in the pillory with the offending cups hanging about his neck.

The company ordained in 1336 that all

work must be brought to their hall for assay, where, if satisfactory, it would be duly stamped "with the owner's and the say's mark, and afterwards touched with the liberd's hede crowned." It was declared "felony to use the craft of multiplication of gold and silver," a legal recognition of the claims of the alchemists. In 1423 it was commanded that if the "keeper of the touch" touched with the leopard's head any "harness or armour of silver" that was not sterling he should forfeit double the value of the fraud to the king. In 1573 the master and wardens were compelled to give security that in

by three elaborate locks, each opened by different keys, kept by three different officials. In the lid are three carefully protected openings. Each milling and coinage is termed a journey, or day's work, and a specimen of each denomination from every journey is deposited in the pyx, marked with the date and value of the journey. When it is full (about once in five years), the master of the mint informs the privy council, and the pyx is opened with solemn ceremonies in the presence of the lord chancellor, the master and wardens of the Goldsmiths' company, and a jury of freemen goldsmiths, selected

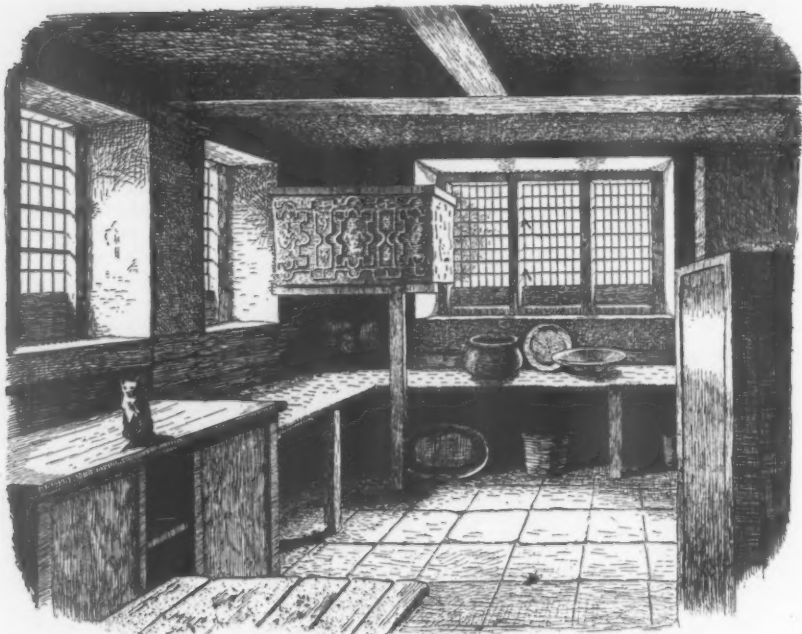


DINING HALL OF THE BREWERS' COMPANY.

future no gold wares should be of less fineness than twenty-two carats, and silver less than 10 oz. 2 dwts. to the pound. In 1675 the wardens commanded all goldsmiths to bring their private marks and strike them in "a table appointed for that purpose." This table, a copper one of nine columns, is still to be seen at the hall. In this order the lion is added to the leopard's head as a sign of approval.

With the Goldsmiths' company still remains the superintendence of "Trial of the Pyx," a custom the origin of which is not certainly known, though in the time of Edward III. it is spoken of as "of old time ordained." The pyx is an iron chest divided into three compartments, one for gold and two for silver, fastened

by them. The queen's remembrancer administers the oath to the jury, and the lord chancellor earnestly explains the importance of their functions, for the officials of the mint are given into their custody until the coin assayed is proved correct, both in weight and fineness. This takes place in the Goldsmiths' hall. Certain coins are selected at hazard for separate examination, and the rest, gold and silver, are rolled under tremendous pressure into two ingots. A piece is cut off the end of each and rolled into a thin plate, the thickness of a shilling. Pieces are again cut off these, and being accurately weighed are assayed in the usual manner. The gold is increased by three times its weight of silver, wrapped in a piece of



OLD KITCHEN AND CISTERN, BREWERS' HALL.

sheet lead and melted in a cupel. The impurities are thus driven off and a pellet of mixed gold and silver left. This is beaten out thin, coiled into a screw, and immersed in a strong acid, which dissolves the silver. The remaining pure gold is then carefully weighed once more, and it is clear whether the vanished alloy was greater or less than it should have been according to the standard trial plates. The silver is treated in the same manner, except for the acid bath, the residue of the cupellation being pure silver. The greatest variation was in 1873, amounting to one ten-thousandth part.

The goldsmiths originated banking as it now exists, the Jew bankers having been little more than pawnbrokers. Merchants used to deposit their money at the mint, but one of Elizabeth's able financial schemes was to quietly make herself a loan of these sums and then lend them back to the citizens on good security at seven per cent. interest. Charles I., just before the Long Parliament, forcibly possessed himself of £200,000 of money deposited at the mint, and in 1645 men began

to deposit their money instead with the goldsmiths. During the commonwealth the coin was very uneven in weight, large quantities of it being heavier than necessary, and of this the goldsmiths took advantage in their position of bankers, by picking out and melting down the heavier coins, replacing them by light ones at a considerable profit. They afterwards began to give interest on money deposited, which brought them such large sums in cash that they were able to lend heavily to the crown. The receipts given for money so deposited were the first bank notes.

It occurred first to Francis Child that a fortune awaited the man who would devote himself entirely to this business instead of continuing it with goldsmiths' work. "The father of banking" was apprentice to William Wheeler, whose shop stood on the site of the still existing bank in Fleet street, and in the most appropriate manner Child married his master's daughter, and inherited his estate and business. He died in 1713, having been sheriff, lord mayor, and member of parliament for the city.

The goldsmiths have lately rebuilt their hall with more magnificence than taste, substituting colored marbles and much gilding for the fine sombre carved wood of the earlier home. Happily, the series of portraits of famous members, and their splendid collection of plate—the Cellini cup being the gift to them of Queen Elizabeth—remain unmarred by any modern renovation.

In Monkwell street stands the Hall of the Barber-Surgeons, the porch ornamented with the company's arms—three razors and an open-mouthed head—referring to the dentistry which they used to practise. This hall is the one mentioned by Pepys, in August 1668, as "Chyrurgeon's hall, where they are building it new, very fine." The courtroom was built by Inigo Jones after the fire, and here hang portraits of Jones, by Vandyke, the Countess of Richmond, by Lely, and the Holbein portrait of Henry VIII., in which he is represented as giving the kneeling barber-surgeons their charter.

Their plate includes a cup given them by Henry VIII., of which Pepys says: "Among other observables we drank the king's health out of a cup given by King Henry VIII. to this company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking after he hath drunk of the whole cup."

Smollett, in 1741, passed his examination as surgeon's mate here, and describes the

ceremony in Roderick Random. The combination of barbering and surgery is still perpetuated in the striped pole which the first still keeps as its sign, though it more properly belongs to the second, being representative of the stick and strips of tape used to fasten the arm when a patient was being bled.

The monks were the original surgeons, but in 1163 the clergy were forbidden to perform any operation involving bloodshed, and this threw the business into the hands of the barbers, who had previously been mere assistants. Thomas Morestede, surgeon to Henry V., first took steps toward the formation of a company. The Company of Barbers practising Surgery were incorporated accordingly in the name of SS. Cosmo and Damian, physicians and martyrs, very popular with the early Italian painters. In time the surgeons grew proud and formed a separate body, ordaining that all physicians and surgeons were to obtain their licenses from the Bishop of London or the Dean of St. Paul's. They carried matters with a high hand for some years, until checked by the king, because of their attempt to forbid anyone "having knowledge of the nature of herbs, roots and waters" from making charitable use of that knowledge to the damaging of their own fees; after which they were reunited with their old colleagues for two centuries, and only finally separated in 1745.



OLD PIECES OF PLATE BELONGING TO CITY COMPANIES.

The stationers themselves gave the name to Paternoster row, where their hall stands, as it was there the printers of prayer books and psalters first began such work, under the shadow of the bishop's palace, and under ecclesiastical patronage. Very early they are found making protests against competition, and resenting encroachment upon their exclusive privilege of "printing ballads, damask paper, and books in prose or metre." They were, in fact, censors of the press for the government, since nothing could be printed without their permission. The general rights of the company, however, were distributed among its members, as: Bibles and Testaments to John Jugge; lawbooks to Richard Tothill; almanacs and prognostications (a very important business even now) to James Roberts and Richard Watkins; Latin grammars and schoolbooks to Thomas Marsh, and so on.

In James I.'s reign the privilege of printing almanacs was re-bestowed on the company in conjunction with the universities, which, however, merely took an annuity from the profits, leaving the rest to the company. They kept it till 1775, when one Thomas Carmen, who had three years running produced an almanac of his own, and had been prosecuted and imprisoned for this, brought a counter action against the company, eliciting the decision that they had no such patent rights as they claimed. In their original charter they had obtained the sole right to print and sell books in consideration of their seizing and destroying all prohibited books, but in the reign of William and Mary printing and publishing—except civil and religious ordinances—was made free to all.

The company at present is in two divisions; one does the municipal, the other the trade business. Anyone who has the right of joining by patrimony or servitude may do so whatever his business, but no one can enter by purchase unless members of the bookselling, stationery, printing, bookbinding, or allied trades, and no freeman of another profession or trade can have any part in the trade



business. Their chief occupation now is the issuing and regulating of copyrights. In their hall hangs a portrait of that master of the company, Boydell, who sunk his large fortune in the publication of his famous edition of Shakespeare.

The fishmongers were originally two companies—salt and stock. In 1290 they were fined 500 marks for forestalling the market. In 1341 they had a desperate fight in Cheapside with the skinnners, for precedence, and seem always to have been great sticklers on this point, for they and the goldsmiths came to blows on the same subject later, the court of aldermen finally ordaining that they should dine together and take precedence alternately—going in the processions between the dyers and vintners, and sitting in St. Paul's next to the grocers. Six of their number having filled the office of lord mayor between 1350 and 1374 a great jealousy arose between the mercers and themselves, and in 1382 John Northampton, a draper, being in office, ordained that henceforth no fishmonger should ever be made mayor again. Parliament, being appealed to by the indignant victims of this ordinance, reversed it, and Northampton with his aiders and abettors was convicted of treason and imprisoned for life, because of "certain congregations made by them against the fishmongers." But the lesson having been duly administered, the fishmongers themselves petitioned for and obtained from the king their pardon. It was Sir William Walworth, one of these aforementioned six lord mayors, who in 1370 put down Wat Tyler's rebellion by poniarding its leader, the dagger with which the deed was done being honored by being placed in the city's arms. The fishmongers erected a statue to Walworth, whose base bears the inscription:

"Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor, yt Slew
Rebellious Tyler in his alarms,
The King thereof did give in lieu
The dagger to the City's arms"—

and the long, keen blade is still to be seen among the company's treasures.

These fishmongers seemed always a fierce, turbulent association, and were both wealthy and proud. They quarrelled among themselves as much as with their neighbors, splitting several times into separate companies, and only finally uniting in 1536. They kept four priests in their pay—one more than any other company—and were great sticklers for the rigid observance of Lent and all fast days; fish, indeed, being an important article of diet all the year round at a period when fresh meat was much less commonly used than now. The Earl of Lancaster's housekeeping book in the sixteenth century shows an expenditure of sixty pounds a year for the 6000 stockfish eaten by his household. After the reformation the trade fell off markedly, but the company is still rich, and in recent years put their money to the questionable use of pulling down their old hall and, after the manner of the goldsmiths, building another, much disfigured by a strictly modern taste in colored marbles. They are responsible for the fish sold in London, and their officers seize unwholesome fish to the amount of hundreds of tons yearly; and they are as a company ardent supporters of the Liberal party in politics.

The ironmongers, on the other hand, are quite as earnest in support of the Tories,

and show their own Conservative principles by leaving untouched their splendid Jacobean hall, lined with rich black oak and hung with the arms and portraits of members. Izaak Walton's portrait hangs over the musicians' gallery, and in the turn of the oak stairs, with its beautiful wrought-iron railing, stands a life-size statue of Beckford, the great millionaire ironworker, whose sturdy opposition, during his tenure of the lord mayor's office, of the encroachments of the king, checked the last attempt upon the city's liberties. The magnificent extravagances of his son—the author of *Vathek*—have, however, been better preservatives of his memory than his own good deeds or the monument erected by his grateful colleagues.

The Brewers' Hall is the only one that survived the great fire, and it includes a kitchen of the fourteenth century, full of interesting relics of the housekeeping of that period, and a fine example of the faithful, solid architectural methods of the time. A fourteenth-century pall, used in the funeral ceremonies of the members, is still in their possession, as well as many interesting charters and documents of great age, and some noble carvings and furniture, such as elsewhere vanished into smoke on the day of that great burning.





MARTIN RICO.

BY A. F. JACCACI.

With illustrations drawn for the Cosmopolitan by Rico.

FEW among contemporary artists have met with the constant substantial recognition that has greeted Rico from his début. His works are found everywhere since, according to a fashion that prevails in Europe no less than in America; they are considered as necessary to a collection of modern paintings as are examples of Rousseau, Corot or Millet.

The honor is great. It would be greater did Rico rank as a peer in this glorious company—but he does not. Between these men and him there is too radical a difference. They have striven for lofty ideals, for what, in want of a better expression—one less apt to be interpreted according to individual ideas—I shall call great art, and their work is essentially serious and noble. He, on the contrary, has tried for an easier goal, for

little more than brilliancy and effect, and so he stands among but not of these sober, earnest folk, a clever cavalier, with pretty, bewitching airs, with very dashing ways, with smartness and chic—qualities some-

what superficial, and for that very reason appealing strongly to the masses. Because within their reach, requiring no effort to be understood and enjoyed, his paintings are, and it is just they should be, popular. They are enjoyed by the amateurs who buy them in much the same way, I imagine, as a witty, brilliant talker after an intercourse with profound minds. Such as Rico are refreshingly welcome at times. They are necessary to the balance of human minds, for whom consideration of light subjects is only temporary and has to be followed by a reaction.



I am aware that an attempt to place a living artist in the niche and rank where he properly belongs is made particularly difficult because of lack of perspective—that judgment based on facts, not on fads, and, however cautiously and conscientiously reached, is always liable to be unwittingly biased by personal affinities or divergences between artist and critic. This tends to make the man who is fully aware of his own shortcomings diffident in speaking his opinion. But if the task is ever made easy it is in the case of one to whom the world has given all it holds most precious—success in every tangible shape.

If one should state his personal opinion that the pedestal on which the hero has been placed is somewhat too lofty, and that of the medals profusely wreathed about him by the dazzled crowd of worshippers some are of pure metal and some of tinsel, What of it? Nowwithstanding the paucity of results the critic will feel an irresistible impulse to make use of what is essentially any man's privilege in speaking out what he considers the truth, and in so doing to perform, however indirectly and unworthily, an act of justice and reparation toward the lonely men who, with talent of incomparably finer order, with artistic fibre more exquisitely tempered, live in disparagement, obscurely, unrecognized and unrewarded, but ever faithful to the Muse of their noblest inspirations, and to whom death alone brings the reward life has denied.

So far as the judgment of the world goes the successful Rico has had a happy life—the life of his work—a merry little torrent of a life, bubbling and dancing along amidst pleasant surroundings, very romantic and full of the odd incidents of a Bohemian career: just the careless, happy-go-lucky existence a Philistine imagines all artists to lead, probably because it is the exact opposite of his own well-organized routine, running in narrow, precise little grooves hemmed in by social conven-

tions. Neither Delacroix nor Millet nor the giants of old, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, took life in such easy fashion; they bore the penalty of genius—to suffer in fighting for an ideal. But while not a man of the first rank, Rico is an interesting type of a gifted artist, possessing the rare and precious quality of individuality. Were it possible to crystallize, so to speak, his talent in one word, sparkling would not unaptly qualify it. Sparkling expresses its salient points and shortcomings. Rico the Spaniard, full of the effulgent visions of his native land, repeats ever the same im-



MARTIN RICO, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

pression of sunlight falling full on picturesque architecture, and intensified—forced into greater brilliancy—by contrasts of clear-cut, strong shadows. His corners of Paris, of Spanish and Italian towns, might be termed, in the phraseology of Mr. Whistler, "arrangements of precious stones," since they so much resemble jewels of Byzantine workmanship or minute mosaics of shining pebbles. A French critic once happily said: "This young Spaniard is a pyrotechnist—he executes fireworks in color."

Rico studied at the Fine Arts academy of

Madrid under the professorship of Federico de Madrazo, whose sons, Raimondo and Ricardo, with Ribeira, Zamacois and Vierge, were his fellow comrades. A merry nest the morose Castilian building must have been, with those gay fellows united in a friendship based on common tastes, the hate of convention in any shape, the love of art, an intense admiration for popular customs, dialect, music. Indeed, they were not more fond of painting than of singing, and it is a souvenir still lingering in that part of Madrid how, during the intervals between model's sittings, the quiet streets of the neighborhood echoed noisily boisterous songs and dances, accompanied by guitar and castanets, and punctuated by the guttural "Olè! Olè!"—as exciting and delightful an encouragement to Spanish virtuosos as the Italian Bravas or our Hear! Hear! and clapping of hands. That some hard work was going on between the musical interludes is conclusively proved by the fact that most of those boys have made their mark in the world. Taking widely different roads, each has followed the bent of his own nature; some are portrait, others genre, painters; one is the master illustrator of our times; but in the great crowd of modern artists they form a group apart, as of brothers, unlike one another yet linked by family ties. Their work has a distinct stamp, the ease, the wholesome naturalness of healthy men who do it with evident pleasure. There is a robustness, a gayety, about it that stands in pleasing contrast to the melancholy stuff produced in quantities nowadays by doleful poets and rhetoricians, or repulsive realists. Those southerners smile so brightly, they dash their colors on the canvas with such

a light touch and free, with such vigor, that in the pleasure of it we forget they too often but flit along the surface of things, and hold the belief that pictures need be nothing more than a gaudy feast for the eye.

The teaching of the Madrid school, marked by fossil academic notions, was fortunately counteracted by the enterprise of the students, who occupied many hours apart from the regular classes in working out of doors. Even their nights were spent in the streets, in the popular fondas and cafés chantants, vying with each other in friendly contest to reproduce anything and everything sketchable that came under their notice. A merry set, I have said, but as hard-working as it was merry, and enthusiastically sure, amid the contempt with which art was then regarded in the country of Velasquez, that they were following the most glorious of callings. Rico's father, a surgeon to the king, who had been in the habit of taunting his friends, Federico de Madrazo and Ribeira the elder,



with the utter inutility of painting and painters, was so shocked when his two sons announced a determination to become artists that he resolved to cut their allowance as short as his paternal feelings would allow. The paternal love counted for little, for the allowance was a starving one. But in Spain, as elsewhere, "Rather die than surrender" seems to be the young people's motto under similar circumstances. Pushed to the wall, Rico learned wood engraving and became a collaborator of the *Ilustracion*, thereby making a little money, that he economized cent by cent. Then a summer came when he suddenly left school and town, telling

no one where he was going. As this disappearance, which perplexed his friends and family, is the interesting feature of his life, it is worth while knowing the reasons that led to it.

The farther Rico had gone in his work the more the idea had grown upon him that the academic teaching confined to the study of the figure helped him but little to develop his taste for landscape painting. For instruction in that he would certainly not go to the then renowned landscape painter of Madrid—an ex-cavalry officer who had found an easy if disreputable way of earning a living by placing before his pupils prints of the pictures of Lorraine and Poussin which he had previously daubed in water colors, and telling them to note that blue must be put near red, yellow near green, to insure classical and harmonious coloring. It was natural that Rico should form the project of striking out for himself, going to study those things that most appealed to him—the incidents of the undulating country, of fields and hills peopled with the beings he saw and as he saw them, placed under the blue skies alive with moving cloudlets and in the effects of light that charmed him; and on a bright summer day, with a paintbox well filled and a provision of chocolate tablets, he started for the Sierra de Grenada. On the first slopes he found some shepherds encamped in the midst of their grazing flocks and as night came he slept by their side. The next morning early he undid his little bundle, cooked as best he could a cup of chocolate and began work. The simple folks around him looked on, wondering what he was about; little by little they



became interested in the ceaseless labor of the young wanderer. In such a way did he live with his new friends of the mountain until the winter, going up with them leisurely from plateau to plateau to the crest of the Sierra as the season advanced toward August, and coming down in like slow fashion as September approached. He subsisted on that hard but nourishing bean, the garbanzo, dear to the heart of the poor Spanish peasants, drinking the water of springs, sleeping on the bare soil. No incidents varied the even tenor of quiet days given entirely to work, but in the fine, clear nights, as they lay looking at the heavens, his friends would teach him—all Spanish shepherds are astrologers—the secrets of the stars and their mysterious influence over the lives of men. Often, amid such intercourse, would come the ominous howl of wolves, followed by the rush and bleating of the sheep and the barking of the dogs rushing to the fray. Rico could then witness the fantastic fights that filled with tumult and cries the neighboring ravines.

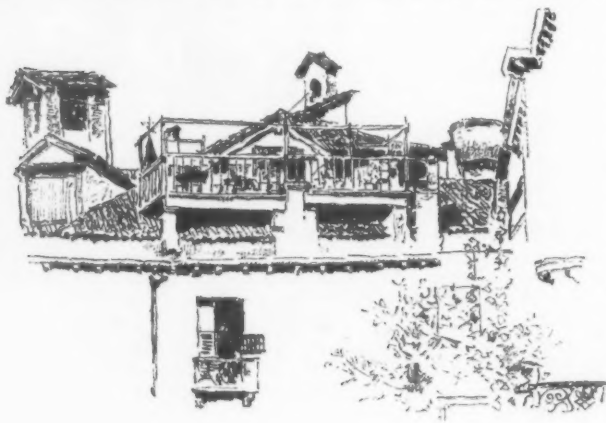
That life in the open air which he followed for many summers in company with shepherds or gypsies, once even with smugglers, strengthened to the solidity of bronze his already strong constitution.



Thanks to this, he is the most astonishingly frugal man I have met, except the Arabs. To enjoy life a mere nothing—a crust of bread and a glass of water—are sufficient for a day. In these wanderings Rico gained the characteristic habit of working only in summer. The sun alone has the power to wake the painter from the lethargy that benumbs him in winter, when, having no studio of his own, since he paints directly from nature, he is usually found in the studios of his friends, curled up on a sofa, smoking cigarettes and playing his beloved guitar. Unlike

Monsieur Ingres, who believed himself a great violinist, but was the only one to hold that opinion, Rico may be justly proud of his talent of guitarist. His countrymen, the best judges, say that when he plays "all the blinds of Spain fly open!"

During those summer excursions he painted in the superabundance of youthful



ardor all he saw around him, without choice, with no preconceived idea, absolutely content in wrestling with nature and trying to express his own vision of it, his own emotions before it, in a way peculiarly his own. Hence an originality that would have been greater, more free from alloy, if the routine of the school had not also borne an influence over both his way of looking at and his treatment of a subject. There is, for that reason, a duality in his art whereby a view of nature only partially true—because some of its points are too strongly insisted upon while others are neglected—finds expression through artificial mediums that weaken it still more. This artificiality absolutely precludes Rico's seductive art from being of the first order.

It is profitable and interesting, in order to get an idea of the nature of his talent, to inquire why two old masters, Canaletto and Guardi, have produced some masterpieces while Rico has not. Let us look at the best examples of those three men. They duly set out the same views of Venice. Canaletto and Guardi lack the sparkling, brave touch, the sunlight which illuminates with equal intensity the paintings of the modern. On a rapid survey he charms and they fail to charm; but let us go further into our examination, pass from the externals to the substance of these paintings, and Rico's first advantage fades. The earlier artists have preëminently what

the French call "*de la tenue*," a quality of high race, difficult to define, which means, as near as I can get to it in words, that a picture holds together thoroughly well. It does not necessarily indicate a perfect composition, but it does imply discrimination and the art of sacrifice, the thought and quiet necessary to worthy

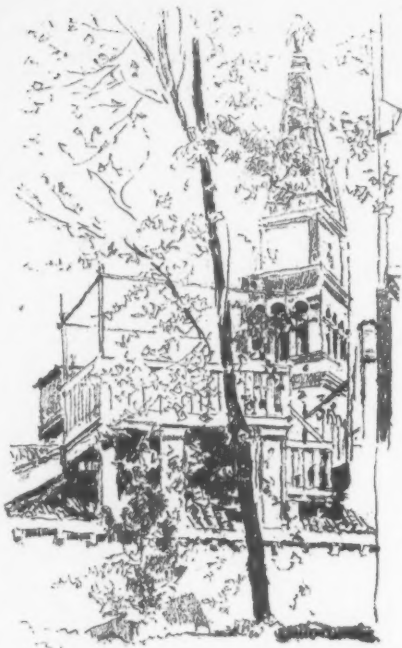
achievement, and all that subtle process of intellectual digestion, which leaves in the best and highest way the impressive essentials of a painter's chosen subject, purified from trivial unnecessary accessories. Here lies Rico's deficiency, for though he chooses and sacrifices in a certain way, as must all artists, and specially those who disclaim with indignation any idea of choice and yet select invariably what is immaterial and ugly, leaving out the beautiful and necessary, Rico's way fails of being the way because, instead of leading him to a broader characterization of his subject, it narrows him down to a merely pretty view of it. His work is full of picturesqueness and clever in the ex-



treme, but are those really great qualities? Is not the abuse of them a grave defect? Cleverness—a great drug in the market nowadays—seems to me strangely overestimated. After all, Millet was clumsy, and Monet, the great Monet, is not clever. There is always some of the conventional in art, and cleverness is the convention of the moderns. The old men were conventional in a way which is not ours and with

which we are little in sympathy. That is one of their disadvantages, they have others. If Rico has to face pictorial problems the ancients ignored he thereby acquires more means to appeal to and convince us. If he appeals strongly to us in putting with an intense reality nature on his canvas, we cannot help seeing that Canaletto and Guardi have a sincerity which is not his. They never seek to improve their subject by the clever manipulation of little amusing details; unlike virtuosos of the brush, they gather the broader, deeper essentials of the scene. In a subdued key they are incomparably truer to the local conditions of light and color, to the value of details in relation to the ensemble. They could be compared to men of many parts, old-fashioned and a little stiff and dull, but with plenty in them when you get to know them, and they are worth knowing. Our Spaniard is an entertaining companion who, when he has told his little story, has very little to say. Their paintings are grave, sincere, complete revelations. His are bright embroideries of a restricted aspect, always the same, of his subject. In short, they have given us Venice—he has given us Rico's fantasy on Venice; a Venice made up smartly, delicately, furbished, bedizened, bedecked in soft shades. A very pretty Venice—of the stage.

In 1862 Rico won the Spanish Prix de Rome, but he chose to go to Paris rather than to Rome, and very naturally, since his heart was more with Rousseau, Corot and Daubigny than with Raphael and Michael Angelo. His friend Zamacois obtained for him, through Meissonier, al-



ways generous in his helpful sympathy to foreign students, a letter of recommendation to Daubigny, whose pupil Rico desired to become. He presented the letter, together with the best study he had yet done. Daubigny looked at it silently and for a long time; at length gave it back without a word.

"What must I do?" asked Rico shyly; and the other answered:

"Go straight to the Louvre and copy Lorraine and Poussin—copy them unceasingly, copy them forever. That is the only remedy left you."

How many similar judgments have been passed by recognized masters on students who were to make a name for themselves!

Rico thanked Daubigny for the advice, dismissed it from his mind, and went forthwith to Meudon, taking himself and his studies to Rousseau. Here he aroused interest and appreciation, he worked incessantly, and before the four years allotted to him by his Prix de Rome had expired he had made immense progress and become well known. Mr. Stewart, the well-known American collector of Paris, was his first patron. One amateur brought others, merchants followed in their wake, and Rico's career ever since has been one of continuous production and prosperity.

Without entering into an enumeration of that long production which it is a pity to say might as well be called over-production, there remains for us, in order to get a more definite idea of Rico's achievements, to see in what particular way he asserts his individuality. In the world of art that one quality rightly excuses many defects and shortcomings; for the man who is endowed with it gives us, with a new render-

ing, a new aspect, a new suggestion of the beautiful.

Often, no doubt, we are childish enough to wish that all things were what we consider, from our point of view, perfect—for example, that birds should all be eagles or quadrupeds lions; but if we look at that big eclectic, Nature, abounding with contrasts, we cannot help seeing that each animal, however low or imperfect in comparison with finer types, is worthy of interest because each is a different evidence of the creative power. The same is equally true of artistic individuality when not of a particularly high order. It must be held precious because it is an evidence of that rarest of the artist's gifts, the creative power.

As being a part of Rico's individuality I want to refer again to a characteristic of his paintings. I mean the fact that they impress one as being the work of a healthy, gay fellow who is doing just the work he likes to do. They are primarily and delightfully expressive of the South, full of joyful abandon, and that is why they cannot fail to charm the cold, reserved natures of northerners. Do we not seek and enjoy most in others what we lack in ourselves?

That first impression simply touches our epidermis, we need more to keep under the charm. The something which, appealing to our reason, gives pictorial value to the works of Rico is his technique—the main part of his individuality. It is finicky, often obtrusive, yet we cannot fail to appreciate it because it is so absolutely personal, belonging to the man and to no one else. I can see why there is an erroneous popular idea that it is an imitation of Fortuny's technique. The influence of school, of blood, early surroundings, common influences, make Spanish painters look at nature in a Spanish fashion. They have a peculiar manner of making pictures, a restricted choice of subjects, a composition within certain lines, and they render what they see in a brilliant anecdotic manner which is their national trademark. Within these limitations Rico is neither a copyist nor an imitator. He, as well as all the Spaniards, Fortuny at the head, belongs to a class of artists deserving the name of artisans of art, or of artists of the brush and palette knife—a class that appeals to our

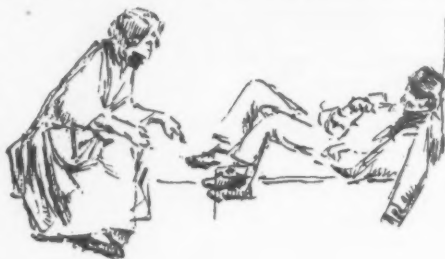
senses and to little else in serving us the beautiful in the shape of exquisitely wrought bric-à-brac rather than in its impressive, thoughtful form. Their constantly bringing forward the manifold resources of their cleverness evidences their lack of the more refined qualities of art that proceed from the inner rather than the outer man. They do not seem to have ideas as much as sensations, and they express their sensations with as little reflection, as instinctively, and to all appearances in the same manner as the bee busying herself in garnishing her hive.



Rico is one of those organizations, industrious, patient in the extreme, and gifted with an extraordinary dexterity. His eyes are alert to notice, his hands habituated to render minutiae; brightly, incisively, to carve out, to chisel lovingly and with astonishing perfection details, only details. The ensemble, the large effects, he does not care for; they do not speak to him and he bestows no loving thought upon them. The deplorable limitations of his sphere of art mark him, though his pictures are profuse in bits of excellent technique. It seems as if that marvellously precious technique was wasted on trifles, for if none of the tiny ripples are missing on the surface of the water he paints, not a flower, not a brick, not a finger mark of time and decay on his houses; and if the leaves of his trees seem brought out severally, he does not succeed in giving to water, houses or trees the general impression and character of their masses, their relative place, their envelope. Here places by a mo-

saic of brightly colored dots the palpitating modelling of lights and shadows, animated by their color, original or reflected. Everything with him is vividly light or dark, and that is why his work has somewhat of the stiff look of the photograph. Generalization of local color he does not succeed in giving. It is like peeping into another world to look at the soft, radiant light pervading the pictures of Veronese. Yet none of Veronese's tones, taken separately, are clear or brilliant. It is the relation of each to all that produces the splendidly luminous impression of the true Venetian atmosphere.

And yet, when all is said, one is thankful that there should be such a *petit-maitre* as Rico, such a clever industrial artisan, because, having had an original sensation and expressed it, he has given us a new sensation. Everyday life is made pleasant by little sensations of that kind; it is not made more refined or more serious, and that is the severest judgment that can be brought against Rico the artist.



SHEEP BELLS.

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

Down from the upland pastures smooth and high,
Slopes where the light of sunset lingers long,
Where the lone herdsman leads his fleecy throng
O'er emerald greensward girt with amber sky,
Floateth a strange, a magical melody—
Pean and plaint—compact of laughter and sigh—
Filling the yellow eventide with song.

Ah, never thus rang rustic serenade!
No mortal flocks are folded on that height,
No earthly measure ever tripped so light,
Nor earthly bells such delicate music made;
Too sweet, too wild, the limpid numbers run—
Enchanted echoes blown in eddying flight,
Borne from some wand'ring faery cavalcade,
Or charmed lutes by elfin fingers played,
Tinkling a farewell to the setting sun.



IT is not easy for Americans to understand the extent to which fashion rules in English schools. The full upper-class education for Englishmen consists in taking a degree at Oxford or Cambridge, preceded by four to six years at one of the great public schools. Dozens of schools would give a man all he wants in the way of education, but to be "comme il faut" he should have been at one of the few crack old schools, Eton, founded in 1440; Harrow, 1571; Winchester, 1387; Rugby, 1567; or at one of the five crack new schools, Cheltenham, 1841; Marlborough, 1843; Wellington, 1853; Clifton, 1860, or Haileybury, 1862.

Charterhouse (1611) and St. Paul's (1509), since they removed from their city sites to Godalming and West Kensington, have distinctly risen in the scale of fashion.

Repton and Uppingham, though founded as far back as 1557 and 1584, hardly equal in popularity the crack new schools, and the famous old schools at Shrewsbury, Sherborne and Tonbridge attract only a limited number of the Oxford and Cambridge-going class. Bedford Grammar school, founded in 1566, though about the largest after Eton, draws sons of parents with small means. Man-

chester grammar school, 1515; Dulwich, 1619; the City of London, 1834, and the Merchant Tailors', founded in 1561, are largely leavened with the middle class; and Christ's Hospital, the Blue-Coat school, dating back to 1547, with its enormous revenue of \$360,000 a year, is a charity foundation at which pupils pay no fees and is devoted chiefly to sons of clergy of the Church of England. Just below these in the social scale come all the grammar schools. A number of new schools like



REVEREND H. A. JAMES, B.D., PRINCIPAL.

Radley, Bradfield and Malvern are cleaving their way to the front.

Among all the schools of England, Eton stands easily first in reputation, Harrow second, Winchester third, and before she fell on evil days Rugby was a "safe" fourth. But the Rugby presided over by Doctor Arnold and Archbishop Tait and Bishop Temple had wofully dwindled down till the recent reaction, and was hard pressed by the great quintet of new

From the days of Elizabeth to our own time is a period of eclipse in educational endeavor; not one of our great schools was founded. There is a lacuna from the foundation of the Charterhouse in 1611 and Dulwich in 1619, to that of the City of London, a middle-class school, in 1834 and Cheltenham college in 1841. Since then a number of splendid schools have been founded and re-founded, and Cheltenham, the earliest of them, having just completed

its first half century of existence, offers a good opportunity for considering what the new schools have achieved.

Americans will be interested in the lines which recent school creations have taken in Great Britain, because it is likely that there will be a development in the direction of founding such schools in the United States. Indeed, one has been already established at Groton, Massachusetts, influenced no doubt by Cheltenham traditions, because the Reverend Endicott Peabody, its founder and head master, was himself a leading Cheltenham boy, though born and bred in the old Peabody home in Salem.

Cheltenham college was founded in a purely business manner. The town of Cheltenham is a fashionable watering place with some 50,000 inhabitants, and for many years



SIR HENRY JAMES.

schools—Cheltenham, Marlborough, Wellington, Clifton and Haileybury. Of these Marlborough and Clifton have been the most consistently successful of late years, but Cheltenham forms the text of this article as being the earliest in date and the most comprehensive in detail; beyond which it is of especial interest as the school in which the "modern department" originated, and the first school to enter the lists when military appointments, university scholarships, etc., were thrown open to competition.

it has been a favorite retreat for retired officers and civilians of the Indian empire. Owing to the rigor of the climate depriving Anglo-Indians of their children during their service, they delighted to have them round them when they returned, so the town of Cheltenham always had a plentiful crop of gentlemen's sons.

In the year 1840 it occurred to some of the residents that this made feasible the foundation of a good school of the upper class, the scheme being especially popular with those who had boys to educate, for



THE CHAPEL.

in those days schools for the upper class were very few in England, none having been founded since the sixteenth century, though grammar schools were plentiful enough. Grammar schools, it must be remembered, are patronized almost entirely by the middle and lower middle classes. These efforts resulted in the college being opened nine months afterwards, on July 29, 1841.

To start without delay, two large houses were taken in Bayshill terrace and 100 boys and twelve masters assembled under the Reverend Doctor Alfred Phillips as principal.

These were cramped in the classrooms and still more in the playgrounds, so the fine buildings which were completed on the classical side in 1843 came not a day too soon. The large room of the military department, the big modern, was added in 1850, so that now the front of the school, as it should be, is divided equally between the classical and modern courses. The chapel, gymnasium and racket courts came in 1869, the workshops in 1875 and the baths in 1880. Up to this time the Montpellier baths had been chartered during certain hours. At least two of the boys who joined at the opening have

achieved fame: Sir Henry James, one of England's most famous lawyers, Gladstone's attorney general, who refused the lord chancellorship of England rather than follow his chief in his conversion to home rule; and Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Burns of Australia, whose horse poems are in the mouths of sporting men the world over.

Cheltenham succeeded from the first and made patent the need for such schools to supplement Eton and Harrow, Winchester and Rugby; for after the construction of railways sending boys to local schools was no longer a consideration.

In the wake of Cheltenham sprang up Marlborough in 1842, Wellington in 1850, Clifton in 1860 and Haileybury in 1862, on much the same lines, not to mention a crowd of others like Malvern, Bradfield and Radley. It was in 1844 that Cheltenham inaugurated a departure which revolutionized the public schools by the creation of a modern or military and civil department in which the study of mathematics, modern languages and science displaced the classics. Its establishment contributed greatly to the success of the school, for it attracted a number of boys



MR. W. E. H. LECKY.

designed for a military career, who would naturally have gone to Eton, the great mother of famous Englishmen. The mere list of principals would be of no interest to Americans, suffice it to say that one of them, Bishop Barry, became the first primate of Australia; and another, Doctor Jex Blake, dean of the exquisite old cathedral of Wells.

Cheltenham, with its fifty and odd masters and 550 boys, is controlled by a council of life and triennial members, including such men as Doctor Butler, late head master of Harrow and Dean of Gloucester, now Master of Trinity, Cambridge;

Sir Henry James, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., and Doctor Liddell, Dean of Christchurch. These men are elected by the shareholders representing 650 shares, who own the college. No boy can enter except by paying a rent of thirty dollars a year to one of these shares, with the money subscribed for which the college was founded and built. For many years past the Cheltonian society, which consists of all old boys, who pay an enrolment fee of five dollars, has been acquiring the control of these shares; and as soon as the society can effect it the school will buy out the remaining shareholders and own itself, enabling it to acquire the royal charter, coveted by all Cheltonians. For this is the single particular in which they differ from the famous old schools.

Cheltenham inaugurated another revolution in the school system besides the introduction of modern departments, by converting the upper class, who had previously thought it beneath their dignity to have their sons attending a school for town boys, to the day school system. It took root at once at Cheltenham, which has from thirty to fifty per cent. of day boys, and was imitated with great success by Clifton college, whose late head master, Doctor Percival, is endeavoring to acclimatize the system at time-honored Rugby. I asked Mr. Hunter, who compiled the Cheltenham college register, how the day boys had succeeded at Cheltenham. They had won more than their fair share of honors.

To give strangers an idea of life in the new English public schools, I will try to put down on paper the impressions formed by a rather scared boy of thirteen, whom the gaining of the first junior scholarship took to Cheltenham one August evening twenty-two years ago. I had great excuses for depression that night, for it was the first anniversary of my mother's death. I had just placed a journey of several hours between myself and home, and here I was pitchforked into a community of 100 boys, with the knowledge that they



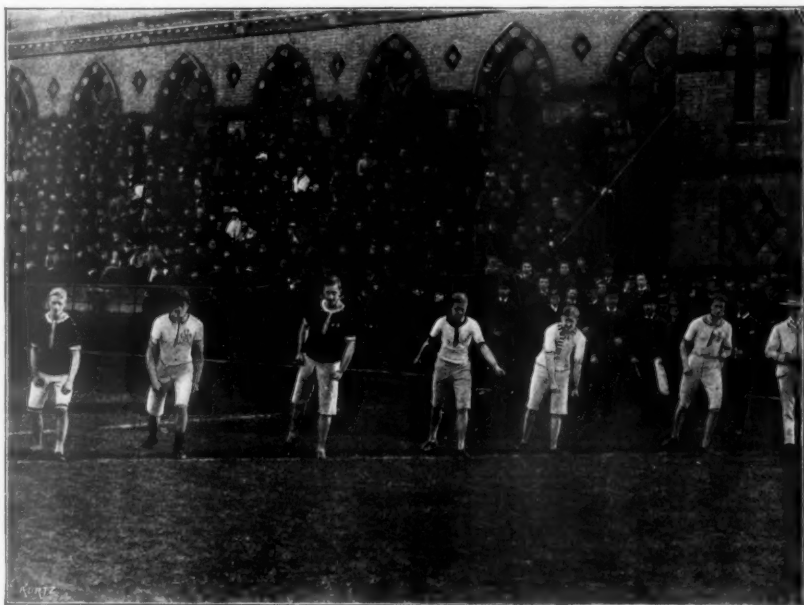
"LECONFIELD," A TYPICAL BOARDING-HOUSE.

would be joined the next day by nearly 600 more—for Cheltenham had nearly 700 in those days. At Cheltenham new boys present themselves the day before term begins for the entrance examinations, to determine their places in the school. I found myself second on the list and in Class III. V.P.

As the great English universities are aggregates of colleges with self-governing powers sufficient to impose a platform of university examinations, degrees and discipline, so at the great English schools is the school life of a boy largely made up of the life in his boarding house. Cheltenham, in my time, had five boarding houses that were models of what a public school boarding house should be; well drained, dormitories built according to modern ideas, with studies for the senior boys, and lavatories, besides excellent dining rooms, work and play rooms, and gravelled yards for cricket, hockey and the like. As many more boarding houses were adapted or enlarged from mansions more or less suitable. The one to which my scholarship took me—scholarships being attached to particular houses—was about the worst structurally, though pre-

sided over by a master who stands second to none in the influence for good he has exerted over Cheltenham boys for nearly thirty years. The rooms were not good and there were only two studies, but its worst feature was that, being a gentleman's house, it was so difficult for the house master to know what his boys were doing that discipline was very imperfect. Getting out unobserved after hours was comparatively easy, and work outside the studies was almost impossible, except when the "driver" was there.

If our house had been an ordinary Cheltenham boarding house there would have been about fifty in it, distributed between large dormitories, divided by wooden partitions between the beds, and curtained in front, and there would have been from ten to twenty studies. We had no little rooms, and only two studies. I found that the Cheltenham routine consisted of a tea and bread-and-butter breakfast at 8 A.M.; chapel at 8.45 A.M.; school from 9 to 12.15; dinner at 1.15; school from 2.30 to 5; lock up from 5.15 to 7.15, according to the season; then tea, which consisted of tea and bread-and-butter, with whatever delicacies



THE GYMNASIUM AND GRAND STAND. STARTING FOR A RACE AT THE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

we brought from home, and after that preparation and bed.

We had then three half-holidays a week but vacation only twice a year, six weeks at Christmas and seven at midsummer, the summer holidays being from June to August and the winter from Christmas to February. Now they have two half-holidays a week, and holidays thrice a year, at Christmas, Easter and midsummer, giving, however, only about the same amount of vacation.

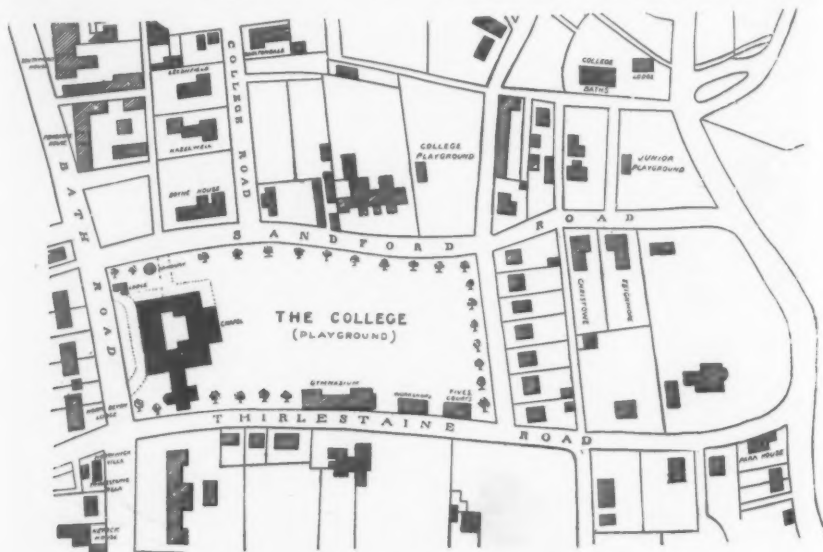
On two of the three half-holidays there was an "imposition school," which meant writing impositions for two hours in school under the supervision of a master. Boys could be sent to this only by notice to their house master. It was quite a picturesque affair, for the majority of its patrons on any given day would be habitués, whose behavior or industry was incorrigibly at fault; who waited, like so many vultures, for the least sign of weakness in the master who kept "impost school," when



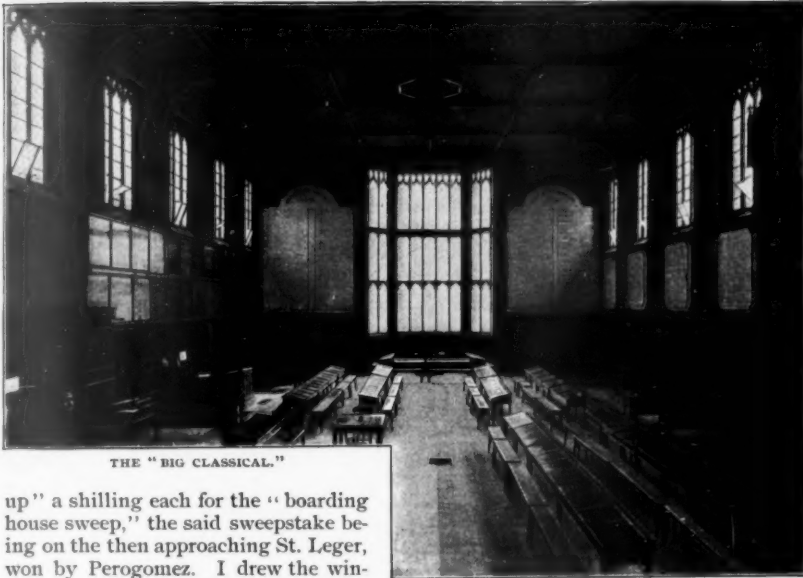
REVEREND DOCTOR ALFRED PHILLIPS,
FIRST PRINCIPAL.

pandemonium would ensue and the luckless teacher would be hooted, pelted, or wedged in between a table and the wall. Sir Henry James, who rose to be offered the lord chancellorship of England, is understood to have been this kind of boy. At all events, the only school distinction he achieved was getting into the cricket eleven. Mr. Hunter, the present secretary of the college, whose untiring zeal as

secretary of the Cheltonian society, seconding the influence and gracious self-sacrifice of time of Sir Henry James, kept Cheltenham together during the dark days of her decline and eventually ended them by getting the controlling interest in the school into the hands of the old Cheltonian proprietors instead of the avaricious and injudicious local proprietors—Mr. Hunter came to Cheltenham that same day, to the same boarding house and even to the same bedroom as myself, and our first experience of life at a Cheltenham boarding house was being told to "dub



PLAN OF COLLEGE BUILDINGS, SHOWING BOARDING HOUSES.



THE "BIG CLASSICAL."

up" a shilling each for the "boarding house sweep," the said sweepstake being on the then approaching St. Leger, won by Perogomez. I drew the winner, but was induced to sell my chance to a boy named Meek for five shillings. He duly won twelve shillings, but he never paid the five.

Most English schools have at least two departments, classical and modern. Cheltenham has three, classical, modern and the junior, popularly called the juvenile. The ordinary class nomenclature of the great English public schools now obtains there with the upper Vth as the highest form and the Ist as the lowest. But when I went there I. A was the highest and IX. B the lowest, and the classical had its Latin class and the modern its civil and Sandhurst classes, with an undefined position in the scale where boys could stagnate as comfortably as frogs in a pond if they disliked the anxiety of competition. But I must be careful what I say of the Latin class, for its then master, a choleric, red-faced little man, begged the principal to visit condign punishment on my head for calling it the "paradise of idiots and idlers," in a skit in the Cheltonian, the school magazine, just as he afterwards begged for a sound flogging for a boy of an active evangelizing turn, who had written him a postcard to ask if he was going the right way and felt sure of his salvation.

The junior department had, I think, only four forms.

Cheltenham, like other English public schools, offers many scholarships, giving every year at least ten senior and junior scholarships for boys under fifteen and fourteen respectively; half of them for proficiency in classics, and half of them in mathematics, besides the Wyllie scholarship tenable for three years at Trinity college, Oxford, the Dobson and Jex Blake scholarships, open in alternate years to the two great departments, the Southwood exhibition for the boy who passes highest at Woolwich or Sandhurst, alternate years, and the Cheltonian society scholarship for the sons of old Cheltonians. These scholarships are of different value: Eighty-five pounds, eighty pounds, sixty pounds, thirty-six pounds, twenty-five pounds, and twenty pounds a year and tenable from one to three years. There are also many valuable endowed prizes which carry with them the right to have your name emblazoned in gold letters on the "big classical" and "big modern." This blazoning of names on the boards is quite a feature of Cheltenham, for those who represent the school in cricket, football, shooting, boating and gymnastics are emblazoned in a



MR. JOHN MORLEY.

similar manner in the "eleven room" and the gymnasium. In gymnastics again Cheltenham set the example. It had the first school gymnasium.

It is pleasant to study the boards and learn how the child is father to the man. The William Conyngham Plunket who was a silver medallist in 1845 is now His Grace the most Reverend the Archbishop of Dublin, the Right Honorable Lord Plunket. R. T. Reid, who figures as a scholar of the college and scholar of Balliol, is now Q. C., M. P. for the Dumfries burghs and one of the rising pillars of the Gladstonians. The Right Honorable John Morley, M. P., Frederic Myers, the poet and critic, and R. E. Francillon, the novelist, have left their names on the wall. Myers often enough proved himself the most brilliant "Cantab" living, as have Sir Charles Wilson of Sudan fame and Sir Charles Warren of Bechuanaland

fame, though it does not appear that the great historian W. E. H. Lecky ever did anything in his school days to require recording; and certainly Adam Lindsay Gordon never did.

This brings us to the question of the buildings, which are very imposing, erected of Bath stone in the late Tudor style, with a tower in the centre of the façade.

The gymnasium, with a frontage of more than 200 feet, includes two splendid covered racket courts, with dressing rooms for cricketers and racket players, as well as gymnasts; a drill gallery, a refreshment shop and an outside gallery for watching matches, to which the grand stand is attached, for the annual athletic sports. The completeness of the gymnastic training at Cheltenham may be gathered from the fact that Cheltenham won three times in succession the shield presented for competition among all the public schools at Aldershot. Beyond the gymnasium are the workshops, built at a cost of \$7000, to enable boys who have a taste for practical work and construction to receive systematic training in carpentering. They are fitted with carpenters' benches for eighteen boys and vise benches for twelve, with five turning lathes. There is also a smith's shop with a forge and anvil, and the necessary storeroom, etc. Beyond the workshops are the Rugby fives courts and there are two Eton fives courts. Separated from the playground



PLAN OF THE COLLEGE; 300 FEET FROM CORRIDOR TO JUNIOR ENTRANCE



THE COLLEGE BATHS.

on the north are the annex playground and the college baths. These are the largest attached to any school, with a main pool eighty feet by forty, and three feet and a half to seven feet deep, besides warm baths, and fifty tiled dressing rooms; the baths are fed by wells, and kept at a temperature of sixty-eight to seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Thirty-three thousand gallons of water are daily pumped into the higher end to secure running water.

Games have an immense importance at English schools. In cricket, football, boating, rifle shooting, rackets and gymnastics the rivalry between the great public schools is intense, and no school enjoys a first-class reputation that does not compete in them. Football, at first pure Rugby and afterwards Rugby union, and gymnastics have always been the specialties of Cheltenham; indeed, in gymnastics she has enjoyed an invincibility like Balliol, while the three best shots in the army, the Lants and Captain Cowan, are Cheltonians. In cricket, boating and rackets the school has had ups and downs.

Dear to the hearts of cricketers and footballers is the playground, with its acres of smooth turf sloping sharply in its breadth, but perfectly level in its length, drying almost as soon as the rain is over, studded at the west end by the classrooms and chapel, and on the south side by the gymnasium, workshops, racket courts, and fives courts. Before I close: a word about the playground committee, a thing of awe; for its edicts are obeyed by the boys as if they were ukases of the principal. To disqualify a winning team, to disqualify a boy from playing in any game, or declare a match null and void were trifles for it. In my last year we even changed the school's football from Rugby to Rugby union. The secret of its huge power was that though at first elective it was afterwards made an ex-officio committee of the four captains (cricket, football, the rifle corps and the boat club) and the senior prefect, that is, the captain of the school. All these were autocrats in their own departments, so their combined powers were irresistible. Their power was recognized by the masters and everything

relating to sports was arranged and controlled by them; they were the council of the boys' local self-government.

It is impossible to write more, except briefly of the man who did more for Cheltenham than any other; who raised it from the small proprietary school of 100 pupils in 1841 to its proud position of the first army school in England. To the genius of the Reverend Thomas Allan Southwood is due the fact that Cheltenham inaugurated the system of modern departments which was the need of the rapidly developing England of the forties. Southwood lived to see three of the boys whom his new system had carried triumphantly into Woolwich, commanding the armies of England.

He was an active and enthusiastic man and his influence was extraordinary—all his pupils loved him like a father. There must have been something extraordinary in a man whose influence still lasts over men who have left school for many years and commanded armies or been cabinet ministers.



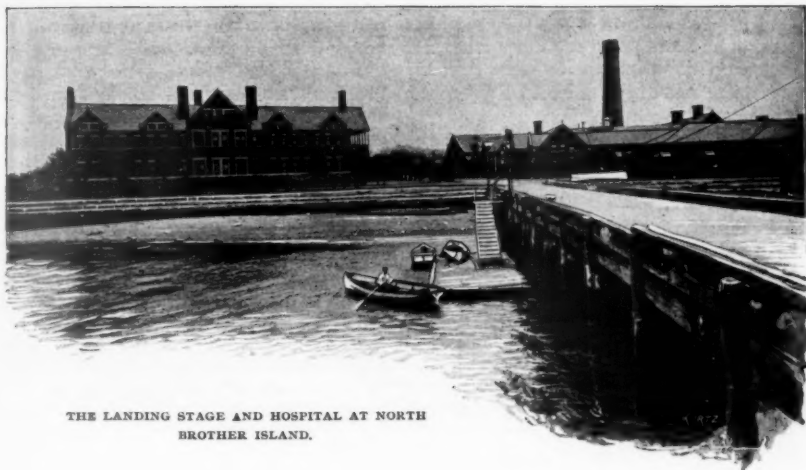
REVEREND A. BARRY, D.D., PRINCIPAL
1862-1868. NOW PRIMATE OF AUSTRALIA.

His success in making the careers of others was due to the failure of his own university career from ill health. Those who saw the sturdy old gentleman with his silver hair and eagle face are not likely to forget the father of heroes, who taught leadership and inculcated devotion in so large a portion of the dashing young officers who have gone to their long account. The chapel windows glow with painted glass put up in memory of Cheltenham's Crimean heroes. The chapel walls are crowded

with marble tablets giving a few inches each to men, mostly between eighteen and thirty, who fell at the heads of their regiments in the Crimea, the Mutiny, China and Abyssinia, Ashanteeland, South Africa, Burmah, Egypt and Afghanistan, and under the clocks in the Big Classical and Modern are a proud roll of men who won the Victoria cross for valor.

One cannot spend a day at Cheltenham without feeling that the oldest of the new schools might arrogate the proud title Mater Heroum.





THE LANDING STAGE AND HOSPITAL AT NORTH BROTHER ISLAND.

THE RIVERSIDE HOSPITAL.

BY JACOB A. RIIS.

A LONG way up the East river, erroneously so called, since it is not a river at all, beyond the sunken meadow where the burning Seawanhaka was beached with her cargo of perishing human freight, three islands block the channel that winds past the forts to the Sound. Two are barren wastes of bayweed and sand. The third juts into the channel with grass-grown bluff. Great bowlders, washed by every tide, lie at its base. Upon its brow stands a lighthouse with a big fog bell in its white tower against a background of green trees. The fishing boats that dot the channel keep to the windward of the island. Passengers on the decks of the big outgoing Sound steamers watch the sunset glow in the myriad windows of a group of red brick buildings on its shore, wondering what they may be, while the city's spires fade away in the distance. Presently three shrill blasts are sounded from a steamer's whistle, and at the signal, as the boat shoots behind the point, a knot of men carrying a stretcher between them are seen making their way down to the landing.

The men are orderlies from the small-pox hospital. The three blasts were sounded by the Health department's

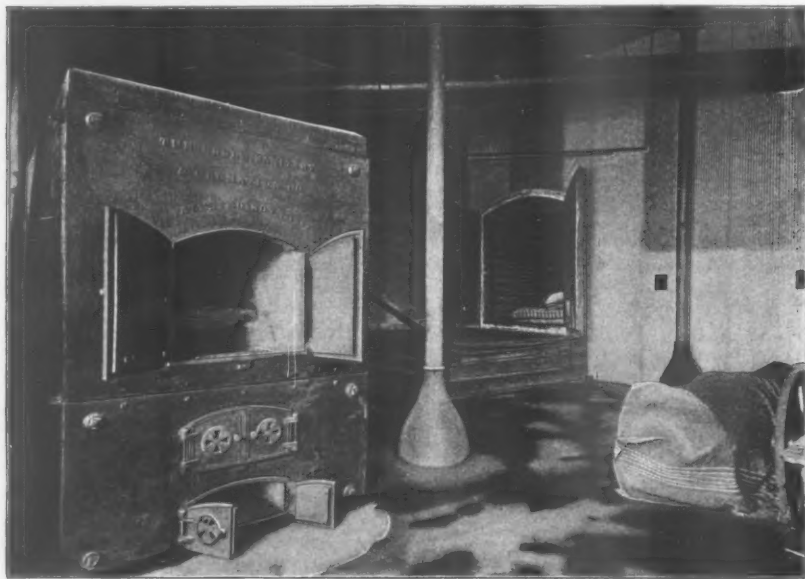
steamer coming up from the city, to tell them what it had on board. It is the official language of North Brother island, varied to suit the particular pestilence of the trip. Two long blasts would have spelled scarlet fever; four, measles. The signal most dreaded—the long and short limp that stands for typhus fever—has been the one most frequently heard this year, and since the near shore first gave back its echoes a little graveyard, that was not there before, has grown in a quiet corner of the island. For this is New York's pesthouse, better known, happily, to our day and our city by a better name: the Riverside hospital.

The bad old name that held such terror for countless thousands is set down here, not that it may be remembered, but that it may be once for all disowned and robbed of its power for evil. Time was when there was indeed a pesthouse on North Brother island. That was in the days when Morrisania was a village not yet annexed to New York and got rid of its smallpox patients by ferrying them across the channel to the then desert island, by turns a plague-spot and a picnic ground in those times, and practically packing them off on another county in doing so.

The jurisdiction of the island was in Queens. New York, when she took possession and laid down the lines of the far-sighted policy that has put our city today far in the lead of the municipalities of the world in this one respect of managing pestilent diseases, if in no other, had the grace, as a first step, to get the county lines rearranged so that the island passed under her political jurisdiction as well as into her practical keeping.

In the years that have passed since, a marvellous change has come over North Brother. South Brother, that rears its bald back just beyond, within range of the rays from the lighthouse lamp, but across the present county line, shows what it was. Today, where once was a waste of sand, are broad and shaded lawns; winding, well-kept walks, trees, shrubs and flowers; handsome, substantial buildings and hospital pavilions or wards, arranged on a plan securing perfect and absolute isolation with a maximum of comfort to the patients. One result is seen in a very low death rate, considering the character of the institution. Last year, before the importation of typhus fever in the shipload of Russian exiles, it was sixteen per cent. of about 900 cases.

Another result, that is of even more consequence, is in the lessened terror of the hospital among the poor and ignorant. This dread, that robbed those who stood in direst need of the benefit designed for their relief, has always been one of the greatest hardships of the poor. The miserable old lie about the "black bottle," out of which patients who could not recover were given a poison draught, has troubled a suffering world since Christian charity founded its first infirmary, and is not dead yet in New York any more than it is among the poor of the old-world cities. It was only the other day that a juror at an inquest in Brooklyn put the question seriously to the coroner whether such a bottle was really kept at the hospital then in question. But such scenes as are almost daily witnessed at the Riverside hospital when the restored patients, on the eve of their return to the city and to life, crowd around their nurse, kissing her hands and feet, will go far to doing it to death at last. Last winter an Italian mother who had led the police a three weeks' chase through the tenements with her sick babe, scattering the smallpox contagion right and left, turned up unexpectedly with the child at Doctor Edson's



THE MICROBE CREMATORY.



THE FRANKLIN EDSON; RUNS ON THE SMALLPOX FERRY.

office in Mulberry street. The seed she sowed had had time to sprout, and the health officers, though she eluded their grasp, had come upon enough of her victims and sent them to the island, where their friends had visited them. It was their report of what they saw there, as compared with the tenements they called home, that had changed her mind.

"Here he is," she said, taking her baby to the doctor, "if that is the way with you, take him!" And the core of that fell scourge was reached at last.

The old pesthouse is still there, but even that has lost its terror. Become a harmless measles pavilion, it stands upon the northeast shore of the island at one end of a half circle of one-story frame buildings, seven in number now, but so planned as to be capable of indefinite extension as the needs of the growing city may demand. Indefinite, that is, until the island is filled up; but that time is not expected to come while this generation has a live interest in smallpox and measles. The island itself has grown under the hands of the builders. Low places have been filled in, the half-score acres of available ground have become thirteen, and in place of the sandy beach, of which the winter storms claimed their share year by year, has come a strong sea wall against which the breakers rage in vain. Secure behind this strong barrier the substan-

tial buildings laugh at wintry blasts, and the young trees bend before them, knowing that springtime will come. There were doubting Thomases enough to predict the failure of the attempt to make a garden of the sandy island when they were set out. But the event has more than justified the confidence of the gardener who offered to forfeit twenty-five cents for each tree that died, if one cent were allowed him for each that lived. Not one has been lost. Today spring seems to come earlier here; certainly the grass is green and the flowering shrubs are in bud before even the small boy has heralded its approach with his hoop and his marbles in the stony streets across the river. It may be the sea air that does it, or a kindly desire on the part of nature to soothe the misery of which the island gets more than its share. If so, she has done well. Certainly, on a mild, sunshiny day, in its spring dress of tender green, the island is the very ideal of the restfulness and peace that go a long way toward making whole a soul and body racked by the pain of a long sickness.

The frame buildings are the fever wards. They are not conspicuous as the island is seen from the passing steamers, from the deck of which most New Yorkers get their only view of it, barring those that are taken there against their desire; but these are not given much to travelling. The great

mass of them come from the tenements of the poor, where our city's epidemics are hatched. Scarlet fever and measles claim most of the pavilions in times of comparative peace. This year the typhus fever has invaded them. In the sudden rush their capacity was quite exhausted, and a camp of tents was pitched on the lawn to shelter the overflow. It was while the weather was yet cold, and a cry went up against the supposed outrage. As a matter of fact these tents have

board floors and a stove that make them very comfortable abodes and much preferable in the eyes of the physicians to the wooden houses, partly because the ventilation in them is perfect, partly because not much is lost in destroying them when



MISS HOLDEN.

pretext. It is the one large, almost imposing, hospital structure on the island. Standing next the steamboat pier over against the north shore, its red brick front suggests a roomy schoolhouse with big playrooms for romping children.

the scourge has had its day. Even the pavilions are built on the modern hospital plan with this end in view. It is the easiest way to get rid of a malignant contagion. Flame is a great purifier. Still, one hesitates to burn up a house, while a tent is touched off without a pang.

Evidently the smallpox does not rate as high on North Brother island as it did with our fathers, for the building set apart for its exclusive occupancy is certainly not intended to be burned upon any



A SCARLET FEVER WARD.



THE FEVER CORNER OF THE ISLAND.

The rooms are there, and sometimes, as during the recent outbreak of the small-pox when there were many convalescent little ones, they are that in fact; but most of the time they are quiet enough. Small-pox has been a rare disease in New York in the last ten years. No single case has been hatched here. But when a romp is on, there is no lack of opportunity. The nurses are glad of the chance in dull times, and the charity of children's friends in the city has supplied toys of all sorts and in generous measure, from sheep that ba-a when their noses are pulled—sure cure for scarlet fever—to scups and swings and gorgeous railroad trains of painted tin, condemned to run ever in a circle under the quarantine regulations of the island that prescribe the limits between wards, which none of its inmates may overstep. For this reason also the woolly sheep are assigned to perpetual pasture in the lot once set apart for them. Even the aristocratic doll in the blue sash and demitrain is not allowed to visit from ward to ward, or the old-woman-who-lived-in-a-shoe to go gossiping among neighbors. The only person on the island besides the doctor to whom this privilege is granted is the rubber doll, and the etiquette of the island demands that she take off her woollen

jacket and submit to a scrubbing before she crosses the line. Even then she cannot take her only garment with her.

In spite of those drawbacks, the convalescent children manage to make the most out of life on the island. It is not a rare thing—I myself have witnessed it once—to see a little one, that came thither to die, kick and scream with all his might in the arms of the nurse against being carried to the steamer that is to take him back to home and friends, and stand wailing at the rail of the boat, an unwilling captive, until it sails out of sound and sight. It is an episode the merit of which lies in the application of it—to the tenement or to the hospital. In any event the comparison is in favor of the latter; which, if not always saying much, is, as I have pointed out, doing the poor the greatest service that could be done them at the time when it is most needed.

These children are the only picnickers on the island nowadays. The others long since ceased to come and the lighthousekeeper's wife lost a source of profit as well as the freedom of the island. Only the little green plot upon which the lighthouse stands is her own and Uncle Sam's. Callers are infrequent. All travel

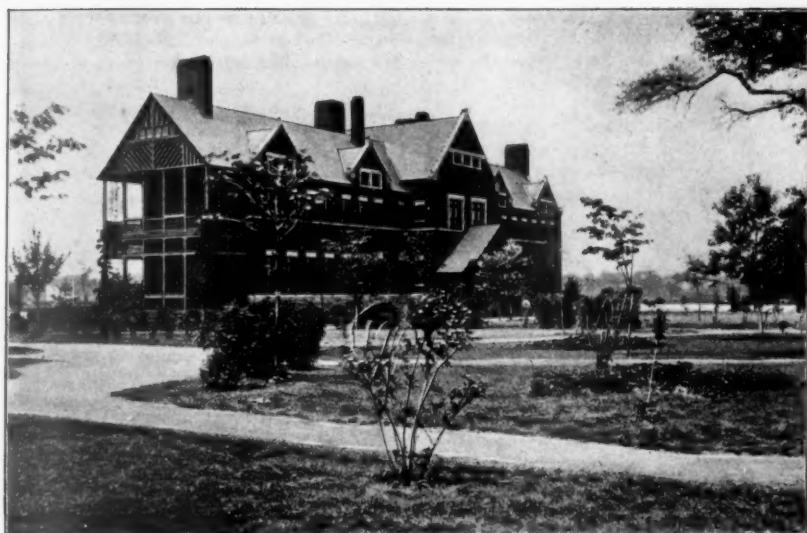
to and from North Brother island is restricted to two routes, that by the department steamer from the reception hospital at Sixteenth street, which is preempted for the sick, and the other via the 138th street ferry. This latter "line" is represented by a single yawl propelled by a sphinx-like boatman who answers calls on the drum telephone at the shore end of the ferry. On visiting days, twice a week, a few scattered callers come sometimes to see friends in the hospital. With the exception of an occasional inspector of the Health department, these are the only new faces ever seen on the island—literally faces only, for no visitor is permitted to go far beyond the ferry dock without having enveloped him or herself in the ugly Mother Hubbard gown and high rubber overshoes that are the uniform of the island, worn always in the sick wards.

Though the island is connected with the city by cable and telephone the little hospital staff of nurses spend their lives there in virtual banishment from the world. It has happened that a whole winter has passed without any one of them crossing

over to the mainland. The doctor may travel on the steamer, and does when he has time, but the nurses not. Their duty is on the island and there is always enough for them to do; for whether there be two or twenty patients in a pavilion they must have their own nurse. No other will do lest the pests get mixed up and the end become worse than the beginning. There are six women nurses, young girls all of them, who with rare devotion and courage have put away from them all that makes life sweet and taken upon them this dangerous duty. Their chief is the matron, Miss Kate Holden, who for ten long years has led this life of solitude and sacrifice. She is a southern girl whose people lost their all in defence of the Lost Cause—so the tradition of the department runs. It was little less than a lost cause she espoused when, having finished her course in the Charity Hospital training school, she offered herself to the Board of Health. A typhus outbreak had then decimated the staff of the old Riverside hospital on Blackwell's island and the authorities were at their wits' end where to get other nurses. They looked aghast at this frail



RUSSIAN TYPHUS "SUSPECTS."



THE SMALLPOX PAVILION.

young girl and asked her, almost harshly, if she knew that she was courting almost certain death. She replied calmly that she knew; it was her chosen work. So they took her, and the doctors soon learned to trust her as their chief support in the unequal fight. Before it was won she too succumbed, and for weeks the city across the river, that had heard the story of her devotion and her suffering, listened anxiously day by day to the bulletins from her sickbed. She recovered and was made matron in the course of years at the munificent salary of sixty dollars a month. Ever since, she has been the mainstay and guardian angel of the island, coupling with her duties as matron and nurse now those of hospital apothecary as well. Having passed the requisite examination she has been duly commissioned to mix the medicines as well as to care for the sick. No black-bottle poison draught has ever issued forth from her little drug shop. When, last February, in a single day fifty-seven Russian exiles were found in half a dozen lodging houses suffering from typhus fever and were packed off to Riverside hospital, followed by a procession that swelled their number to 100 before the week had passed, Miss Holden spent forty hours among them, without sleep

and almost without food, arranging, soothing and cutting the hair from their fevered brows, until, literally worn out, she had to be carried to her bed.

In the hallway of the administration building, the ivy-covered brick cottage in the middle of the island, a bronze tablet, set in the wall, tells of the death of Doctor Armistead Randolph Mott, resident physician, "in the discharge of his duty," during the typhus epidemic that preceded this last outbreak. The nurses pass it daily on their way from their pretty rooms upstairs. They have a library there, given by thoughtful friends, and even a music room that is evidently not neglected under the pressure of life's sterner cares. They cross the threshold of this their refuge only to take up their never-ceasing round of duties. The rooms of the physician in charge, the autocrat of the island, are on the main floor. His little principality embraces twoscore subjects, male nurses, helpers and attendants of all kinds. His rule extends to the boiler house next door, where the steam is generated that heats all the hospital buildings, and whence the very complete fire-extinguishing apparatus of the island is directed in time of need. At the door of the kitchen, in the building on the other

side, it stops short. There the matron takes charge, weighs out all the groceries, and sees the food for the sick and the well cooked. It is the very best that can be bought for money, though none is asked or exacted for it. Any patient who can afford it, and so wishes, can pay for his board, but he gets the same as all the rest. Champagne is frequently on the doctor's prescription and may be said to be an item of steady diet on the island, though served neither on ice nor by the small bottle. A pay pavilion is in the plan of the hospital plant, but so far is only yet on paper. The general government is the only paying customer of the department. It sends the cases of scarlet fever and measles that reach quarantine to Riverside, paying a fixed sum for their care. Yellow Jack and cholera it deals with at quarantine itself. Its diphtheria patients go to the Willard Parker hospital, in Sixteenth street, where the Health department keeps its own as well. Diphtheria, unless complicated with other diseases, is not admitted to the island.

Upon the main shore also are the disinfecting furnaces or crematories, through which all infected clothing must pass before readmitted into the community as safe. The clothing of typhus fever patients never returns. It is fed to the flames as the surest way of rendering it harmless.

Of sorrow and suffering the island has enough. It has had its modest romance too. Love, that laughs at locksmiths, crossed even the smallpox ferry. There has been courtship and taking in marriage. Children have been born there. The three little ones of orderly Richard O'Toole are natives of the hospital island. Curiously enough, none of them has ever had any of the contagious diseases that are rampant there, while their father has had them all. It has come to be a proverb in the department that nothing can kill O'Toole. The mother, too, is employed on the island.

As an institution North Brother island is unique. There is nothing like it anywhere in the world. In the great cities of Europe they have floating hospitals for smallpox, and more or less perfectly isolated "contagious wards" in their ordinary hospitals. The isolation secured in New York is absolute. It must ever be

the chief defence of our city against this enemy that is forever knocking. Disinfecting in tenement houses is good as far as it goes; quarantine better, but in such localities next to impossible. Summary removal of the patient removes at once also the danger of further infection. The power to effect it is vested in the health officers. Of how great importance this is in a city constantly exposed, as New York is, to the importation of pestilence by sea and land, and where the packing of the population in the poor quarters is wholly unprecedented, with consequent conditions most favorable to the spread of a plague, was shown in the last outbreak of typhus fever among Russian immigrants who had passed through quarantine unchallenged. But for the Riverside hospital, as the strongest link in a splendidly organized sanitary service, a disastrous epidemic could not have been averted. The cost of such a preventive is not to be considered for a moment, were it three times the \$50,000 Riverside costs a year. That sum, doubled and trebled many times over, would not have made up to New York as the commercial metropolis of the western world the losses she would have suffered from one bad epidemic, leaving the waste of life entirely out of the reckoning.



IN ISLAND REGIMENTALS.



BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHAT hath Love with Thought to do?
Still at variance are the two.
Love is sudden, Love is rash,
Love is like the levin flash,
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,
And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is lumpish, Thought is slow,
Weighing long 'tween yes and no;
When dear Love is dead and gone,
Thought comes creeping in anon,
And, in his deserted nest,
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think?
Happiness stands on a brink
Whence too easy 'tis to fall
Whither's no return at all;
Have a care, half-hearted lover,
Thought would only push her over!



THE FOREST AT PROVINCETOWN.

THE STATE AND THE FOREST.

BY J. B. HARRISON, SECRETARY NEW HAMPSHIRE FORESTRY COMMISSION.

WHEN white men began to occupy this country the forests, next to the soil itself, were the most important, as they were the most widely distributed, of its natural resources. We have always treated the forests as if they were inexhaustible, but there is nothing peculiar or surprising in this fact, as we have dealt with our natural wealth of all kinds in the same way. We have used our sources of supply for oysters, and for fish and game, as if their extirpation would open the way to greatly superior treasures. It belongs to our national character, and to the stage of civilization which we have reached, to destroy "with a light heart" our most valuable natural resources, instead of seriously taking care of them for the benefit of our children.

A distinguished American wrote to me a few years ago: "Never has the waste of what should be the permanent, inexhaustible fund of a nation's prosperity been exhibited on so wide a field as in our own country during the past twenty years. We have been living like spend-thrifts, flinging away treasures slowly

accumulated during the past without consideration of the rights and interests of future generations, or recognition of our responsibilities toward them. We have used the goods of nature as if we were sole and absolute owners of them. We have behaved like fraudulent trustees. A people can only justify its claim to be called civilized by so using the free gifts which it has received from nature and its own predecessors as to transmit them undiminished and improved to its successors." This is a temperate statement of the truth, but comparatively few of our people recognize any national obligation to posterity.

No other country ever had such wealth in forests and soil as ours possessed when its settlement began. Nearly all the land east of the prairie regions of the Mississippi valley was heavily timbered with trees of highly valuable character. The early records of New England shore towns show that fine trees grew to the very edge of the water nearly everywhere. The drifting sands which now cover thousands of acres at the point of Cape Cod were

stable then under the soil of a forest of pines, and the bare, bleak islands of Boston harbor were marvels of sylvan beauty. What charm surpasses that of rich foliage above bright waters? Much waste of timber was of course inevitable, because of its abundance on ground needed for tillage. It could not all be manufactured or used for any purpose, and so it was destroyed by fire to get it out of the way. Yet lumbering was one of the earliest industries of the people of the new country. In New Hampshire it was preceded only by traffic with the Indians and hunting. The first settlers manufactured timber, boards, staves and other forest products for exportation to England and the West Indies, and occasionally to the Azores and the Canaries. They soon built ships and these were freighted with lumber and sent to the West Indies, where they exchanged their cargoes for products of those islands and then sailed for Europe, usually for England, where both freight and vessels were sold. At times lumber was receivable for colonial taxes, and its value for that purpose was fixed by statute. In its grants of territory here the crown reserved to itself the fairest and best white pines for masts and spars for the royal navy, as this tree was esteemed more durable than the Norway pine, and those selected were carefully marked with

the broad arrow. There were penalties for the unauthorized cutting of such trees. One of the best political offices in this province, and at times the best, was that of Surveyor of the King's Woods. It was a royal appointment, and was held by some of the most distinguished men in New Hampshire. The salary was respectable, and the most laborious duties were discharged by deputies. (See New Hampshire Forestry Report, 1891.)

The abundance of excellent timber for shipbuilding near the coast of New England had a close relation to the success of the new nation in the revolutionary war. Yankee ingenuity and inventive ability—since so famed in all the world—were first developed and applied in the building of ships, and in the improvement of their lines, form and construction, so as to give them better sailing qualities. Many of our naval victories were due to the fact that our vessels could sail closer to the wind and come about in less time and space than the British ships. They could thus choose their position in fighting. The superiority of these same American-built ships opened the way to the splendid foreign commerce and ocean-carrying business which our country afterwards possessed. At the close of the war of the revolution the business men of the New England shore towns found themselves



THE SAND COMING IN.

the owners of the swiftest and best sailing ships in the world, with nothing for them to do. So they sailed abroad through all known and many unknown seas, all about the globe, seeking trade, and finding it too. The first charts of many a coast were made by these adventurous American captains, who thus showed the way to new, rich regions for the world's commerce. These men loved their ships of American oak and pine, and stood by them to the last in wrecking tempests and the storms of battle. We have not such affection and enthusiasm for our own ships

the estates of individual citizens, and their treatment is much less careful, thorough and intelligent than the methods of state forestry in Europe. There is no state forestry in New England, but it is a curious and interesting fact that the state of Massachusetts owns, and has always owned, a few thousand acres of forest. The tract embraces and constitutes the extreme end of Cape Cod, and is called "The Province Lands." These lands comprise all that part of the town of Provincetown lying west of the westerly fence of the eastern schoolhouse, and ex-



THE SAND GAINING GROUND.

now. If we had we should guard the sources supplying the timber for their construction.

Forestry is a kind of agriculture. It is the systematic and intelligent care and management of wooded lands for profit. It has not yet been introduced or established in this country. The nearest approach to scientific forestry in the United States is probably found in the methods of some owners of timber lands in the state of Maine, and a few in other states, who try to guard their forests from fire, and to employ such methods of cutting as tend to the reproduction of the trees and a perpetual succession of crops of timber. But these forests are all private holdings,

tending southerly from this fence about eighteen degrees east to the harbor, and northerly about eighteen degrees west to the ocean. A large part of the village of Provincetown stands on this land, but besides the tract thus built upon there is an unoccupied area which the town officers estimate at 4000 acres. At a very early period in the history of the colony these lands were, by specific action of the government, reserved as a colonial fishing-ground, and at a later date the territory was set apart as a fishing right, to be held in common by the people of the province. The records of the colony show that it was enacted by the court in 1661 "that no stranger or foreigner shall

improve our lands or woods at the Cape for the making of fish without liberty from the government ;" and in 1690 the court specifically asserted its possession of all the soil and royalties at Cape Cod. There is a long succession of grants and regulations for this fishing ground which constantly assert the title of the colony to these lands. The act incorporating the town invested the people with the powers, privileges and immunities enjoyed in other towns, "saving always the right of this province to said land, which is to be in nowise prejudiced." In 1854 the ques-

referred to, provides for the acquisition of title to land by undisputed possession or occupancy for a prescribed term of years, and these province lands are expressly exempted from its application. There is no reason to suppose that the state will ever disturb or eject the people of Provincetown who are dwellers on the public domain. The most important feature of the matter is the fact that the unoccupied area of 4000 acres, or six square miles, is held by the state by an absolute and indefeasible title. About half of the tract is fairly well wooded, being covered by a



NEARLY IN POSSESSION.

tion of title was raised, and the legislature enacted that

"The title of the Commonwealth, as owner in fee to all the province land within the town of Provincetown, is hereby asserted and declared, and no adverse possession or occupation thereof by any individual, company or corporation for any period of time shall be sufficient to defeat or divest the title of the Commonwealth thereto. The provisions of the 12th Section of the Revised Statutes, Chapter 119, shall not be held to apply to any of the province lands in said town of Provincetown."—Sections 8 and 9, Chapter 261, Laws of 1854.

The 12th Section of Chapter 119, here

thick growth of "hard pine" (*Pinus rigida*), oak, maple and other trees, with a dense undergrowth of shrubs and vines. This wooded portion lies nearest the village of Provincetown, and probably contains about 2000 acres. The part nearest the shore, constituting the point of the Cape, appears to be of nearly equal area. It is a region of moving sand, which is blown by the wind into great billows or irregular ridges, which are every year rolled farther and farther inland toward the village, swallowing and burying the forest as they advance. I saw maple trees, more than twenty feet in height, entirely covered as they stand, except a few sprouts from the highest branches, by which the

tree is struggling to raise its lungs above the suffocating sand. It is a painful spectacle to thoughtful men. The whole of this area of thousands of acres of unstable sand was covered by a pine forest when white men first came to the Cape. This desert is not natural, but was directly created by human agency. The trees were cut away and the ground burned over, thus destroying the soil and the mat of vegetable fibres which held it in place. All the conditions which maintained the stability of the surface being destroyed, the sand of the shore began to move inland before the wind, and it has continued to advance with increasing depth, volume and velocity until now. The stumps of pine trees are still visible where the wind blows the sand away down to the original surface.

Much money has been expended in efforts to stay the progress of this ruinous and resistless tide of sand, but nothing has been accomplished except to demonstrate the futility of the methods employed. The planting of beach grass has been the means chiefly or wholly relied upon to bind the shifting and flowing surface. This is entirely ineffective, owing to the depth and mobility of the sand, and the great force of the wind. A ridge or plateau of sand from ten to twenty feet in depth and many acres in extent is often removed in a few hours. I think, after a careful examination of the region, that the whole of this desert area might be reclaimed and rendered stable and productive, and the wooded region defended from further injury, but no effort for these ends can be successful unless the means used are adapted to the essential conditions and requirements of the problem. These have been entirely disregarded hitherto. The work of restoration must, of necessity, begin at the edge of the water, along the line where the wind which moves the sand first exerts its force. A temporary barrier or windbreak, extending a considerable distance along the shore, would be required. A hedge or wall, formed of several rows of closely planted cedar saplings, or something of a similar character, would afford the protection needed, and under the shelter of this hedge could be planted such cuttings and young trees as are best adapted to growth in such conditions, some species of willow and of poplar, the

pitch pine and other suitable trees. The hedge of cedar saplings would not be planted to grow, but it would last a long while, would catch most of the sand that might be raised by the wind between the hedge and the sea, and would afford shelter for the growth of the cuttings and young trees planted at its foot on the landward side. Only a narrow strip could be thus defended at first, and therefore only a narrow strip could be planted at once with any possibility of success. The planting of a broad area at the beginning of the undertaking would be entirely unscientific and impracticable. After the young trees of the first narrow strip of plantation along the shore have begun to grow, another narrow belt, on the landward side of the first, can be planted; but the requisite shelter for later strips or belts of planting can be supplied only by the growth of the first belt. The essential requirements for the enterprise would be a small beginning, careful attention to details, unremitting watchfulness and fostering of the young plants, and the extension of the plantations by successive narrow belts. After a beginning is successfully made, short lateral spurs could probably be extended from the base line of the planting at frequent intervals and at various angles, and a little more planting could be done every year. (See Special Report to the Trustees of Public Reservations, 1892.)

There is here an excellent opportunity for state forestry in Massachusetts, on a small scale it is true, if the area requiring treatment is alone considered. It would be a valuable object lesson and example to other states. But the chief importance of the matter is derived from the fact that the engulfing masses of sand are steadily advancing towards the town and the harbor, and will in time inevitably destroy them both, unless efficient measures are speedily taken to prevent this catastrophe. The harbor is one of the most valuable on the New England coast. No other such shelter for vessels in rough weather is near it, either to the north or south, and its destruction would be a calamity to the commerce of the world. Since my report was presented the legislature has been asked to provide for an official examination of the matter.

We should have state forestry in New

Hampshire on a very extensive scale. The natural opportunity for it is one of the best in the world, but all our forests are the property of private owners. The state does not possess a single forest acre. In 1867 it sold for \$25,000 all its magnificent timber lands, vast areas in Grafton, Carroll and Coös counties, worth at the time of the sale hundreds of thousands of dollars—a transaction entirely indefensible, if not inexplicable. The lumbermen who bought these valuable lands were intelligent, sharp, far-sighted men, and the legislators who sold them were not. The forests have been seriously in-

general intelligence. The subject, though of great economic importance, has hitherto received slight attention here, but in Europe it has long been a matter of systematic knowledge and of practical administration. The first and most important function of mountain forests is the preservation of the mountains themselves by clothing them with soil. The soil produces the trees, but the forest has produced the soil which now nourishes it. There was a time when there was no soil on our mountains. They were only ridges, slopes and summits of bare rock. Then, when conditions permitted, nature began a new



AN OUTPOST ESTABLISHED.

jured by incompetent management since they came into private hands, but they still have great value as sources of supply for timber and water, and especially as a region of beautiful scenery. The mountain forests of all our eastern states are every year becoming more important to the dwellers in cities and towns, as summer playgrounds, where myriads of weary men and women may enjoy the healing influences of pure air, of unspoiled wildness and the silent unconcern of nature.

The value and functions of mountain forests are little understood in this country, even by persons of a high degree of

order of things with low forms of vegetable life. Some of these grew and decayed here and there on the rock, and in the course of centuries or thousands of years a thin film of soil was accumulated in the most favorable places, sufficient to nourish vegetation of a little higher character than had belonged to the pioneer organisms. It was still far to the time of the first trees, and when they appeared they were poor things compared with those which make our forests now, but they were the best the still scanty soil would sustain.

Ever since the leaves of the first trees began to fall the trees have been slowly

adding to the deposit of soil which now covers the rocks. If our mountain forests were rightly managed they would forever increase in fertility, and the quality of their timber would be thereby gradually improved. Proper management means and includes the cutting of every tree when it reaches its best estate. The soil of a mountain forest is held in place by the trees. The steepest slopes and the perpendicular and even overhanging sides of rocks are covered with a coating of the richest soil, pervaded, matted and held together by a network of living root fibres, which fills and clasps every part of it.

will not sustain vegetable life of any value. Much of the surface of such areas is utterly naked and bare, while other tracts are covered only by a scanty growth of briars and coarse ferns and bush cherry. This fatal process of the removal of the soil, which always results from the destruction of forest conditions on mountain slopes, has long been going on in the White Mountain region, and on some limited areas here the ruin has been completely accomplished. In very dry seasons the deep, rich soil has burned slowly, remaining on fire for weeks, and burning quite down to the rock masses below,



ADVANCING ON THE WOODS.

When forest conditions are destroyed in any portion of a mountain region, and the mat of roots in the soil "killed out," the soil does not long remain in place on the steep slopes. It soon begins to break and slip down from the hills at the season of the heaviest rainfall, and when the frost has left the ground heaved up and loosened in the spring, and the rocks are speedily bared. In the Adirondack region of northern New York many thousands of acres of land which would have produced good timber forever are now absolutely worthless, the soil having been burned and washed away down to the underlying rocks, or the inert gravel and sand which

with a heat so great that the heavy, green forest is entirely consumed. One man, whose land had thus been wholly blotted out, timber, soil and all, said to me: "You could not pick up a club on a hundred acres big enough to throw at a dog." These areas of scorched and desolate stone will never be covered with forests again. The incidents and accidents of careless human occupancy of the region have here brought back the hard and forbidding conditions under which, measureless ages ago, nature began her work of clothing the bare mountains of rock with the lower forms of vegetable life. The utter desolation of these tracts shows what is

the destiny of a large proportion of the White Mountain region if nothing adequate is done to interfere with existing conditions and agencies. The ruin is not coming rapidly, but it is coming surely. More and more of the whole region will be cut off and afterwards burned over, till in time there will be vast areas of the mountain country of northern New Hampshire in which there will be no timber or shade or verdure or springs of water.

This ruin of our splendid natural resources is entirely unnecessary. All timber should be cut when it is ripe; that is what it is for; and a perpetual succession of crops of this product can be grown and harvested without impairing the fertility of the soil. But the methods of cutting which are usually employed in this country are utterly unscientific, impractical and barbarous, the mere butchery of the forest. It is common to cut off everything at once, "smack and smooth," leaving the tops of the trees to dry on the ground, which they cover almost completely, inviting the fire, which comes sometime nearly everywhere. The resinous débris is like tinder under the summer sun. The people in our mountain regions generally care little about forest fires, or have no great objection to them, as they clear the ground for pasture or the production of berries, or they prepare a job for axemen, as a forest burned over must be cut off immediately or the timber will be worthless. Investigations in several of the states of our country have shown that a large proportion of forest fires are started purposely, and that most of the others result from criminal carelessness.

While it is true that timber can be cut and utilized by private or individual owners without injury to the forest, it is very rarely done, and there is no reason to believe that it ever will be done while our great mountain forest regions remain in private hands. Therefore, I believe the state of New Hampshire should resume possession of its mountain forest lands, by the exercise of the right of eminent domain, paying, of course, a just price to the present holders. It should not cost much to reacquire title to the extensive tracts which were so wrongfully disposed of in 1867, considering that the price paid for them was almost ex-

actly nothing per acre, and that the present owners have ever since then been enjoying enormous revenues from the property of which they thus obtained possession.

State ownership of our mountain forest regions is rapidly becoming a necessity on account of the relation of mountain forests to the water supply of the country. The soil of these forests constitutes immense natural storage reservoirs for the water which falls in rain and snow. It is not known that forests exert any appreciable influence on the amount of rainfall, though this has often been the subject of positive and fantastic assertions, but all intelligent observers are aware that the water of a heavy shower descends a bare hillside much more rapidly than it does one of equal slope which is covered by a forest. Mountain forests retain the water which falls on them in rain or snow, and distribute it slowly. It soaks downward and descends the slopes gradually through the spongy mass of the soil, and the descent of the water which does not penetrate the ground but runs off over the surface is obstructed and delayed by the great accumulation of decaying leaves and wood on the forest floor. If the mountain sides were bare of forest the water would descend the slopes so quickly, and so much of it would reach the streams at the same time, that disastrous freshets would result, after which the river beds would soon be nearly dry.

As the soil of a mountain forest region goes on increasing in depth as long as the forests stand, it follows that the capacity of this great natural storage reservoir for the retention of water is gradually enlarged. It holds more water, and the streams descending from the region will have a fuller and more equable flow. Where the soil of an extensive mountain forest has great depth and the annual rainfall is very heavy the water gradually accumulates on the mountains. It comes faster than it can get away, and is thus actually piled up in the forest region. In such cases the area of bog, swamp lands, ponds and "springy ground" extends itself farther and farther downward and outward into the country surrounding the mountains. This extension of lakes and springs into the dryer lands below was going on around the Adirondack region

when men began to cut off the mountain forests there, and the same thing was observed in England when most of that country was still covered with a heavy growth of trees. When forest conditions are destroyed on the mountains the rain and snow fall on the naked rocks, and the water plunges down the smooth slopes and swells the streams to floods which carry devastation and ruin along their course through the country below. Great rivers which have hitherto borne a mighty commerce to the sea, sustaining prosperous cities and enriching broad regions of country, are choked with sand and gravel,

in diameter—was always unfit for cultivation, and it should have been kept in forest forever. The state of New York owns more than 700,000 acres of forest land. This is a great opportunity for state forestry, but it has not yet been improved or developed to any considerable extent. This is not so much the fault of the officers who have had charge of the state forests as of the people of the state in general. They have never taken up the matter, even for consideration, with seriousness or public spirit. There is an apparently ineradicable disposition on the part of influential citizens to appropriate portions of the state



BEGINNING OF THE DESERT.

the débris brought down from the dissolving hills. In times of flood they are a menace to the dwellers in their valleys, and in seasons of drought their flow is so diminished as to make them nearly useless for navigation and as sources of water supply for manufacturing purposes. The Hudson river, for instance, has already been seriously injured by the destruction of forest conditions over extensive areas in the region of its sources. The life of this great river is bound up with the life of the mountain forests which, through countless ages, have sentinelled its springs.

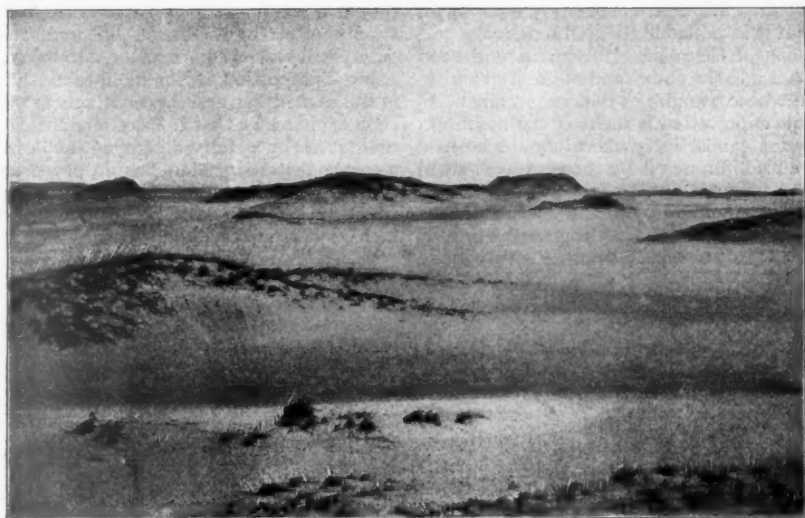
The whole of the Adirondack mountain region—an irregular circle about 100 miles

lands to their private use and benefit, and under shelter of the phrase "custodians of state property" some of them have been permitted to seize and retain choice residence sites on the islands in Lake George and on other tracts owned by the state. All these occupants should be ejected, and the state's title should be asserted and maintained. Wise and far-seeing plans for adequate hotels and places of shelter, required for the health and comfort of the multitude of visitors to the region, should be adopted by the state, and no person should be permitted to build any other house or structure of any kind on the lands of the state for more than one sum-

mer's occupancy. No right of future occupancy of the same site should accrue or be recognized in any case. The poorest person or family able to reach the state forest reservation should have equal right and opportunity there with the richest visitors. The hotels should be owned by the state and managed under official supervision, and their fees and charges should be such only as are necessary to maintain the system of state hotels and eating houses on the reservation without profit or revenue to the state from this source. A school of forestry should be established and maintained by the state to train and

a river can be traced from afar by the clouds of dust always rising from its bed in dry weather. The soil will be washed down from the mountains into the streams, the inert clay, sand and gravel will follow, and will bury the fertile lands near the foothills. The area of farm land will thus be diminished more and more, and the fertility and productiveness of what is still cultivated will steadily decline.

If the mountain forests are still burned, as now, the time will inevitably come when there will be no trees or verdure on the mountains of Pennsylvania, and no soil. There will remain only the wrecks



NEARLY CONQUERED.

equip foresters for the management of the state forests, and all forest products should be utilized, under competent direction, as a source of revenue to the state.

Pennsylvania has already suffered great injury to some of the most important interests of her people for want of state control and administration of her mountain forests. The maintenance of forest conditions on the mountains of the state is indispensable to the permanent prosperity of the people. If these forests are extirpated the streams will be destructive torrents in the spring season, and their channels will be dusty and wind-swept in summer, so that, as now in the West, the course of

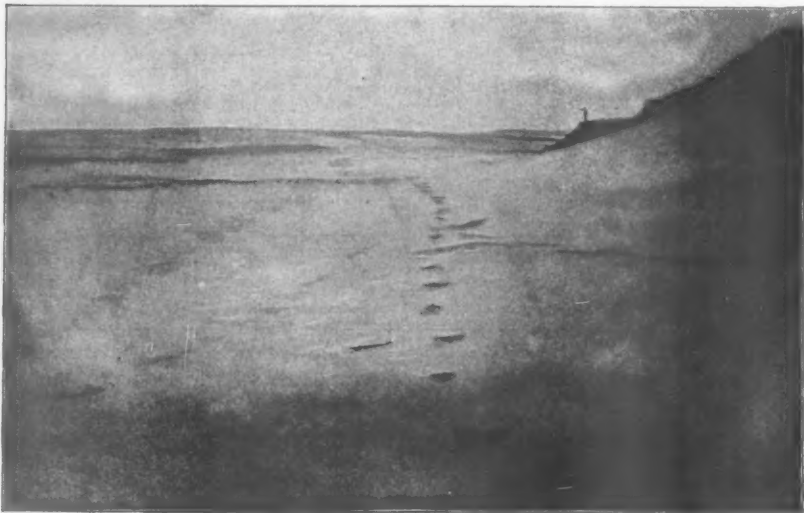
and skeletons of the mountain chains, unsightly mounds and ridges, eroded by the wind, seamed and scarred by torrents and rent by horrid gulfs and chasms; a blasted and ruined land, the result and monument of man's incapacity.

The people of Pennsylvania should take possession of the mountain forest lands in that state and establish a system of state forestry for their permanent administration. No other practicable method of saving the forests and the important interests which are dependent on permanent forest conditions on the mountains has been suggested. Of course, the present holders of the lands should be fairly

compensated. This course of action should be speedily adopted by all the states which include any portion of the Appalachian mountain system. It is idle to think of securing the necessary unity and efficiency of action for the proper administration of the mountain forests in a great state like Pennsylvania, while the title to these forest lands is held by several hundred different owners, many of whom never saw each other.

All the mountain forest lands owned by the nation should be at once withdrawn from sale, and should be put under the guardianship of the national army until a comprehensive and efficient system of forestry has been established over them. But it is probable that all remaining portions of the national domain will soon pass into the possession of the states within whose boundaries they are situated. If this expectation is realized the mountain forest lands everywhere should be held and administered by the states, as such, and should not be allowed to become private holdings by sale to individuals. This is essential for the preservation of

the country's water supply and for the permanence of its agriculture. This is especially manifest in relation to the regions which require irrigation. No possible system of dams, or of hydraulic engineering of any kind, can secure and control an adequate supply of water for extensive agriculture by irrigation if forest conditions are destroyed on the mountains above the arid region. Forest conditions on these mountains on the public domain are now being rapidly destroyed by pasturage, by wretchedly wasteful and irresponsible lumbering, and by fire. If these agencies continue in operation the arid regions will remain arid, or, if they are reclaimed for a little while, the supply of water will soon fail and the desert will reassert its ancient dominion. A large proportion of the mountain land of the western part of the continent is of such a character that if forest conditions upon it are once fully destroyed they can never be restored. Man has no power to create a new world, but his ability to wreck and exhaust the planet on which he lives is almost without limit.



DESOLATION.

NOTE.—I have examined the condition and treatment of the forests in all the eastern and southern states of our country, and in the West along Puget sound, and throughout the mountain regions between British America and Northern California, and, with slight exceptions, the facts here adduced in illustration of existing conditions are drawn from my own special reports of direct investigations.

THE RETURN TO RACE.

BY FRANCIS DOVERIDGE.

WE commonly call life the years that lie between that vague and unremembered moment of birth and that incredible and distant moment of death. This is but a kind of convention, for really what we mean by our life is that which is conscious and individual. If we do not mean this individual period we may logically count our life as beginning in past generations of our kin, and if we do mean the individual period we are not quite logical in counting as part of our life those latter years in which we return to our race and are less ourselves than our race.

Members of a family resemble each other physically as they enter middle life, and still more as they approach old age; and this will apply not only to brothers and sisters, but to cousins and distant relatives. Who, indeed, has not remarked the curiously close resemblance borne by members of a family to each other in death, when, the individual will and intelligence being past, the type is left to assert itself?

I remember a striking instance of the resemblance of relatives in middle life. I stood once at a window with the blind half drawn down, and saw a lady passing on the opposite side of the street; the blind hid her nearly to her knees. I said to myself, "How that person's motion reminds me of Mrs. L—. If she had not been ten years in her grave I should say that it was she." I pulled up the blind. The lady who was passing was well known to me. She was a not very near cousin of Mrs. L—'s, whose resemblance to her I had never before noticed. It had probably earlier been unapparent.

This physical return to race has its strong mental correspondence. Ordinary people in middle life become more like their race than like themselves, and in old age sometimes it is the race alone that exists in them.

It would seem that individuality is more apparent than real, for it is, at least, of short duration, and the test of greatness is in the vitality of this individuality, the power to endure a few years longer than the common—long enough to effect something. Yet even in the greatest this sep-

arateness is short-lived, and, ordinarily, out of the threescore years and ten twenty are spent in ripening to a consciousness that at last bursts the bonds of race to live its own life for twenty years, and the thirty remaining years are spent in gradual return to the bonds from which the individual had freed himself.

Does this, as we consider it, seem futile? Will the last moment always count as the result of the sum? To the most of us it will ever be the last moment that counts. The memory of years of wealth will not console us in an old age of poverty. Stacks of withered laurels will but poorly decorate the obscure corner of him who once was famous. Yet to the world, for whom a man exists only while he serves or leads it, the last moment is of no importance. The man is what he proves himself in those few years of individuality; for that number he will stand in the great calculation of the world's progress. Those years are the world's and his own, those in which his race is obscured by his personality. Restless years, in which the friends and the family can have but small satisfaction unless they are very ambitious for him and value his genius more than his relation to themselves, or than that period of repose that comes when growth, which means change, is past.

How idle are the tears of the country mother who dreads to see her boy starting out to face the unknown dangers, the high living and the fierce competition of the great city! Let her dry her tears. Her boy will yet again eat his pork and beans, even though he eat them with a half derisive smile, and in the end the chains that she has woven about him will be the only ones to bind him, and she will be satisfied if she be unthinking. He will be again her own inevitably, as he was her own when an infant. Yes! but she must not think, for if she thinks she will discover that it is not he at all whom she possesses. He was that brief flame which struggled away from her, and which she hardly recognized enough to call it her boy.

The imaginative aristocrat finds the traditions of his people too narrow for

him, and bursts from them, shaking their dust from off his shoes. He will fraternize with the Bohemian, who has coin far more precious to spend than the millionaire. He will sit down with the reformer who places principle above men, who does not know the lineage of his comrade or notice the cut of his coat. With such as these he fondly hopes he shall find the heart and soul, the love of the ideal that he has missed in the barren, conventional walks of life.

It is not only because he learns that these people of his seeking and his choice have also their limitations that we find him yearning in middle life away from them, and back to the kind of people he was born among; find him surrounding himself again with the closest conventions. No! it is because he has walked round his preordained little circle to the place from which he started. Of course, had he been a great man he would have made so powerful a revolt that he could never have returned exactly to the place from which he started. His moment of opportunity would have crystallized into a separate world, that would in its fall, as it did in its rise, have felt the influence of its origin without being completely absorbed into it.

The brief moment of opportunity! We play with it and throw it a way, or we pass on unconscious of it. The beautiful period of enthusiasm! All it needed for its perfection was that we should realize it. It needed but our faith and will to make it immortal. We smile in remembering it and think it was a fruitless folly, and yet it was life itself that lay in our hands.

We say "Life is short," just as we say, "We all must die," and we realize it as little. It is so indefinite. But should we not be startled into action if the exact number of our years was stated to us? I believe there would be few laggards.

Here is the truth. Though shorter with many, life with most people is twenty years in length.

Twenty years of power, at least, of conscious power, is no mean opportunity; but to enter into it asleep and let it pass away in a dream is often all the use that is made of it. Yet, sleeping or waking, that term of twenty years decides exactly under what circumstances we shall pass the remaining years of existence. More

than this, it decides whether it was futile that we should ever have been born.

If our individuality has lent no speed to the progress of humanity, then we have been but one more dead weight for the true workers to carry—one more obstacle for them to fight against.

It has sometimes seemed to me not at all wonderful that Emerson, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Shakespeare, Lincoln, lived, and were what they were, but that half the human race is not like these. Like, at least, in striking some clear note during the period of their most vital years.

If we understand it, there is nothing alarming in the briefness of the individual life. We are most of us at heart interested in our race, and to show what our race can be under favorable circumstances is not a stupid ambition if we have already lived.

There are also even intellectual compensations for those of the stronger mind. With them, as the creative power declines sometimes the analytic increases, and this, combined with their accumulation of experience, seems to strike an electric light that shows them clearly the meaning of life, which, with all its vigor, was clouded to their sight as they lived it. Observation would lead us to believe that, though not so interesting a spectacle to the cool outsider as the tense and active life of the period of individuality, this period of return to race is the happiest part of existence to a great many people; to men almost always, if the circumstances are favorable.

There are even women who have so understood the possibilities of life that from the midst of the impenetrable web they have woven about themselves they can look with content on the world. This is hard to believe at first sight, seeing the greater artificiality of their life, and remembering the poetic height which only the youth of a successful woman can attain, and to which all else in life must seem to the outsider to be an anti-climax. For her there is not the slightest mitigation of that which she has chosen, and chosen under circumstances and limitations not of her own seeking. Even more than man she shall reap as she has sowed. The father she has chosen for her children, the influence she has sealed them with in their

impressionable childhood, these do not make the individual alone, but they often decide in what manner the individual shall act, and in the manners of those we live with shall lie our happiness or unhappiness—in the manners of her children the happiness or unhappiness of the mother.

It would seem then that, except in the case of genius, when those years of individuality are, in fact, the sum and substance of life, those years are but the means and stepping stones to a happy middle life and old age, or if ill used they are as the liberty of an idiot, only a means of self-destruction. Sometimes the very intensity of individuality is its danger. The steam that should drive the engine only bursts the boiler. The engineer doesn't understand his business. Often it is a mere battle in the night for a dimly descried cause by an army unoffered.

Indeed, it seems almost impossible that one should wake to his period of opportunity with enough experience or wisdom to be his own fit guide. It would seem that to attain any end there must be two lives used—one to know and tell, one to listen and act. There should be the child and the mother, who would not so much seek to guide as to awaken; who would not lead, but light the way; who would reverently dread to turn aside the forceful currents of the new personality, but who would like a sort of old Greek chorus explain the drama of life in clear tones to the inexperienced one, who then, understanding his own powers, should choose for himself with wise economy the means and methods for reaching the goal of his high desire, and in returning to his race should come like one laden with gifts, to deck it and set it forth to the best advantage.

A NIGHT IN JUNE.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

THE world is heated seven times,
The sky is close above the lawn—
An oven when the coals are drawn.
There is no stir of air at all,
Only at times an inward breeze
Turns back a pale leaf in the trees.
Here the syringa's rich perfume
Covers the tulip's red retreat—
A burning pool of scent and heat.
The pallid lightning wavers dim
Between the trees, then, deep and dense,
The darkness settles more intense.
A hawk lies panting in the grass,
Or plunges upward through the air—
The lightning shows him whirling there.
A bird calls madly from the eaves,
Then stops, the silence all at once
Disturbed, falls dead again and stuns.
A redder lightning flits about,
But in the north a storm is rolled
That splits the gloom with vivid gold.
Dead silence, then a little sound.
The distance chokes the thunder down,
It shudders faintly in the town.
A fountain, plashing in the dark,
Keeps up a mimic dropping strain.
Ah, God! if it were really rain!



"BARON MET HIS ADVANCE BY MOUNTING HIM ON A SHOULDER."

JERSEY VILLAS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

"THERE are several objections to it, but I'll take it if you'll alter it," Mr. Locket's rather curt note had said; and there was no waste of words in the postscript in which he had added: "If you'll come in and see me, I'll show you what I mean." This communication had reached Jersey Villas by the first post, and Peter Baron had scarcely swallowed the matutinal muffin before he got into motion to obey the editorial behest. He knew that such precipitation looked eager, and he had no desire to look eager—it was not in his interest; but how could he maintain a godlike calm, principled though he was in favor of it, the first time one of the great magazines had accepted, even with a cruel reservation, a specimen of his ardent young genius?

It was not till, like a child with a seashell at his ear, he began to be aware of

the great roar of the "underground," that, in his third-class carriage, the cruelty of the reservation penetrated, with the taste of acrid smoke, to his inner sense. It was really degrading to be eager in the face of having to "alter." Peter Baron tried to figure to himself at that moment that he was not flying to betray the extremity of his need, but hurrying to fight for some of those passages of superior boldness which were exactly what the conductor of the *Promiscuous Review* would be sure to be down upon. He made believe—as if to the greasy fellow passenger opposite—that he felt indignant; but he saw that to the small round eye of this still more downtrodden brother he represented selfish success. He would have liked to linger in the conception that he had been "approached" by the *Promiscuous*; but whatever might be

thought in the office of that periodical of some of his flights of fancy, there was no want of vividness in his occasional suspicion that he passed there for a familiar bore. The only thing that was clearly flattering was the fact that the Promiscuous rarely published fiction. He should, therefore, be associated with a deviation from a solemn habit, and that would more than make up to him for a phrase in one of Mr. Locket's inexorable earlier notes, a phrase which still rankled, about his showing no symptom of the really creative faculty. "You don't seem able to keep a character together," this pitiless monitor had somewhere else remarked. Peter Baron, as he sat in his corner while the train stopped, considered, in the befogged gaslight, the bookstall standard of literature and asked himself whose character had fallen to pieces now. Tormenting, indeed, had always seemed to him such a fate as to have the creative head without the creative hand.

It should be mentioned, however, that before he started on his mission to Mr. Locket his attention had been briefly engaged by an incident occurring at Jersey Villas. On leaving the house (he lived at No. 3, the door of which stood open to a small front garden) he encountered the lady who, a week before, had taken possession of the rooms on the ground floor, the "parlors" of Mrs. Bundy's terminology. He had heard her, and from his window, two or three times, had seen her pass in and out, and this observation had created in his mind a vague prejudice in her favor. Such a prejudice, it was true, had been subjected to a violent test; it had been fairly apparent that she had a light step, but it was still less to be overlooked that she had a cottage piano. She had, furthermore, a little boy, and a very sweet voice, of which Peter Baron had caught the accent, not from her singing (for she only played), but from her gay admonitions to her child, whom she occasionally allowed to amuse himself—under restrictions very publicly enforced—in the tiny black patch which, as a forecourt to each house, was held, in the humble row, to be a feature. Jersey Villas stood in pairs, semi-detached, and Mrs. May—such was the name under which the new lodger presented herself—had been admitted to the house as confessedly musical. Mrs.

Bundy, the earnest proprietress of No. 3, who considered her "parlors" (they were a dozen feet square) even more attractive, if possible, than the second floor with which Baron had had to content himself—Mrs. Bundy, who reserved the drawing room for a casual dressmaking business, had threshed out the subject of the new lodger in advance with our young man, reminding him that her affection for his own person was a proof that, other things being equal, she positively preferred tenants who were clever.

This was the case with Mrs. May; she had satisfied Mrs. Bundy that she was not a simple strummer. Mrs. Bundy admitted to Peter Baron that, for herself, she had a weakness for a pretty tune, and Peter could honestly reply that his ear was equally sensitive. Everything would depend on the "touch" of the newcomer. Mrs. May's piano would blight his existence if her hand should prove heavy or her selections vulgar; but if she played agreeable things and played them in an agreeable way, she would render him rather a service while he smoked the pipe of "form." Mrs. Bundy, who wanted to let her rooms, guaranteed on the part of the stranger a first-class talent, and Mrs. May, who evidently knew thoroughly what she was about, had not falsified this somewhat rash prediction. She never played in the morning, which was Baron's working time, and he found himself listening with pleasure, at other hours, to her discreet and melancholy strains. He really knew little about music, and the only criticism he would have made of Mrs. May's conception of it was that she seemed devoted to the dismal. It was not, however, that these strains were not pleasant to him; they floated up, on the contrary, as a sort of conscious response to some of his broodings and doubts. Harmony, therefore, would have reigned supreme, had it not been for the singularly bad taste of No. 4. Mrs. May's piano was on the free side of the house, and was regarded by Mrs. Bundy as open to no objection but that of their own gentleman, who was so reasonable. As much, however, could not be said of the gentleman of No. 4, who had not even Mr. Baron's excuse of being "littery" (he kept a bull-terrier and had five hats—the street could count them), and whom,

if you had listened to Mrs. Bundy, you would have supposed to be divided from the obnoxious instrument by walls and corridors, obstacles and intervals, of massive structure and fabulous extent. This gentleman had taken up an attitude which had now passed into the phase of correspondence and compromise; but it was the opinion of the immediate neighborhood that he had not a leg to stand upon, and on whatever subject the sentiment of Jersey Villas might have been vague, it was not so on the rights and the wrongs of landladies.

Mrs. May's little boy was in the garden as Peter Baron issued from the house, and his mother appeared to have come out for a moment, bareheaded, to see that he was doing no harm. She was discussing with him the responsibility that he might incur by passing a piece of string round one of the iron palings and pretending he was in command of a "geegee;" but it happened that at the sight of the other lodger the child was seized with a finer perception of the drivable. He rushed at Baron with a flourish of the bridle, shouting, "Oo, geegee!" in a manner productive of some refined embarrassment to his mother. Baron met his advance by mounting him on a shoulder and feigning to prance an instant, so that by the time that this performance was over (it took but a few seconds) the young man felt introduced to Mrs. May. Her smile struck him as charming, and such an impression shortens many steps. She said, "Oh, thank you—you musn't let him worry you," and then as he, having put down the child and raised his hat, was turning away, she added: "It's very good of you not to complain of my piano."

"I particularly enjoy it—you play beautifully," said Peter Baron.

"I have to play, you see—it's all I can do. But the people next door don't like it, though my room, you know, is not against their wall. Therefore, I thank you for letting me tell them that you, in the house, don't find me a nuisance."

She looked gentle and bright as she spoke, and as the young man's eyes rested on her the tolerance for which she expressed herself indebted seemed to him the least indulgence she might count upon. But he only laughed and said, "Oh, no,

you're not a nuisance!" and felt more and more introduced.

The little boy, who was handsome, hereupon clamored for another ride and she took him up herself, to divert his importunity. She stood a moment with the child in her arms, and he put his fingers exuberantly into her hair, so that while she smiled at Baron she slowly, permitting, shook her head to get rid of them.

"If they really make a fuss I'm afraid I shall have to go," she went on.

"Oh, don't go!" Baron broke out, with a sudden expressiveness which made his voice, as it fell upon his ear, strike him as the voice of another. She gave a vague exclamation, and, nodding slightly, but not unsociably, passed back into the house. She had made an impression which remained till the other party to the conversation reached the railway station, when it was superseded by the thought of his prospective discussion with Mr. Locket. This was a proof of the intensity of that interest.

The aftertaste of the later conference was also intense for Peter Baron, who quitted his editor with his manuscript under his arm. He had had the question out with Mr. Locket, and he was in a flutter which ought to have been a sense of triumph and which, indeed, at first he succeeded in regarding in this light. Mr. Locket had had to admit that there was an idea in his story, and that was a tribute which Baron was in a position to make the most of. But there was also a scene which scandalized the editorial conscience and which the young man had promised to rewrite. The idea that Mr. Locket had been so good as to disengage depended, for clearness, mainly on this scene; so it was easy to see his objection was perverse. This perception was probably a part of the joy in which Peter Baron walked as he carried home a contribution it pleased him to classify as accepted. He walked to work off his excitement and to think in what manner he should rewrite. He went some distance without settling this point and then, as it began to bother him, he looked vaguely into shop windows for solutions and hints. Mr. Locket lived in the depths of Chelsea, in a little old, panelled, covetable house, and Baron took his way homeward along the King's Road. There was a new amusement for

him, a fresher bustle, in a London walk in the morning; these were hours that he habitually spent at his writing table, in the awkward attitude engendered by the poof piece of furniture, one of the rickety features of Mrs. Bundy's second floor, which had to serve as his altar of literary sacrifice. If, by exception, he went out when the day was young, he noticed that life seemed younger with it; there were livelier industries to profit by, and there were shopgirls, often rosy, to look at; a different air was in the streets and a chaff of traffic for the observer of manners to catch. Above all, it was the time when poor Baron made his purchases, which

were wholly of the wandering mind; his extravagances, for some mysterious reason, were all matutinal, and he had a foreknowledge that if ever he should ruin himself it would be well before noon. He felt lavish this morning, on the strength of what the Promiscuous would do for him; he had lost sight, for the moment, of what he should have to do for the

Promiscuous. Before the old bookshops and printshops, the crowded panes of the curiosity mongers and the desirable exhibitions of mahogany "done up," he used, by an innocent process, to commit luxurious follies. He refurnished Mrs. Bundy with a freedom that cost her nothing, and lost himself in pictures of a transfigured second floor.

On this particular occasion the King's Road proved almost unprecedentedly expensive, and, indeed, this occasion differed from most others in containing the germ of real danger. For once in a way he had a bad conscience—he felt himself tempted to pick his own pocket. He never saw a commodious writing table, with elbow-room and drawers, and a fair expanse of leather stamped neatly at the edge with gilt, without being freshly reminded of

Mrs. Bundy's dilapidations. There were several such tables in the King's Road—they seemed, indeed, particularly numerous today. Peter Baron glanced at them all through the fronts of the shops, but there was one that detained him in intense contemplation. There was a fine assurance about it which seemed a guarantee of masterpieces; but when at last he went in and, just to help himself on his way, asked the impossible price, the sum mentioned by the voluble vender mocked at him even more than he had feared. It was far too expensive, as he hinted, and he was on the point of completing his comedy by a pensive retreat when the

shopman bespoke his attention for another article of the same general character, which he described as remarkably cheap for what it was. It was an old piece, from a sale in the country, and it had been in stock some time; but it had got pushed out of sight in one of the upper rooms—they contained such a wilderness of treasures—and happened to have but just come to



LOOKED DIMLY LIKE A MODERN MADONNA.

light. Peter suffered himself to be conducted into an interminable dusky rear, where he presently found himself bending over one of those square, substantial desks of old mahogany, raised, with the aid of front legs, on a sort of retreating pedestal, which is fitted with small drawers, contracted conveniences, known, immemorably, to the knowing, as davenport. This specimen had visibly seen service, but it had an old-time solidity, and to Peter Baron it unexpectedly appealed.

He would have said in advance that such an article was exactly what he didn't want, but as the shopman pushed up a chair for him, and he sat down with his elbows on the gentle slope of the large, firm lid, he felt that such a basis for literature would be half the battle. He raised the lid and looked lovingly into the deep in-

terior; he sat ominously silent while his companion remarked that there was nothing skimpy about it. Then, when the man mentioned the ridiculous price (they were literally giving it away) he reflected on the economy of having a literary altar on which one could really kindle a fire. A davenport was a compromise, but what was all life but a compromise? He could beat down the dealer, and at Mrs. Bundy's he had to write on an insincere card table. After he had sat for a minute with his nose in the friendly desk he had a queer impression that it might tell him a secret or two—one of the secrets of form, one of the sacrificial mysteries—though no doubt its career had been literary only in the sense of its helping some old lady to write invitations to dull dinners. There was a strange, faint odor in the receptacle, as if fragrant, hallowed things had once been put away there. When he took his head out of it he said to the shopman: "I don't mind meeting you halfway." He had been told by knowing people that that was the right thing. He felt rather vulgar, but the davenport arrived that evening at Jersey Villas.

II.

"I daresay it will be all right; he seems quiet now," said the poor lady of the "parlors" a few days later, in reference to their litigious neighbor and the precarious piano. The two lodgers were regularly acquainted now, and the piano had had much to do with it. Just as this instrument served, with the gentleman at No. 4, as a theme for discussion, so between Peter Baron and the lady of the parlors it had become a basis of peculiar agreement, a topic, at any rate, of conversation frequently renewed. Mrs. May was so prepossessing that Peter was sure that even if they had not had the piano he would have found something else to confer with her about. Fortunately, however, they did have it, and he, at least, made the most of it, knowing more now about his new friend, who when, widowed and fatigued, she held her beautiful child in her arms, looked dimly like a modern Madonna. Mrs. Bundy, as a letter of furnished lodgings, was characterized in general by a familiar domestic severity in respect to picturesque young women but she had

every confidence in Mrs. May. She was luminous about her being a lady, and a lady who could bring Mrs. Bundy back to a gratified recognition of one of those manifestations of mind for which she had an independent esteem. She was professional, but Jersey Villas could be proud of a profession that didn't happen to be the wrong one, for they had seen something of that. Mrs. May had a hundred a year (Baron wondered how Mrs. Bundy knew this; he thought it unlikely Mrs. May had told her), and for the rest she depended on her lovely music. Baron judged that her music, even though lovely, was a frail dependence; it would hardly help to fill a concert room, and he wondered at first whether she played country dances at children's parties or gave lessons to young ladies who studied above their station.

Very soon, indeed, he was sufficiently enlightened; it all went fast, for the little boy had been almost as great a help as the piano. Sidney haunted the doorstep of No. 3; he was eminently sociable, and had established independent relations with Peter, a frequent feature of which was an adventurous visit upstairs, to picture books criticised for not being all geegees and walking sticks happily more conformable. The young man's window, too, looked out on their acquaintance; through a starched muslin curtain it kept his neighbor before him, made him almost more aware of her comings and goings than he felt he had a right to be. He was capable of a shyness of curiosity about her, and of dumb little delicacies of consideration. She did give a few lessons; they were essentially local, and he ended by knowing more or less what she went out for and what she came in from. She had almost no visitors, only a decent old lady or two, and, every day, poor dingy Miss Teagle, who was also ancient, and who came humbly enough to governess the infant of the parlors. Peter Baron's window had always, to his sense, looked out on a good deal of life, and one of the things it had most shown him was that there is nobody so bereft of joy as not to be able to command, for twopence, the services of somebody less joyous. Mrs. May was a struggler (Baron scarcely liked to think of it), but she occupied a pinnacle for Miss Teagle, who had lived on—

and from a noble nursery—into a period of diplomas and humiliation.

Mrs. May sometimes went out, like Baron himself, with manuscripts under her arm, and, still more like Baron, she almost always came back with them. Her vain approaches were to the music sellers; she tried to compose—to produce songs that would make a hit. A successful song was an income, she confided to Peter one of the first times he took Sidney, blasé and drowsy, back to his mother. It was not on one of these occasions, but once when he had come in on no better pretext than that of simply wanting to (she had, after all, virtually invited him), that she mentioned that only one song in a thousand was successful and that the terrible difficulty was in getting the right words. This rightness was just a vulgar “fluke”—there were words that were really clever that were of no use at all. Peter said, laughing, that he supposed any words he should try to produce would be sure to be too clever; yet only three weeks after his first encounter with Mrs. May he sat at his delightful davenport (well aware that he had duties more pressing), trying to string together rhymes idiotic enough to make his neighbor's fortune. He was satisfied of the fineness of her musical gift—it had the touching note. The touching note was in her person as well.

The davenport was delightful, after six months of its tottering predecessor, and such a reënforcement to the young man's style was not impaired by his sense of something lawless in the way it had been gained. He had made the purchase in anticipation of the money he expected from Mr. Locket, but Mr. Locket's liberality was to depend on the ingenuity of his contributor, who now found himself confronted with the consequence of a frivolous optimism. The fruit of his labor presented, as he stared at it with his elbows on his desk, an aspect uncompromising and incorruptible. It seemed to look up at him reproachfully and to say, with its essential finish: “How could you promise anything so base; how could you pass your word to mutilate and dishonor me?” The alterations demanded by Mr. Locket were impossible, the concessions to the platitudes of his conception of the public mind were degrading. The public mind!

—as if the public had a mind, or any principle of perception more discoverable than the stare of huddled sheep! Peter Baron felt that it concerned him to determine if he were only not clever enough, or if he were simply not abject enough to rewrite his story. He might, in truth, have had less pride if he had had more skill, and more discretion if he had had more practice. Humility, in the profession of letters, was half of practice and resignation was half of success. Poor Peter actually flushed with pain as he recognized that this was not success, the production of gelid prose which his editor could do nothing with on the one side and he himself could do nothing with on the other. The truth about his luckless tale was now the more bitter from his having managed, for some days, to taste it as sweet.

As he sat there, baffled and sombre, biting his pen and wondering what was meant by the “rewards” of literature, he generally ended by tossing away the composition deflowered by Mr. Locket and trying his hand at the sort of twaddle that Mrs. May might be able to set to music. Success in these experiments wouldn't be a reward of literature, but it might very well become a labor of love. The experiments would be pleasant enough for him if they were pleasant for his mysterious neighbor. That was the way he thought of her now, for he had learned enough about her, little by little, to guess how much there was still to learn. To spend his mornings over cheap rhymes for her was certainly to shirk the immediate question; but there were hours when he judged this question to be altogether too much for him, reflecting that he might as well perish by the sword as by famine. Besides, he did meet it obliquely, when he considered that he shouldn't be an utter failure if he were to produce some songs to which Mrs. May's accompaniments would give a circulation. He had not ventured to show her anything yet, but one morning, at a moment when her little boy was in his room, it seemed to him that, by an inspiration, he had arrived at the happy middle course (it was an art by itself) between sound and sense. If the sense was not confused it was because the sound was familiar.

He had said to the child, to whom he had presented barley sugar (it had no at-

traction for his own lips, yet in these days there was always some of it about), he had confided to the small Sidney that if he would wait a little he should be intrusted with something nice to take down to his parent. Sidney had absorbing occupation and, while Peter copied off the song in a pretty hand, roamed, gurgling and sticky, about the room. In this manner he lurched like a little toper into the rear of the davenport, which stood a little way out from the recess of the window, and, as he was fond of beating time to his intensest joys, began to bang on the surface of it with a paper knife which at that spot had chanced to fall upon the floor. At the moment Sidney committed this violence his kind friend had happened to raise the lid of the desk and, with his head beneath it, was rummaging among a mass of papers for a proper envelope. "I say, I say, my boy!" he exclaimed, solicitous for the good looks of his most cherished possession. Sidney paused an instant; then, while Peter still hunted for the envelope, he administered another, and this time a distinctly disobedient, rap. Peter heard it from within and was struck with its oddity of sound—so much so that, leaving the child for a moment under a demoralizing impression of impunity, he waited with quick curiosity for a repetition of the stroke. It came, of course, immediately, and then the young man, who had at the same instant found his envelope and ejaculated "Hallo, this thing has a false back!" jumped up and secured his visitor, whom with his left arm he held in durance on his knee while with his free hand he addressed the missive to Mrs. May.

As Sidney was fond of errands he was easily got rid of, and after he had gone Baron stood a moment at the window chinking pennies and keys in pockets and wondering if the charming composer would think his song as good, or in other words as bad, as he thought it. His eyes as he turned away fell on the wooden back of the davenport, where, to his regret, the traces of Sidney's assault were visible in three or four ugly scratches. "Confound the little brute!" he exclaimed, feeling as if an altar had been desecrated. He was reminded, however, of the observation this outrage had led him to make, and, for further assurance, he knocked on the wood

with his knuckle. It sounded from that position commonplace enough, but his suspicion was strongly confirmed when, again standing beside the desk, he put his head beneath the lifted lid and gave ear while with an extended arm he tapped sharply in the same place. The back was distinctly hollow; there was a space between the inner and the outer pieces (he could measure it) so wide that he was a fool not to have noticed it before. The depth of the receptacle from front to rear was so great that it could sacrifice a certain quantity of room without detection. The sacrifice could, of course, only be for a purpose, and the purpose could only be to supply a secret compartment. Peter Baron was still boy enough to be thrilled by the idea of such a feature, the more so as every indication of it had been cleverly concealed. The people at the shop had never noticed it, else they would have called his attention to it as an enhancement of value. His legendary lore instructed him that where there was a hiding place there was always a hidden spring, and he pried and pressed and fumbled in an eager search for the sensitive spot. The article was really a wonder of neat construction; everything fitted with a closeness that completely saved appearances.

It took Baron some minutes to pursue his inquiry, during which he reflected that the people of the shop were not such fools after all. They had admitted, moreover, that they had accidentally neglected this refined creation—it had been overlooked in the multiplicity of their treasures. He now recalled that the man had wanted to polish it up before sending it home, and that, satisfied himself with its honorable appearance and averse in general to shiny furniture, he had in his impatience declined to wait for such an operation, so that the object had left the place for Jersey Villas, carrying, presumably, its secret with it, two or three hours after his visit. This secret it seemed, indeed, capable of keeping; there was an absurdity in being baffled, but Peter couldn't find the spring. He thumped and sounded, he listened and measured again; he inspected every joint and crevice, with the effect of becoming surer still of the existence of a cachette and of making up his mind that his davenport was a rarity. Not only

was there a compartment between the two backs, but there was distinctly something in the compartment! Perhaps it was a lost manuscript—a nice, safe, old-fashioned story that Mr. Locket wouldn't object to. Peter returned to the charge, for it had occurred to him that he had perhaps not sufficiently visited the small drawers, of which, in two vertical rows, there were six in number of different sizes, inserted sideways into that portion of the structure which formed part of the support of the desk. He took them out again and examined more minutely the condition of their sockets, with the happy result of discovering at last, in the place into which the third on the left-hand row was fitted, a small sliding panel. Behind the panel was a spring, like a flat button, which yielded with a click when he pressed it, and which instantly produced a loosening of one of the pieces of the shelf forming the highest part of the davenport—pieces adjusted to each other with the most deceptive closeness.

This particular piece proved to be, in its turn, a sliding panel, which, when pushed, revealed the existence of a smaller receptacle, a narrow, oblong box, in the false back. Its capacity was limited, but if it couldn't hold many things it might hold precious ones. Baron, in presence of the ingenuity with which it had been dissimulated, immediately felt that, but for the odd chance of little Sidney May's having tapped on the outside at the moment he himself happened to have his head in the desk, he might have remained for years without suspicion of it. This, apparently, would have been a loss, for he had been right in guessing that the cachette was not empty. It contained objects which, whether precious or not, had at any rate been worth somebody's hiding. These objects were a collection of small flat parcels, of the shape of packets of letters, wrapped in white paper and neatly sealed. The seals, mechanically figured, bore the impress

neither of arms nor of initials; the paper looked old—it had turned faintly sallow; the packets might have been there for ages. Baron counted them—there were nine in all, of different sizes; he turned them over and over, felt them curiously, and sniffed in their vague, musty smell, which affected him with melancholy, like some smothered human accent. The little bundles were neither named nor numbered—there was not a word of writing on any of the covers; but they plainly contained old letters, sorted and matched ac-



"I SAY! I SAY, MY BOY!"

ording to dates or to authorship. They told some old, dead story—they were the ashes of fires burned out.

As Peter Baron held his discoveries successively in his hands he became conscious of a queer emotion which was not altogether elation and yet was still less pure pain. He had made a find, but it somehow added to his responsibility; he was in the presence of something interesting, but (in a manner he couldn't have defined) this circumstance suddenly constituted a danger. It was the perception of the danger, for instance, which caused to remain in abeyance any impulse he might have felt to break one of the seals.

He looked at them all narrowly, but he was careful not to loosen them, and he wondered uncomfortably whether the contents of the secret compartment would be held in equity to be the property of the people in the King's Road. He had given money for the davenport, but had he given money for these lurking papers? He paid, by a growing consciousness that a nameless chill had stolen into the air, the penalty, which he had often, indeed, paid before, of being made of sensitive stuff. It was as if an occasion had insidiously risen for a sacrifice—a sacrifice for the sake of a fine superstition, something like honor or kindness or justice, something, indeed, perhaps even finer still—a difficult deciphering of duty, an impossible tantalizing wisdom. Standing there before his questionable treasure and losing himself, for the moment, in the sense of a dawning complication, he was startled by a light, quick tap at the door of his sitting room. Instinctively, before answering, he listened an instant—he was in the attitude of a miser surprised while counting his hoard. Then he answered "One moment, please!" and slipped the little heap of packets into the biggest of the drawers of the davenport, which happened to be open. The aperture of the false back was still gaping, and he had not time to work back the spring. He hastily laid a big book over the place, and then went and opened his door.

It offered him a sight none the less agreeable for being unexpected—the graceful and agitated figure of Mrs. May. Her agitation was so visible that he thought at first that something dreadful had happened to her child—that she had rushed up to ask for help, to beg him to go for the doctor. Then he perceived that it was probably connected with the desperate verses he had transmitted to her a quarter of an hour before; for she had his open manuscript in one hand and was nervously pulling it about with the other. She looked frightened and pretty, and if, in invading the privacy of a fellow lodger, she had been guilty of a departure from rigid custom, she was at least conscious of the enormity of the step and incapable of treating it with levity. The levity was for Peter Baron, who endeavored, however, to clothe his familiarity with respect, pushing forward

the seat of honor and repeating that he rejoiced in such a visit. The visitor came in, leaving the door ajar, and after a minute, during which, to help her, he charged her with the purpose of telling him that he ought to be ashamed to send her down such rubbish, she recovered herself sufficiently to stammer out that his song was exactly what she had been looking for and that, after reading it, she had been seized with an extraordinary, irresistible impulse—that of thanking him for it in person and without delay.

"It was the impulse of a kind nature," he said, "and I can't tell you what pleasure you give me."

She declined to sit down, and evidently wished to appear to have come but for a few seconds. She looked about her confusedly, at the place in which she found herself, and when her eyes met his own they struck him as anxious and appealing. She was evidently not thinking of his song, though she said three or four times over that it was precisely the right thing. "Well, I only wanted you to know, and now I must go," she added; but, on his hearthrug, she lingered with such an odd helplessness that he felt almost sorry for her.

"Perhaps I can improve it if you find it doesn't go," said Baron. "I'm so delighted to do anything for you I can."

"There may be a word or two that might be changed," she answered, rather absently. "I shall have to think it over, to live with it a little. But I like it, and that's all I wanted to say."

"Charming of you. I'm not a bit busy," said Baron.

Again she looked at him with a troubled intensity, and then, suddenly, she demanded: "Is there anything the matter with you?"

"The matter with me?"

"I mean like being ill or worried. I wondered if there might be; I had a sudden fancy; and that, I think, is really why I came up."

"There isn't, indeed; I'm all right. But your sudden fancies are inspirations."

"It's absurd. You must excuse me. Good-by!" said Mrs. May.

"What are the words you want changed?" Baron asked.

"I don't want any—if you're all right. Good-by," his visitor repeated, fixing her

eyes an instant on an object on his desk that had caught them. His own glanced in the same direction and he saw that in his hurry to shuffle away the packets found in the davenport he had left out one of them, which lay with its seals exposed. For an instant he felt found out, as if he had been concerned in something to be ashamed of, and it was only his quick second thought that told him that the incident of which the packet was a consequence was no affair of Mrs. May's. Her conscious eyes came back to his as if they were sounding them, and suddenly this instinct of keeping his discovery to himself was succeeded by a really startled cognition that, with the rarest alertness, she had guessed something, and that her guess (it seemed almost supernatural) had been her real motive. Some secret sympathy had made her vibrate—had touched her with the knowledge that he had brought something to light. After an instant he saw that she divined, further, the very reflection that he was then making, and this gave him a desire—a grateful, happy desire—to seem to have nothing to conceal. For herself, it determined her still more to put an end to her momentary visit. But before she had passed to the door he exclaimed:

"All right? How can a fellow be anything else who has just had such a find?"

She paused at this, still looking earnest, and asking: "What have you found?"

"Some ancient family papers, in a secret compartment of my writing table." And he took up the packet he had left out, holding it before her eyes. "A lot of other things like that."

"What are they?" asked Mrs. May.

"I haven't the least idea. They're sealed."

"You haven't broken the seals?" She had come further back.

"I haven't had time; it only happened ten minutes ago."

"I knew it," said Mrs. May, more gayly now.

"What did you know?"

"That you were in some predicament."

"You're extraordinary. I never heard of anything so miraculous; down two flights of stairs."

"Are you in a quandary?" the visitor asked.

"Yes, about giving them back." Peter Baron stood smiling at her and rapping his packet on the palm of his hand.

"What do you advise?"

She herself smiled now, with her eyes on the sealed parcel. "Back to whom?"

"The man of whom I bought the table."



"NONE THE LESS AGREEABLE FOR BEING UNEXPECTED."

"Ah, then, they're not from your family!"

"No, indeed, the piece of furniture in which they were hidden is not an ancestral possession. I bought it at second hand—you see it's old—the other day in the King's Road. Obviously the man who sold it to me sold me more than he meant; he had no idea (from his own point of view it was stupid of him) that there was a secret compartment or that mysterious documents were buried there. Ought I to go and tell him? It's rather a nice question."

"Are the papers of value?" Mrs. May inquired.

"I haven't the least idea. But I can ascertain by breaking a seal."

"Don't!" said Mrs. May, with much expression. She looked grave again.

"It's rather tantalizing—it's a bit of a problem," Baron went on, turning his packet over.

Mrs. May hesitated. "Will you show me what you have in your hand?"

He gave her the packet and she looked at and held it for an instant to her nose. "It has a queer, charming old fragrance," he said.

"Charming? It's horrid." She handed him back the packet, saying again, more emphatically: "Don't!"

"Don't break a seal?"

"Don't give back the papers."

"Is it honest to keep them?"

"Certainly. They're yours as much as the people's of the shop. They were in the secret compartment when the table came to the shop, and the people had every opportunity to find them out. They didn't—therefore let them take the consequences."

Peter Baron reflected, amused at her intensity. She was pale, with eyes almost ardent. "The table had been in the place for years."

"That proves the things haven't been missed."

"Let me show you how they were hidden," he rejoined; and he exhibited the ingenious recess and the working of the curious spring. She was greatly interested, she grew excited and became familiar; she appealed to him again not to do anything so foolish as to give up the papers, the rest of which, in their little blank, impenetrable covers, he placed in a row before her. "They might be traced—their history, their ownership," he argued; to which she replied that this was exactly why he ought to be quiet. He declared that women had not the smallest sense of honor, and she retorted that at any rate they had other perceptions more delicate than those of men. He admitted that the papers might be rubbish, and she remarked that nothing was more probable; yet when he offered to settle the point off-hand she caught him by the wrist, acknowledging that, absurd as it was, she was nervous. Finally she put the whole thing on the

ground of his doing her a favor. She asked him to retain the papers, to be silent about them, simply because it would please her. That was reason enough. Baron's acquaintance, his agreeable relations with her, advanced many steps in the treatment of this question; an element of friendly candor made its way into their discussion of it.

"I can't make out why it matters to you, one way or the other, nor why you should think it's worth talking about," the young man declared.

"Neither can I. It's just a whim."

"Certainly, if it will give you any pleasure, I'll say nothing at the shop."

"That's charming of you, and I'm very grateful. I see now that that was why the spirit moved me to come up—to save them," Mrs. May went on. She added, moving away, that now she had saved them she must really go.

"To save them for what, if I mayn't break the seals?" Baron asked.

"I don't know—for a generous sacrifice."

"Why should it be generous? What's at stake?" Peter demanded, leaning against the doorpost as she stood on the landing.

"I don't know what, but I feel as if something or other were in peril. Burn them up!" she exclaimed, with shining eyes.

"Ah, you ask too much—I'm so curious about them!"

"Well, I won't ask more than I ought, and I'm much obliged to you for your promise to be quiet. I trust to your discretion. Good-by."

"You ought to reward my discretion," said Baron, coming out to the landing.

She had partly descended the staircase, and she stopped, leaning against the baluster and smiling up at him. "Surely you've had your reward in the honor of my visit."

"That's delightful as far as it goes. But what will you do for me if I burn the papers?"

Mrs. May considered a moment. "Burn them first and you'll see!"

On this she went rapidly downstairs, and Baron, to whom the answer appeared inadequate, and the proposition indeed, in that form, grossly unfair, returned to his room. The vivacity of her interest in a

question in which she had, discoverably, nothing at stake, mystified, amused, and, in addition, irresistibly charmed him. She was delicate, imaginative, inflammable, quick to feel and to act. He didn't complain of it, it was the way he liked women to be; but he was not impelled for the hour to commit the sealed packets to the flames. He put them back into the secret compartment, and after that he went out. He felt restless and excited; another day was lost for work—the dreadful job to be performed for Mr. Locket was still further off.

III.

Ten days after Mrs. May's visit, he paid, by appointment, another call on the editor of the *Promiscuous*. He found him in the little wainscoted Chelsea house, which had, to Peter's sense, the smoky brownness of an old pipe bowl, surrounded with all the emblems of his office—a litter of papers, a hedge of encyclopædias, a photographic gallery of popular contributors—and he promised at first to consume very few of the moments for which so many claims competed. It was Mr. Locket himself, however, who presently made the interview spacious, gave it air after discovering that poor Baron had come to tell him something more interesting than that he couldn't, after all, patch up his tale. Peter had begun with this, had intimated respectfully that it was a case in which both practice and principle rebelled, and then, perceiving how little Mr. Locket was affected by his audacity, had felt weak and slightly silly, left with his heroism on his hands. He had armed himself for a struggle, but the *Promiscuous* didn't even protest, and there would have been nothing for him but to go away with the prospect of never coming again had he not chanced to say abruptly, irrelevantly, as he got up from his chair:

"Do you happen to be at all interested in Sir Dominick Ferrand?"

Mr. Locket, who had also got up, looked over his glasses. "The late Sir Dominick?"

"The only one; you know the family's extinct."

Mr. Locket shot his young friend another sharp glance, a silent retort to the glibness of this information. "Very

extinct indeed. I'm afraid the subject to-day would scarcely be regarded as an attractive one."

"Are you very sure?" Baron asked.

Mr. Locket leaned forward a little, with his finger-tips on his table, in the attitude of giving permission to retire. "I might consider the question in a special connection." He was silent a minute, in a way that relegated poor Peter to the general; then, meeting the young man's eyes again, he asked: "Are you—a—thinking of proposing an article upon him?"

"Not exactly proposing it—because I don't yet quite see my way; but the idea rather appeals to me."

Mr. Locket emitted the safe assertion that this eminent statesman had been a striking figure in his day; then he added: "Have you been studying him?"

"I've been dipping into him."

"I'm afraid he's scarcely a question of the hour," said Mr. Locket, shuffling papers together.

"I think I could make him one," Peter Baron rejoined.

Mr. Locket stared again; he was unable to repress an unattenuated "You?"

"I have some new material," said the young man, coloring a little. "That often freshens up an old story."

"It buries it sometimes. It's often only another tombstone."

"That depends upon what it is. However," Peter added, "the documents I speak of would be a crushing monument."

Mr. Locket, hesitating, shot another glance under his glasses. "Do you allude to—a—revelations?"

"Very curious ones."

Mr. Locket, still on his feet, had kept his body at the bowing angle; it was therefore easy for him after an instant to bend a little farther and to sink into his chair with a movement of his hand toward the seat Baron had occupied. Baron resumed possession of this convenience, and the conversation took a fresh start on a basis which such an extension of privilege could render but little less humiliating to our young man. He had matured no plan of confiding his secret to Mr. Locket, and he had really come out to make him, conscientiously, that other announcement as to which it appeared that so much artistic agitation had been wasted. He had, indeed, during the past days—

days of painful indecision—appealed in imagination to the editor of the *Promiscuous*, as he had appealed to other sources of comfort; but his scruples turned their face upon him from high quarters as well as from low, and though he had by no means made up his mind today not to mention his strange knowledge to Mr. Locket, he had left equally to the impulse of the moment the question of how he should introduce the subject. He was, in fact, too nervous to decide; he only felt that he needed, for his peace of mind, to communicate his discovery. He wanted an opinion, the impression of somebody else, and even in this intensely professional presence, five minutes after he had begun to tell his queer story he felt relieved of half his burden. His story was very queer; he could take the measure of that himself as he spoke; but wouldn't this very circumstance qualify it for the *Promiscuous*?

"Of course the letters may be forgeries," said Mr. Locket at last.

"I've no doubt that's what some people will say."

"Have they been seen by any expert?"

"No, indeed; they've been seen by nobody."

"Have you got any of them with you?"

"No; I felt nervous about bringing them out."

"That's a pity. I should have liked the testimony of my eyes."

"You may have it if you'll come to my rooms. If you don't care to do that without a further guarantee, I'll copy you out some passages."

"Select a few of the worst!" Mr. Locket laughed. Over Baron's invidious information he had become quite human and genial. But he added in a moment, more dryly: "You know they ought to be seen by an expert."

"That's exactly what I dread," said Peter.

"They'll be worth nothing to me if they're not."

Peter communed with his innermost spirit. "How much will they be worth to me if they are?"

Mr. Locket turned in his study chair. "I should require to look at them before answering that question."

"I've been to the British museum—

there are many of his letters there, I've obtained permission to see them, and I've compared everything carefully. I repudiate the possibility of forgery. No sign of genuineness is wanting; there are details, down to the very postmarks, that no forger could have invented. Besides, whose interest could it conceivably have been? A labor of unspeakable difficulty, and all for what advantage? There are so many letters, too—twenty-seven in all."

"Lord, what an ass!" Mr. Locket exclaimed.

"It will be one of the strangest post-mortem revelations of which history preserves the record."

Mr. Locket, grave now, worried with a paper knife the crevice of a drawer. "It's very odd. But to be worth anything, such documents should be subjected to a searching criticism—I mean of the historical kind."

"Certainly; that would be the task of the writer introducing them to the public."

Again Mr. Locket considered; then, with a smile, he looked up. "You had better give up original composition and take to buying old furniture."

"Do you mean because it will pay better?"

"For you, I should think, original composition couldn't pay worse. The creative faculty's so rare."

"I do feel tempted to turn my attention to real heroes," Peter replied.

"I'm bound to declare that Sir Dominick Ferrand was never one of mine. Flashy, crafty, second rate—that's how I've always read him. It was never a secret, moreover, that his private life had its weak spots. He was a mere flash in the pan."

"He speaks to the people of this country," said Baron.

"He did; but his voice—the voice, I mean, of his prestige—is scarcely audible now."

"They're still proud of some of the things he did at the Foreign Office—the famous 'exchange' with Spain, in the Mediterranean, which took Europe so by surprise and by which she felt injured, especially when it became apparent how much we had the best of the bargain. Then the sudden, unexpected show of force by which he imposed on the United States our interpretation of that tiresome

treaty. I could never make out what it was about. These were both matters that no one cared a straw about, but he made everyone care; the nation rose to the way he played his trumps—it was uncommon. He was one of the few men we've had, in our period, who took Europe, or took America, by surprise, made them jump a bit; and the country liked his doing it—it was a pleasant change. The rest of the world considered that they knew, in any case, exactly what we would do, which was usually nothing at all. Say what you like, he's still a high name; partly also, no doubt, on account of other things—his early success and early death, his political 'cheek' and wit; his very appearance—he certainly was handsome—and the possibilities (of future personal supremacy) which it was the fashion at the time, which it's the fashion still, to say had passed away with him. He had been twice at the Foreign Office; that alone was remarkable for a man dying at forty-four. What, therefore, will the country think when it learns he was venal?"

Peter Baron himself was not angry with Sir Dominick Ferrand, who had simply become to him (he had been "reading up" feverishly for a week) a very curious subject of psychological study; but he could easily put himself in the place of that portion of the public whose memory was long enough for their patriotism to receive a shock. It was some time, fortunately, since the conduct of public affairs had wanted for men of disinterested ability, but the extraordinary documents concealed (of all places in the world—it was as fantastic as a nightmare) in a "bargain" picked up at second-hand by an obscure scribbler, would be a calculable

blow to the retrospective mind. Baron saw vividly that if these relics should be made public, the scandal, the horror, the chatter would be immense. Immense would be also the contribution to truth, the rectification of history. He had felt for several days (and it was exactly what had made him so nervous) as if he held in his hand the key to public attention.

"There are too many things to explain," Mr. Locket went on, "and the singular provenance of your papers would count almost overwhelmingly against



"MR. LOCKET HAD KEPT HIS BODY AT THE BOWING ANGLE."

them even if the other objections were met. There would be a perfect, and probably a very complicated, pedigree to trace. How did they get into your davenport, as you call it, and how long had they been there? What hands secreted them? what hands had, so incredibly, clung to them and preserved them? Who are the persons mentioned in them? who are the correspondents, the parties to the nefarious transactions? You say the transactions appear to be of two distinct kinds—some of them connected with public business, and others involving obscure personal relations."

"They all have this in common," said Peter Baron, "that they constitute evidence of uneasiness, in some instances of painful alarm, on the writer's part, in relation to exposure—the exposure in the one case, as I gather, of the fact that he had availed himself of official opportunities to promote enterprises (public works and that sort of thing) in which he had a pecuniary stake. The dread of the light in the other connection is evidently different, and these letters are the earliest in date. They are addressed to a woman, from whom he had evidently received money."

Mr. Locket wiped his glasses. "What woman?"

"I haven't the least idea. There are lots of questions I can't answer, of course; lots of identities I can't establish; lots of gaps I can't fill. But as to two points I'm clear, and they are the essential ones. In the first place the papers in my possession are genuine; in the second place they're compromising."

With this Peter Baron rose again, rather vexed with himself for having been led on to advertise his treasure (it was his interlocutor's perfectly natural scepticism that produced this effect), for he felt that he was putting himself in a false position. He detected in Mr. Locket's studied detachment the fermentation of impulses from which, unsuccessful as he was, he himself prayed to be delivered.

Mr. Locket remained seated; he watched Baron go across the room for his hat and umbrella. "Of course, the question would come up of whose property today such documents would legally be. There are heirs, descendants, executors to consider."

"In some degree, perhaps; but I've gone into that a little. Sir Dominick Ferrand had no children, and he left no brothers and no sisters. His wife survived him, but she died ten years ago. He can have had no heirs and no executors to speak of, for he left no property."

"That's to his honor and against your theory," said Mr. Locket.

"I have no theory. He left a largeish mass of debt," Peter Baron added. At this Mr. Locket got up, while his visitor

pursued: "So far as I can ascertain, though, of course, my inquiries have had to be very rapid and superficial, there is no one now living, directly or indirectly related to the personage in question, who would be likely to suffer from any steps in the direction of publicity. It happens to be a rare instance of a life that had, as it were, no loose ends. At least, there are none perceptible at present."

"I see, I see," said Mr. Locket. "But I don't think I should care much for your article."

"What article?"

"The one you seem to wish to write, embodying this new matter."

"Oh, I don't wish to write it!" Peter exclaimed. And then he bade his host good-by.

"Good-by," said Mr. Locket. "Mind you, I don't say that I think there's nothing in it."

"You would think there was something in it if you were to see my documents."

"I should like to see the secret compartment," the caustic editor rejoined. "Copy me out some extracts."

"To what end, if there's no question of their being of use to you?"

"I don't say that—I might like the letters themselves."

"Themselves?"

"Not as the basis of a paper, but just to publish—for a sensation."

"They'd sell your number!" Baron laughed.

"I daresay I should like to look at them," Mr. Locket conceded after a moment. "When should I find you at home?"

"Don't come," said the young man. "I make you no offer."

"I might make you one," the editor smiled.

"Don't trouble yourself; I shall probably destroy them." With this Peter Baron took his departure, waiting, however, just afterwards, in the street near the house a few minutes, as if he had been looking out for a stray hansom, to which he would not have signalled had it appeared. He thought Mr. Locket might hurry after him, but Mr. Locket seemed to have other things to do, and Peter Baron returned on foot to Jersey Villas.

(Concluded in the August issue.)

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY.

SECOND PAPER.—NATURAL SELECTION.

BY ST. GEORGE MIVART.

IN our former paper we endeavored to point out the principal data which, taken together, seem to constitute a cumulative proof that a process of evolution in the animal world has somehow taken place. Assuming, then, that evolution is a fact, we have next to consider its probable cause; after seeing that in all probability it has taken place, we have to try and see how it has taken place.

Its most widely known and generally accepted explanation is, as everyone knows, that proposed by the late Mr. Darwin under the title of "Natural Selection."

Strongly and justly impressed with the constant, ever-present action of the destructive forces of nature; bearing in mind that species tend to increase prodigiously and that, while offspring resemble their parents, no two individuals are absolutely alike; he came to the conclusion that favorable variations would (in the struggle of life) be necessarily preserved, transmitted and—so long as they were useful—intensified, and thus would be practically selected by the mere play of blind natural forces. Darwin thus sought to account for all the forms and powers which exist in organic nature, including the mind of man, with all its perceptions of truth, goodness and beauty. He sought to account for them through small, haphazard changes in all directions.

Whatever may be the scientific merits or demerits of this hypothesis, no one can deny but that in one respect it was a most ingenious one.

For it is an hypothesis the truth of which it is almost impossible to disprove, since it assigns the present or past utility of every organ as the sufficient cause for its existence. It would obviously be almost impossible (assuming for argument's sake that the hypothesis is a false one) to demonstrate that any organ of any animal has never been of use to it or to any hypothetical ancestors it might be supposed, in support of that hypothesis, to have had. The hypothesis has indeed wonderful ad-

vantages, since it ingeniously brings in at will all the infinite utilities in nature, past as well as present, hypothetical as well as real, to its aid. It is able to invent for its convenience trains of ancestors of whose existence there is no tittle of evidence, and can marshal hosts of equally imaginary foes. It can call up islands, join them to and separate them from adjacent mainlands, invoke the appearance of floods and earthquakes, and draw checks to any amount on the inexhaustible funds of imaginary past time.

It would therefore be little profit to try and test the truth of Darwinism by here passing in review the organization of a number of different animals, because so many details would have to be entered into, and, besides that, the ingenuity of the human mind can almost always suggest some possibility by which many have had some sort of utility. Still there are just two structures which can be briefly noted and which will, we venture to think, long tax the imaginative power of upholders of natural selection as vainly as they have done in the past, since we first called attention to them in the year 1870. To the former of these structures we have already referred in our first article. It is the absolutely rudimentary condition of the potto's first finger. We cannot believe that the life of such an animal was ever saved, or that the affections of a female one were ever gained through a potto not having a forefinger.

The other structure is that presented by the teeth of extinct creatures of the frog and eel order, which are known as labyrinthodonts. When cut across, these teeth are seen to have the substances which compose them arranged in so extraordinarily complex a pattern as to have suggested the names by which the creatures are distinguished. Here again we have a condition which it is impossible to ascribe to the action of those agencies which are figuratively termed "natural selection."

But there is one natural faculty which seems to us to be fatal to that hypothesis

as a sufficient cause, though no one disputes that a certain effect on the structure and habits of organisms must be produced by nature's distinctive progress, as was perceived by the clear Greek intellect more than 2000 years ago. The faculty we refer to is "instinct," which Schelling declared to be so important that it was capable of serving as a touchstone whereby the value of conflicting hypotheses concerning nature might be brought to the test.

Now, we can know nothing so well as we know ourselves, yet as instinct is more developed in other animals than in us, we had better begin by considering it where it is most conspicuous. Instinct may be said to be "an internal impulse prompting animals, placed in special circumstances, to perform useful actions they have never learned and the use of which they do not themselves perceive."

Birds exhibit many such instincts. Thus a young turkey, only nine days hatched, and which had had no experience of a hawk, on first hearing the cry of one instantly darted to the farthest end of its inclosure, where it crouched down in terror. Wild ducks will feign lameness or some other injury to draw off attention from their eggs or young. As to beasts, young puppies which had never seen a wolf were observed by M. Gratiolet to be thrown into convulsions by the odor of a small piece of wolf skin. Polecats will, to feed their young, instinctively catch and mutilate frogs and toads so that they cannot get away, while they remain alive and therefore fresh and good for food. On one occasion as many as forty frogs and two toads were found in a hole beside a nest of young polecats. They were alive, but only capable of sprawling a little, because they were all dexterously bitten through the brain.

An analogous instinct is possessed still more perfectly by a kind of wasp. It will pounce upon some caterpillar or spider and sting it so adroitly as, without killing it, to destroy all its power of motion. Then it will place it in its nest beside its egg, out of which comes in due

time a grub which feeds on the victim, while the grub itself is so helpless that it would be quite unable to deal with its prey had its prey not been thus previously paralyzed.

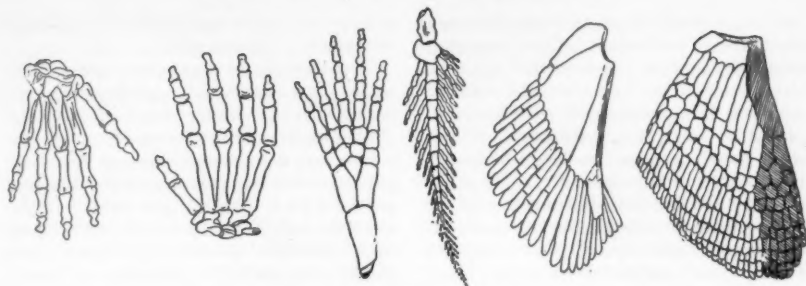
There is another kind of wasp which feeds her young from time to time with fresh food, visiting her nest for that purpose at suitable intervals. She covers her nest so carefully with sand that human eyes cannot distinguish it; and this covering she first removes and then carefully replaces at each visit. While it remains thus hidden, she is always able herself easily to find her carefully concealed nest; but if the way into it be opened and made ready for her entrance, this, instead of helping her to get at her young, altogether puzzles her—she becomes quite at a loss and does not even seem to recognize her offspring. Her actions therefore cannot be intelligent.

The female carpenter-bee, in order to protect her eggs, excavates in some piece of wood a series of chambers, one above another, separated by partitions, the lower chamber communicating with the exterior. She lays an egg in each chamber, beginning with the lowest. From that lowest chamber the offspring—the grub—escapes by the passage left for it. The inhabitant of the chamber next above gnaws through the floor of its dwelling and makes its way out by the same path as did its predecessor. The inhabitants of the superior chambers then act similarly in succession. Evidently this complex nest harmonizes in a most admirable way with the needs of the grubs, which had hatched in order of age, the oldest, or one

first laid, being the first. But it is no less evident that the young mother could have no knowledge of the series of actions which were to ensue after she had completed her nest. As most persons know, moths and butterflies habitually lay their eggs on the leaves of such plants as will nourish their young, although the parents do not feed upon them or use them in any other way. It may even be that the parents do not feed at all, and it would be too unreasonable to affirm



HAND OF A POTTO.



SHOWING RESEMBLANCE OF HANDS AND FINS.

that they can recollect what they did before they entered upon the chrysalis condition, and that they consciously foresee that their eggs will give forth creatures such as they once were. Still more monstrous, however, would it be to affirm that a grub could foresee the shape of the body it is destined to have when transformed, especially when the shape is widely different in the two sexes. Yet the grub of the female stag-beetle, when she digs the hole wherein she will undergo her metamorphosis, digs it no bigger than her own body; whereas the grub of the male stag-beetle makes a hole twice as large as his own body, in order to leave room for the enormous jaws (the so-called "horns") which he will have to grow.

The larva of the emperor-moth, when about to become a chrysalis, spins for itself a double cocoon, but leaves an opening fortified with elastic bristles which point outwards, so arranged that while they readily yield to pressure from within (allowing the moth to make its way out easily) the bristles firmly resist pressure from without. But most wonderful, perhaps, of all are the instincts of social insects, such as bees, when there are not only males and females, but a large population of neuter insects in each hive, the special instincts and peculiarities of which have, of course, been transmitted to them, not by another neuter insect, but by a female, the instincts and peculiarities of which are very different from those of the neuter portion of her progeny. Some insects also, when in danger, become perfectly quiescent, and so escape observation—an action often spoken of as "shamming death."

Our own instinctive actions are few but unmistakable. Such are those by which

the infant, in response to a feeling produced on its lips, first sucks the nipple, and then swallows the thence extracted nutriment. It is certainly a useful action, the utility of which is not perceived, and which, by an internal impulse under certain circumstances, is prompted. It is an action done directly after birth, when there has been no time to learn how to perform it. Other instinctive actions of infant life cannot here be expressly referred to, nor others which attend adolescence; but these are certainly also instinctive.

Darwin has sought to explain all such instinctive actions as being partly the result of accidental actions which have been naturally selected, and partly as being actions which were once done with an intelligent purpose, but have now become habitual and mechanical.

But is it conceivable that a duck first began by pure accident to feign lameness and that such a mode of acting has been inherited and preferentially perpetrated, or that it was done of set intelligent purpose? Can we believe that the wasp which seizes spiders and caterpillars, accidentally stung them each, respectively, in the exact but very different spot needful to induce paralysis? Certainly, the wasp knew nothing of the internal anatomy of its prey. It is also incredible that the complex excavation of the carpenter-bee was either due to an accident or to a calculation as to the future, and the same must surely be said with respect to the complex actions of the stag-beetle and emperor-moth. As regards that instinct which leads some insects, when an enemy approaches, to lie quiescent or, as it is said, to "sham death," if that quiescence had not at first been enough to make it so elude its enemy's observation, it would

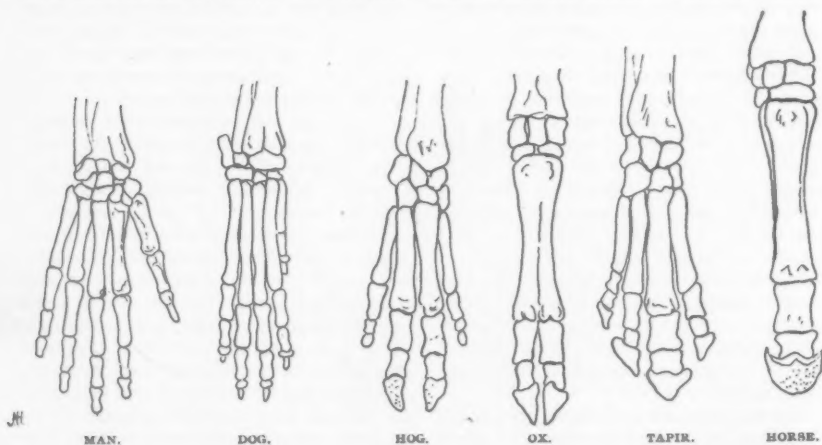
only have made its destruction the more inevitable. Such an instinct, therefore, could never have been gained by small steps, such as the hypothesis of "natural selection" supposes. Mr. Darwin's explanation is equally ineffectual with respect to man's lowest and highest instinctive powers. Among the "highest" we refer to are the first beginnings of art, science and statesmanship, which were never deliberately invented and must have been akin to instinctive actions. As to man's lowest instinctive action, can it be for a moment seriously maintained that such actions of the infant, which sucks and swallows its food, etc., or the sexual instincts of later life, ever arose through the accidental conservation of hap-hazard variations of habit in ancestral animals? If not, then it is impossible successfully to evade the difficulty of "instinct" as a power plainly existing, but which natural selection is manifestly unable to explain. However far we may put back the beginnings of instinct, the question of its origin only recurs with increased force. How did the first animals with mouths obtain and swallow their food? How did they ever begin to deposit eggs at all or to do so in a suitable manner? They must have done so suitably at once or they would never have survived.

And here we may call in to our aid the facts of individual development as to be seen even in a hen's egg. We may quote, in this connection, weighty words which have been let fall by one of the two orig-

inators of the hypothesis of "natural selection." He has said:

"No thoughtful person can contemplate without amazement the phenomena presented by the development of animals. We see the most diverse forms—a mollusk, a frog and a mammal—arising from apparently identical primitive cells, and progressing for a time by very similar initial changes, but thereafter each pursuing its highly complex and often circuitous course of development with unerring certainty, by means of laws and forces of which we are totally ignorant. It is surely a not improbable supposition that the unknown power which determines and regulates this marvellous process may also determine the initiation of those more important changes of structure and those developments of new parts and organs which characterize the successive changes of the evolutions of animal forms."

It seems clear to us that study of the wonderful processes which take place during individual developments, while they serve to support the doctrine of evolution, also serve to refute the notion that it takes place fortuitously by the blind action of native forces in small hap-hazard changes in all directions. In the hen's egg, as in other ova, the "cells," the presence of which is noted, generate other cells which evolve yet others of different natures—namely, those which constitute muscle, blood, cartilage, bone, nerve, etc., etc. Therefore, if there is a parity of reasoning between nature's mode of work in



MAN.

DOG.

HOG.

OX.

TAPIR.

HORSE.

evolving an individual like its predecessors and her mode of work in evolving individuals unlike their predecessors (i. e., in evolving her species), then such action in the second case must, like that in the first, take place according to definite, innate laws which work out in our time a definite, previously determined end. But if changes occur definitely, in preordained lines, and not fortuitously and in all directions, then the action of "natural selection" becomes an altogether subordinate action, and it would be manifestly absurd to attribute to it the origin of species.

We regard it as certain that what mainly governs this process is the inner nature of the animal and of its reproductive products. It is notorious that the very same external influences will produce different effects in different species, as also that the nature of some species is more stubborn and less prone to variation than that of others. Such, for example, is the case with the ass, the guinea fowl and the goose, as compared with the horse, the dog, and the domestic fowl or pigeon.

Thus both the amount and the kind of versatility are different in different species, and these internal innate tendencies being different in different cases, it is certain that no organism, or race of organisms, can vary in a quite indefinite manner, and therefore unlimited variability in all directions, indifferently, must be an impossibility. Therefore "natural selection," instead of guiding and determining the ramifications of the great tree of organic life, can do no more than apply the pruning hook to them.

The lifeless, inorganic world harmonizes with the living world in the possession of innate powers and essential characteristics which can never have been due to preferential survival under competition. No one supposes that the geometrical forms of different kinds of crystals or the lustre of the diamond and the sapphire have been due to "natural selection;" but if we have to admit another cause for the properties of so large a portion of the natural world why may we not admit it also for the rest?

And the study of the dead and inorganic world shows us that one of the arguments used to support "natural selection" is of no value whatever. It is said that if we do not admit the evolution of species by

means of small steps and minute variations we shall be compelled to admit the existence of breaches of continuity in nature.

But we deny the existence of this continuity, for, in the first place, there is an absolute break between the living world and the world devoid of life. This scientific men are now at one about, thanks to the persevering labor of M. Pasteur. Those who affirm that though life does not arise from inorganic matter now, it nevertheless did so a long time ago, affirm what is, to say the least, contrary to all the evidence we possess; and they can bring no argument in favor of it beyond the one that it is necessary for the validity of their position. Here, then, is one interruption of continuity in nature. But another, we are convinced, must also be admitted, and that is the break between things which can feel and things which cannot. Mr. Wallace himself has not hesitated to declare that the assumption that a mere change of structure should by itself give rise to a power of sensation is a preposterous assumption. That all the higher animals feel, no one probably will dispute, for they give abundant external signs of so doing. On the other hand, to affirm that the familiar vegetables of our kitchen-gardens are all endowed with a power of feeling, is not only to make a gratuitous affirmation, but one opposed to evidence, since they have no "nervous structures," which are the only organs of feeling we know of. If, then, there are any organisms whatever which do not feel, while certain other organisms do feel, then (as a door must either be "shut" or "not shut") there is, and must be, a break and distinction between the one set and the other.

There is, we are confident, another break in nature's continuity, namely, the break which exists between merely sentient nature and rationality; and if so, it is absolutely fatal to Mr. Darwin's doctrine of natural selection; for, as we said at starting, he brings within its scope the mind of man with all its intellectual powers.

In an article such as the present one it is impossible to do more than hint at the arguments by which Mr. Darwin's views in this respect can be adequately refuted.

This, however, I have endeavored fully to do in a special work, *The Origin of Human Reason*, to which I must refer

such readers as are interested in the subject.

But, in fact, Darwin had no conception of what the human intellect, much as he exercised it, really is. He attempted, under these conditions, ideally to construct a world, but it was a world of insects and pigeons, apes and curious plants; but man, as he lives and breathes, had no place within it.

The distinction between the human mind and the highest animal powers will be clearly seen if we consider what we perceive on perceiving the qualities of objects. A dog may feel dread of another dog which is fierce and powerful, but he will have no idea of either "ferocity" or "power." Many animals, even insects, will distinguish clearly between objects of different colors—the white from the blue, the red from the yellow—but no animal knows "whiteness" or "blueness" or the conception "color." Yet every savage who rewards a youth of his tribe for a brave action, or who smears his body with pigments, thereby shows us that these abstract ideas are familiar to him. It is only the human mind which has the power of making such abstract qualities direct and distinct objects of thought.

That this is not a mere matter of words and language is shown in two ways.

In the first place, new words are invented to suit new ideas, not new ideas to fit new words. This is abundantly shown by the new technical terms which the cultivation of any science, art or even mechanical invention makes necessary. Secondly, abstract ideas can be expressed by gestures without the use of words—as by deaf mutes, and in certain plays performed entirely in dumb show, of which a very popular one has lately been acted in London.

The most wonderful case that has come to our knowledge as an instance of the marvellous innate powers of the human mind is that of a girl named Martha Obrecht, who was sent to a convent school in France when she was eight years old. She was then deaf, dumb and blind. Nevertheless she was by degrees taught not only to read and speak but also to write, and she gained a perfect comprehension of a quantity of highly abstract ideas. We

therefore altogether repudiate and utterly deny the truth of the doctrine that thought is due to language.

The question of what the human intellect can do will partly occupy our attention in the next chapter, so we will now conclude the present one by calling attention to some curious facts concerning the structure of different animals. These considerations tend to show that there are latent and inherent powers in organisms which can never have been due to the action of "natural selection."

Thus there are a number of beautiful, very small marine organisms known as Radiolaria which have silicious skeletons formed of radiating and other spicules which are arranged in a marvellously complex symmetry. There is also very generally an innate tendency to repeat certain conditions either in the right and left sides of the body or in fore and aft direction.

Thus Professor Burt Wilder has recorded* no less than twenty-five cases wherein abnormalities coexisted in both little fingers. Sir James Paget has declared, speaking of symmetrical diseases, that a certain marked change of structure on one side of the body is apt to be repeated in the exactly corresponding part of the opposite side. In the case of the hip bones of a rheumatic lion, he found a deposit forming a pattern more complex and irregular than the spots of a map; but not one line or spot on one side of the body had failed to be represented with daggerreotype exactness on the other side.

As to parts which correspond in a fore and aft direction we have a good example of that in our own limbs, where the upper arm, elbow, lower arm, wrist, palm and fingers correspond with the thigh, knee, leg, ankle, sole and toes, the thumb agreeing with the great toe in having only two bones, while each finger or toe, however short, has three.

Now Sir James Paget says that such corresponding parts are very commonly diseased in the same manner. Professor Burt Wilder found six cases in which both little fingers and both little toes were similarly affected and twenty-one cases more or less complete of the same kind.

In some tortoises the fore and hind limbs assume a marvellous similarity; this is

* Massachusetts Medical Society, Vol. II., No. 3, June 2, 1868.

carried still further in the mudfish of Australia and in the large marine reptiles of the secondary period.

To refer again to the potto, that animal and some of its allies exhibit some curious exceptional characters in the "leaders" of their hands, which are again repeated in their feet. But perhaps the more curious and instructive instances of these fore and aft resemblances are to be found in certain kinds of pigeons and fowls, the feet of which are furnished with what are called "boots." These "boots" are extra feathers which grow out along those parts of the foot which correspond to the parts of the hand which bear the wing feathers, so that the "boots" are plainly posterior repetitions imitating the wing. These foot feathers have indeed been sometimes known to exceed the wing feathers in

length; moreover, these foot feathers resemble the true wing feathers in structure, and are quite unlike the down which naturally clothes the legs of such birds as grouse and owls. But there is a more striking resemblance still, for in figures which are thus booted the two outer toes become tied together by skin, and so still more perfectly imitate the condition of the bird's fingers.

Facts such as these here briefly related seem to make evident the existence in each animal, which as a whole is a visible unity, of animate force tending to carry out development in a definite manner. For such phenomena, as also for instinct

and intellect, "natural selection" cannot account. In our next article we will endeavor to ascertain some other and better cause for evolution in animal life.



SECTION OF TOOTH OF LABYRINTHODON.

JUNE.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Now, sky, not all your blue against our green
Can hold its own; Beauty has dropped to earth,
The under-gods have won, are making mirth
With her in yonder shade. Soft does she lean
Among them, laughing. There's no spot so mean
But it does catch a glory and a worth
From the sweet revel, and each blissful birth
Echoes joy back to her, your truant queen.

Not singing sphere, but cricket, charms her now,
The mystic firefly pleases, not the star;
The bright-eyed berries and the courtly bough,
The birds, the daisies and the clover are
About her, and the south winds on her brow:
O sky, she has forgot the things afar.



BY HERBERT PIERSON.

THE traveller in Spain is soon forced to conclude that the descriptions in the guidebooks and the raptures of some travellers are not to be trusted. When, for instance, one reads of Valencia as "the sultana of the Mediterranean, robed in the loose and sparkling white of her straggling houses, lying softly embosomed amid high palms and deep green orange trees, with her feet lazily bathing in the blue waves of the sea," and finds a desolate, wind-swept city, with only three or four sickly dust-laden palms and the sea at least three miles away, it is a sad blow. Even Murray glorifies some forlorn mud

huts in a marsh as "pearls set in emeralds."

The truthful traveller in Spain must admit that, as far as landscape goes, it is not a beautiful country. The luxuriant loveliness of Italy, the verdant beauty of France, are not to be found here. The drear Castilian landscape that stretches out before us between Burgos and Madrid is a vast rolling plain without grass or tree, and the shrubs might be counted. There are furrows where wheat has been sown, but it has been cut, and there is no green blade anywhere. There is not a glimpse of any stream or even a babbling brook in the

whole expanse—colorless, verdureless, a stony waste; that is Castile. A ghastly silence reigns, for there are no birds or insects, as there is no vegetation. Here and there may be seen a solitary donkey rider, or a group of the black pigs and sheep peculiar to the country. Through this desolate scene the train creeps slowly along. The Spaniards are never in a hurry. At any detention they shrug their shoulders, saying, "You can smoke your cigarettes here as well as anywhere."

"We never have accidents," says an old gentleman with a white mustache; "our roads are much safer than yours in America."

But it is in the grand old cities of Spain that seem to have slept for the last 500 years that you find the charm of the land. You



THE ALCAZAR FROM THE SOUTH.

step out of the present into the past. The habits, the costumes, the daily life, the buildings, are all unchanged. Time has stood still with Spain. There has been no progress there. Spain does not wish for it. The Spanish are satisfied with themselves and their land, even with their vices. One remarked of the ex-Queen Isabella: "But she was really vicious." "Ah, yes," answered the Spaniard with a sigh; "she had, indeed, all the dear old Spanish vices."

I saw Segovia first, as it rose before me outlined against a glowing sunset sky, a group of red-roofed houses, towers and churches crowded together, as in the head-piece of this sketch. You can pick out the old Romanesque churches at the right, and the aqueduct of Trajan stretching across the hollow and uniting the town with a populous suburb. Under these two tiers of arches we walked through the main street of the city, winding up the hill amid quaint mediæval houses, and reaching the Plaza Mayor, where the cathedral stands in which Isabella the Catholic was crowned Queen of Castile.

"In that very cathedral," said Don Ramon, my friend of the white-mustache, who had accompanied me in my walk, "her coronation took place. Ah, that was a grand time for Segovia. You see, Henry IV. had his court here then, and it was—ahem—very frivolous compared to hers."

"The good old Spanish vices flourished?" I said.

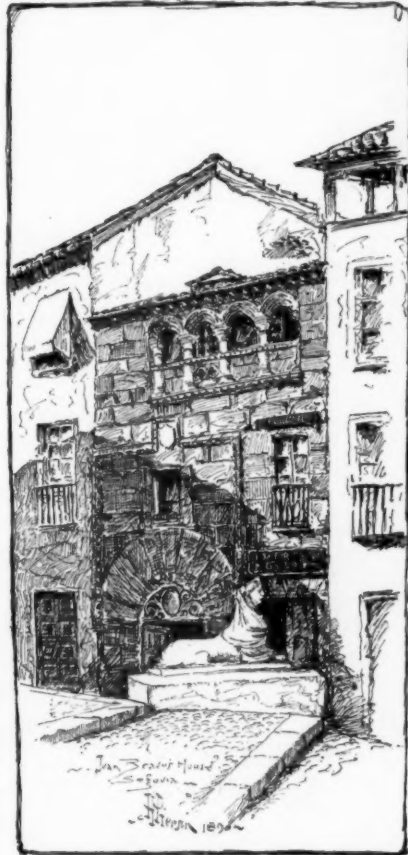
Don Ramon cleared his throat again. "Her gracious majesty was always discreet and her court was most decorous," he said. "She was brought to Segovia secretly, but her brother Henry was complacent and gave his sanction to her marriage with Ferdinand. He even walked by her side, holding the bridle of her palfrey to show his good humor, as she rode in state through these very streets."

Don Ramon looked at the paving stones with reverence, as if he still saw traces of royalty lurking among them.

"Yes, she chose our city to be crowned in," he went on, "and that makes Segovia distinguished forever."

My friend's voice seems to drone away into silence. The sunset has faded and a gray twilight is coming on, but there rises a sudden pageant full of sound and

color before me. Royal standards flutter in the breeze, the deep boom of cannon from the Alcazar resounds about me. I see a vast procession sweep down from the castle. The nobles with their plumed hats and gorgeous suits of brocade and velvet, gleaming with gold embroidery; the clergy and public magistrates in their robes of office; the flower of Spanish chivalry; the youth of Spain with their glittering mail, their bucklers of Flemish workmanship, their flashing Damascus blades, follow on their superb horses with silken trappings, powdered with golden stars and wrought with wondrous needlework. The very pages glitter in amber satin and silken scarfs as the procession moves on in a



OLD SEGOVIAN HOUSE.



THE CORONATION PROCESSION OF ISABELLA, FROM A DRAWING WHICH THE ARTIST WAS COMPLETING AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

radiant line toward the square. From gilded balconies are flung out priceless tapestries and crimson velvet hangings crusted with gold embroidery. Dark-eyed beauties of Castile and Aragon flutter their jewelled fans and press forward, eager to behold the pageant. But who is this majestic figure in the centre of the cavalcade? Isabella the Catholic, robed in rich

brocade and velvet, a white veil upon her shining hair, appears. She rides upon a pure white Spanish jennet, and two dignitaries of the court hold the bridle. An officer precedes her on a splendid steed, bearing a naked sword as the symbol of sovereignty. Isabella sits in her magnificent saddle chair of silver gilt as if already on her throne. Her face is gracious,

steadfast, regal. Her blue eyes, full of sovereign courtesy, give greeting to her people, not yet kindled with martial fire as in the day when she will don the armor and herself lead her troops to victory. Now she is alighting from her palfrey and has ascended a throne that is erected in the square. The heralds are proclaiming with loud voices: "Castile—Castile for the King Don Ferdinand and his consort Doña Isabella, queen proprietor of these dominions." The royal standards are unfurled. The burst of cannon from the Alcazar tells that a new sovereign reigns. The new queen swears



GLIMPSE OF SEGOVIA.

she will maintain the liberties of her subjects inviolate; and then, attended by the same gay cavalcade, she disappears within the portals of this very gray cathedral on which I am now gazing. A Te Deum sounds from within, peal on peal of mighty music rings through the dim arches, while the queen is prostrate before the altar, asking help to guide her councils, and returning thanks for the blessings of the past. I am aware suddenly that Don Ramon is still talking.

"You must have a high esteem for Queen Isabella the Catholic in America, for without her you would not yet be discovered," he is saying placidly.

I demur a little and hint the possibility of having been discovered in the course of centuries.

"Oh, it is well known. Why, she sold her jewels to help Columbus! That is a matter of history. I understand you are to have a commemoration in her honor, or that of Columbus, which is all the same, for without her aid he would have done nothing."

"But you Segovians made some trouble for your idol once, if I remember my history," I said. "How about the time when you rebelled against her government, and dictated whom the queen should not bring with her when she came to your city—more than hinting that some of her friends were obnoxious to you? I think

she replied, in right regal fashion, 'I am Queen of Castile. Segovia is mine, moreover, by right of inheritance, and I am not accustomed to receiving conditions from rebellious subjects.'"

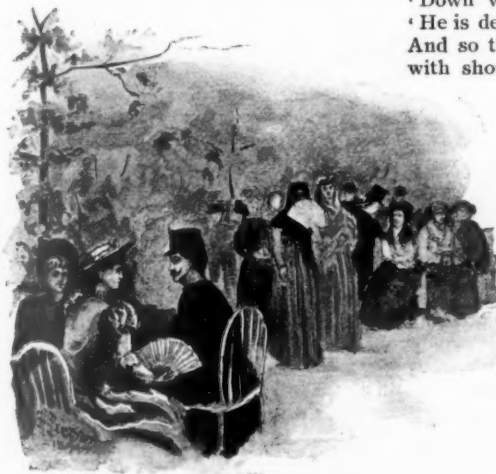
"Yes," admitted Don Ramon, "that was merely on account of an unpopular governor. But you will admit that she was grandly courageous. With her little band she pressed forward through the gates and entered the citadel. 'Down with the Alcalde; attack the castle!' cried the mob, as they surrounded the Alcazar. Ah! I fancy I see her calmly descending into the courtyard and ordering the portals opened to the crowd. 'Tell me,' she says, in her most gracious voice, 'what are your grievances? for I am sure what is for your interest must be for mine and for that of the whole city.' Humph! you may well think the rebels were taken aback at such cool and dignified behavior. 'Down with the Alcalde,' some cried. 'He is deposed already,' said the queen. And so the fickle people ended the row with shouts of 'Long live the queen!' and were ready to kiss the hem of her garment."

Don Ramon grew rather tedious with his historical reminiscences, and I attempted to bring him down to the present as we walked through the Calle del Carmen—one of the picturesque, crooked streets of the city.

"Ah!" he said, rousing himself to sudden interest, "do you see that house yonder with the donkey at the door? There is a widow there who is most charming; she holds to all



A BYWAY.



"TAKING THE FRESHNESS."

the old customs; she is 'muy formal.' Ah! the widows nowadays are different. They are frivolous, I might say frisky. But she—why, her husband has been dead a year and she has just gone into the gray room."

I was puzzled—I said so.

"You see, in the good old times a widow always spent the first year of mourning in a room hung entirely with black. Not a ray of sun entered, and she sat cross-legged on a little mattress without exercise or any sort of diversion. The second year she spent in a chamber hung with gray. She could not have pictures or mirrors or any ornamental furniture, neither was she allowed to wear jewels or any color during her whole widowhood. All that is changed now, but my friend believes in the old way. Ah! she is a pearl among women."

Don Ramon said this with such fervor that I had a suspicion that he cherished some hopes about this pearl of women when she should emerge from the gray room.

"That must be a hard experience if the widows are young and pretty," I said.

"Yes; they lived as if their souls were in the other world," he said.

"How old is your friend?" I asked.

"She is seventy-five," he answered simply. With this announcement the little romance I had been weaving about Don Ramon disappeared.

In the morning sunshine Segovia shows new charms. There are foaming mountain brooks around it that sparkle over the gray rocks, and real foliage fills the gorges with vernal freshness. The Plaza Mayor is bright with color and costume. I wander out to the aqueduct, over a bridge beneath which a swift stream rushes. The banks are fringed with washerwomen

in red and yellow gowns, looking as gay as tulips. They are singing at their work; the song is answered from the other bank, and their fresh voices reach me with a cheery sound as I go on toward the Alcazar—the castle which was the palace residence of Isabella and from which she came forth to her coronation. It is now a mere shell. It was used as a military college, but the students set fire to it in 1862 in the hope that they might be moved to Madrid. For this crime they escaped punishment, as they were the sons of nobles, and it is the custom only to punish the poor in Spain. The ruin is still picturesque. Every-

where in the decorations are seen the "yoke" and "sheaf of arrows"—the devices of Ferdinand and Isabella. They are stamped on books, furniture and coin. There was a certain Marquis of Villena who fought and overcame three antagonists at once, and in gratitude he founded the great Geronymite monastery of El Parral. It was robbed in the Carlist wars of many of its treasures, but the sacristy is full of color

and picturesqueness and the abandoned church is one of the most remarkable in Spain. The carved stalls now decorate San Francisco at Madrid. I pass the Vera Cruz, built in imitation of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem—a brown, octagonal church with threefold apse and tall tower, standing now forlorn and desolate on barren rocks.

Once more I reach the cathedral, a noble specimen of the fine old Gothic churches of Spain. I see Don Ramon gazing at it in a rapt way. He hails me joyfully and assures me that I have not seen half the churches of Segovia. He will gladly pilot me to the rest. There is St. Nicholas—not far. I plead fatigue and we turn toward our inn.



ST. NICHOLAS.



THE CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA MAYOR.

"You would like, perhaps, to go with me on Sunday," he said; "the music is fine in the cathedral and we have eloquence also. I have with me a volume of sermons that may interest you. It is written by a monk of great talent. Ah! you will see that the people cannot go to sleep in our churches."

I look at the little volume, curious about the pulpit eloquence of Spain.

"Here is a sermon to young maidens," he said. "Listen! Is it not to the point? 'Do you know how Penelope passed her days in spinning and her nights in ravelling her web? This is why her name is given to all the women who imitate her, who spin and unspin. She who goes to mass and sermon in the morning, and to parties at night, dancing the fandango and gavota—is she not spinning and unspinning? She who reads Thomas à

Kempis devoutly and hides Dumas and other French novels for her secret reading—that is to spin and unspin.'" There were various other examples and the sermon ended emphatically: "For to be an angel by day and a little devil by night is to go with four horses to hell—is to sow and not to reap—is to spin and unspin."

I gave Don Ramon his book, expressing regret that I had not time to examine it

further, and that my stay in Segovia would be too short for my own satisfaction. Through the winding streets, by the mediæval houses, such as the old Segovian dwelling in the sketch, we walked. The plaza was aflame with color and costume. Groups of gallant-looking señores and dark-eyed señoras were "taking the freshness," seated about under the trees or strolling in the sunshine.

Don Ramon called me in a



AQUEDUCT THROUGH THE CALLE DEL CARMEN.

mysterious way as I passed his room that evening. "I have something to show you," he said. He was holding a somewhat dingy oil painting in his hand. "Behold!" he cried, as he held it before me. "It is only a copy, but it is my chief treasure. You see there in that regal white-robed figure our gracious Queen Isabella when she is offering to give her jewels to the aid of Columbus. See, it was to discover your land she gave them, the land of your birth. I am a poor man, señor. I find life hard. This is a copy of the great Muñoz Degrain's immortal work, more than a hundred years old. You see, I do not deceive you, señor. I am an honest man. I do not pass it for an original. I am a Spaniard—I cannot lie; but for 5000 pesetos it is yours. It must be of a great interest to you."

It required some tact to soothe Don Ramon's disappointment at my declining to purchase this treasure, and he was sceptical about

the lack of funds. But we parted good friends the next morning, and he even pointed out a place where a good photograph of the picture could be bought.

"Photography is not art," he said, shrugging his shoulders; "it is mechanical."

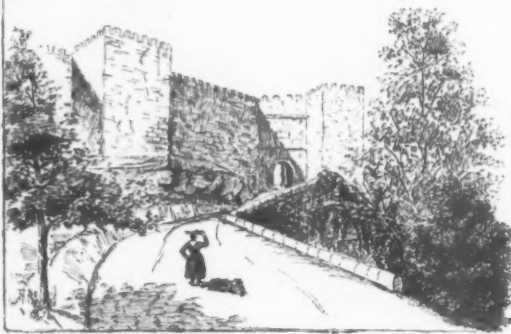
But I purchased the photograph all the same, and it is a remarkably good one.

"You will enjoy Spain more as you perfect yourself in our tongue," he said at parting. "You will learn the capacity—the depth—the picturesqueness of the Spanish language as you progress."

"It is, no doubt, a rich and sonorous language," I said.

"It is said to have been the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise,"

he answered gravely, as he wrung my hand in farewell. Then the town, with its towers and churches, the long line of aqueduct and tiers of arches, melt into the blue distance, and Segovia is gone like a dream.



"THE WALLS" OF SEGOVIA.

THE GARDEN.

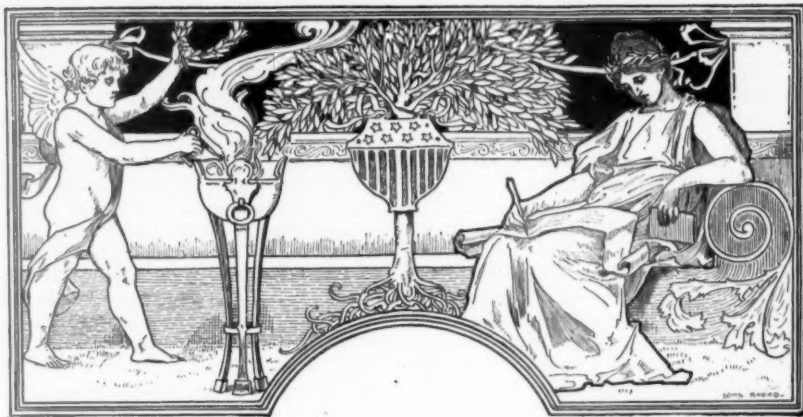
BY LORIMER STODDARD.

UNDER the gloom of the shivering pines,
That whisper when it blows,
Behind the creeper-covered wall,
Is a garden that always grows.

In summer and in springtime,
And when the winter snows
Bend the dark branches to the ground,
The garden always grows.

The hand of man has made it,
The white stones stand in rows;
The tears of the world have watered it,
And the garden always grows.

There are many gardens like it,
Their number no man knows.
Each day, till the world is ended,
This garden always grows.



THE LITERARY INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

ON the evening of the Tuesday following the first Monday of next November, after the citizens of the several states shall have cast their ballots for the candidates of their choice, the boys of New York, in accord with their immemorial custom on election night, will illuminate the streets of the city with countless bonfires, not knowing, any of them, that they are thus commemorating Guy Faux and the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. And yet such is the fact, as Doctor Eggleston has ascertained beyond all question. What British boys are pleased to remember on the 5th of November, American boys have forgotten, although they keep alive the memorial fires on the evening of the Tuesday following the first Monday in November, be that the 5th or not, as the almanac may declare. In like manner the "dressing up as a Guy" still survives also in New York, in the parades of the "fantasticals" on Thanksgiving day—the last Thursday in November. So hard is it for old customs to die out. Perhaps the British 5th of November was in its turn a survival of some pagan rite ignorantly lingering as late as the Gunpowder Plot, and thereafter identified with the fate of Guy Faux.

We cannot help being the descendants of our ancestors; and no tariff, however

high and however complicated by ad valorem duties, can keep out of these United States the traditions, the beliefs, the habits, the feelings of the immigrants whose children we are. That those who have left a great country, England or France or Germany, should look back to that country as the centre of light, is natural—perhaps it is inevitable. But that their children should continue to do so, natural enough for a while, is not inevitable. Even though the colonist succeeds in breaking the political tie which binds him to the country whence his fathers came, there is no real independence unless he lays aside also the habit of intellectual deference; and that is as arduous, as difficult and as long a task as anyone ever undertook. None the less is it absolutely necessary if a people is to speak with its own voice and not with borrowed tongues—if its independence is to be complete and final.

In Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's interesting and stimulant volume called *Studies in History* there is no essay more interesting or more stimulating than that on Colonialism in the United States. In twoscore pages Mr. Lodge distinguishes colonialism from provincialism, with which it is sometimes confounded, and then shows how the thirteen United States, having

once been colonies, still breathed the colonial spirit long after their political independence was fully established. He recalls the fact that one half of the people disliked Washington's proclamation of neutrality as between France and Great Britain, because it seemed "hostile to France," while the other approved of it for the same reason. We Americans at the beginning of this century were still engaged in fighting over again all the battles of Europe. But Washington was an American, not a European, and so was Hamilton; and they kept us true to the line of our national development.

Even before the revolution, when "the travelled American, the *petit-maitre* of the colonies," so Hawthorne reminds us, was "the ape of London foppery, as the newspaper was the semblance of the London journals"—even then there were Americans, like Franklin, for example, who had nothing of the colonist about them, who were at once cosmopolitan and American. Mr. Lodge is right in calling Franklin's *Autobiography* "the corner-stone, the first great work of American literature."

After the war of 1812 the politics of the United States ceased to depend in any way on the politics of Europe; and our elections began to turn solely on questions of domestic policy. So our commerce and our manufactures freed themselves from reliance on England or France. An unending succession of inventions showed the ingenuity of the American. In law, the autonomy of the separate states permitted a variety of juristic experiment, the best results of which have been copied now in the legislature of Great Britain. "But the colonial spirit"—to quote Mr. Lodge again—"cast out from our politics and fast disappearing from business and the professions, still clung closely to literature, which must always be the best and last expression of a national mode of thought."

The colonial attitude in literature was unwittingly encouraged by Congress, which, by refusing to pass an international copyright bill and thus secure to the British author the control of his own works, permitted the foreigner to be plundered and forced the native author to sell his wares in competition with stolen goods. Sir Henry Sumner Maine declared—in his work on *Popular Govern-*

ment (p. 247)—that the neglect to give copyright to foreign "writers has condemned the whole American community to a literary servitude unparalleled in the history of thought." This, of course, is the violent overstatement of an enemy; but there was a percentage of truth in it once. To show just what the American literary attitude was in the early years of this century Mr. Lodge instances Cooper's first novel, *Precaution*, now wholly forgotten, and fortunately, for its characters, its scenery, "its conventional phrases were all English; worst and most extraordinary of all, it professed to be by an English author and was received on that theory without suspicion." And Mr. Lodge tersely sums up the situation by saying that "the first step of an American entering upon a literary career was to pretend to be an Englishman in order that he might win the approval, not of Englishmen, but of his own countrymen."

Cooper was too good an American to be content with the cast-off garments of British novelists; and in 1821, a year after the appearance of *Precaution*, he published *The Spy*, and never thereafter was there any need for an American novelist to masquerade as an Englishman. Yet his fellow countrymen thought to compliment Cooper by calling him the "American Scott." And more than a quarter of a century later, when Lowell put forth his "Fable for Critics," there was abundant colonialism in our literature, if we may accept the satirist's picture of the mass meeting of

"The American Bulwers, Disraelis and Scotts.

By the way, 'tis a fact that displays what professions

Of all kinds of greatness bless free institutions,
That while the Old World has produced barely eight

Of such poets as all men agree to call great,
And of other great characters hardly a score—
One might safely say less than that rather than more—

With you every year a whole crop is begotten,
They're as much of a staple as corn is or cotton;
Why, there's scarcely a huddle of log-huts and shanties

That has not brought forth its own Miltons and Dantes;

I myself know ten Byrons, one Coleridge, three Shelleys,

Two Raphaels, six Titians (I think), one Apelles,
Leonardos and Rubenses plenty as lichens,
One (but that one is plenty) American Dickens,

A whole flock of Lambs, any number of Tennysons—

In short, if a man has the luck to have any sons, He may feel pretty certain that one out of twain Will be some very great person over again."

After Cooper came Hawthorne and Poe, intensely American both of them, although in different fashion. In due season Mrs. Stowe brought out one book which set forth fearlessly a situation undeniably (and most unfortunately) American. Then came the war, which stiffened our national consciousness, and by giving us something to be proud of killed the earlier habit of brag. Among later story tellers who study American life as it is, and without any taint of Britishism, are the author of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, the author of *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, the author of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* and the author of *Old Creole Days*, all aggressively American, all devoid of the slightest suggestion of colonialism, all possessing a wholesome mistrust of British traditions, British standards and British methods. Some of his fellow countrymen and contemporaries complained that Cooper was not proud of being called "the American Scott;" and if we want to see how far we have travelled away from colonialism of this sort we have only to imagine the laughter with which Mark Twain would greet any critic who thought to compliment him by calling him the American Burnand!

That this is an enormous gain is obvious enough. American authors are now writing for their fellow countrymen and about their fellow countrymen. If, as Matthew Arnold declared, "the end and aim of all literature is, if one considers it attentively, nothing but that—a criticism of life," then the literature likely to be most useful, most invigorating and most satisfactory to Americans should be a criticism of life in America. Whether or not the spirit of colonialism still survives in these United States sufficiently to make the majority of readers here prefer books of British authorship is a question hardly worth asking, it seems to me, although there are some, both in London and in New York, who would answer it in the affirmative. To those of us who happened to be in London during the closing days of our long struggle for the Copyright act of 1891 it was obvious that many British

authors believed that unbounded affluence was about to burst upon them. They accepted Sir Henry Maine's view as to the literary poverty of America, and apparently did not know that there were American authors standing ready to supply the American demand as soon as they should be relieved from an enforced competition with stolen goods.

These British authors thought that the passage of the act opened a boundless field for them to enter in and take possession of; and no doubt some of the American opponents of the bill were of the same opinion. Of course we all see now; what some of us who had studied the conditions of the book-trade foresaw, that the instant result of the Copyright act must needs be a decrease in the number of books of British authorship sold in the United States. As soon as there was only one authorized publisher engaged in pushing a British book in America, in the place of a dozen unauthorized publishers forced to a frantic and cut-throat competition, the British book had, without the aid of any premium of cheapness, to sell on its merits alone. As soon as all books had to be paid for by the publisher, the book of native authorship had its natural preference; and now the inferior and doubtful books of foreign authorship are ceasing to be reprinted here. This is a tendency which will increase with time, and very properly, since every nation ought to be able to supply its own second-rate books and to borrow from abroad only the best that the foreigner has to offer it. And it cannot be said too often or too emphatically that the British are foreigners, and that their ideals in life, in literature, in politics, in taste, in art, are not our ideals.

The decrease in the proportion of British books published in America, sharply accelerated, no doubt, by the Copyright act of 1891, has been going on ever since Cooper published *The Spy*, now more than threescore years and ten ago. It has seemed to me that it would be useful to show exactly the rate at which the American book had been gaining upon the British book, and to discover whether the native author had overtaken the foreigner or was likely to do so. To this end I have considered the books issued during the past thirty years by two of the leading publishing houses of America, Messrs.

Harper & Brothers and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have always maintained very close relations with the leading authors of Great Britain; and to them far more than to any one other American publishing house have the most popular writers of England intrusted the American editions of their works. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, on the other hand, succeeding to the firms of Ticknor & Fields, and of Fields, Osgood & Company, have always devoted themselves more especially to books of American authorship. These two great houses represent different traditions, and it seemed to me therefore that a comparison of their present catalogue with their catalogues of thirty years ago would not be without profit. I have to thank both these firms for their kindly assistance, without which it would have been impossible for me to prepare the present paper.

I have been furnished with a list of the books published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in the years 1861, 1871, 1881 and 1891; and I propose to show how the book of American authorship has gained on the book of British authorship in three decades. From all the lists I begin by discarding the classic authors of our language. There was scarcely any American literature before Cooper's *Spy*, and of course all the glorious roll of English authors who wrote before 1776 are as much a part of our having as the common law itself. For kindred reasons I throw out all new editions, and all textbooks and all schoolbooks.

Making these deductions (and they naturally decrease very much the apparent number of books published during any one year), we find that in the year 1861 Messrs. Harper & Brothers issued twenty-four books, of which fourteen were of British authorship (including George Eliot's *Silas Marner*) and seven of American authorship (including Motley's *United Netherlands* and Mr. Curtis's *Trumps*); three books sent forth by them were translated from foreign languages.

In 1871 Messrs. Harper & Brothers published fifty-seven books, and of these thirty-six were of British authorship, twenty were by American writers and one was a translation.

In 1881 they sent forth ninety-eight

books, of which sixty-six were by British authors (including some forty-seven numbers of the Franklin Square Library) and twenty-six were by American authors, while six were translations from foreign languages. It is to be noted that in 1881 we were in the very thick of piracy, and that Messrs. Harper & Brothers were engaged in pushing vigorously the Franklin Square Library, which they had devised as a weapon to fight the reprinters with.

In 1891 the Copyright act became operative on the 1st of July. During that year Messrs. Harper & Brothers issued seventy-six books, of which twenty-seven were of British authorship and forty-one of American, while eight were translations. It is to be noted here that the translations of 1891 were nearly all made in America, while those of 1861 and of 1881 were the work of British writers. In the books of British authorship are included all those issued only in paper covers in the new Franklin Square Library. Of course, Messrs. Harper & Brothers issued every year many more books than I have counted; but I have, as I said, omitted all new editions, all schoolbooks, and all reprints of the classics of our own or any other language, as not falling within the scope of this inquiry. To decide exactly what to include or to exclude was not always easy, but I have tried to be consistent, and I believe that the figures here given are fairly accurate. They show that a house which published in 1861 twice as many books of British authorship as of American, published in 1891 one third more books of American authorship than of British. They show also that the actual number of American books issued by this firm increased with every decade, and was in 1891 almost six times as large as it was thirty years before.

The present house of Houghton, Mifflin & Company is descended on one side from the firm of Hurd & Houghton, and on the other from the firm which was successively William D. Ticknor & Company, Ticknor & Fields, Fields, Osgood & Company, and James R. Osgood & Company. I am sorry to say that I have not been able to get a complete catalogue of the books published by Ticknor & Fields in 1861, but I have found certain lists of books published by them about that time: one of

these lists contains four American books, three British and one translation from a foreign tongue; in another there are ten books of British authorship and ten of American; and in a third there are six British authors represented and eight American.

In 1871 the firm was James R. Osgood & Company, and the proportion of books of American authorship was steadily increasing. I have not been able to find a full and complete list, but I know that the house published that year at least twenty-eight books by American authors, ten by British writers, and three translated from a modern language.

In 1881 the firm had become Houghton, Mifflin & Company, and it has kindly provided me with an accurate list of its publications during these twelve months. Omitting, as before, all new editions, we find that the house issued that year thirty-eight books by Americans, seven by British authors, and eleven volumes of translations.

In 1891 the proportion of native works still further increased. The American books published in that year by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company were sixty-nine, while the firm issued only seven volumes by British authors and two translations. A comparison of these figures with those of thirty years before shows that the predecessors of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company published in 1861 about as many books of British authorship as of American; while in 1891 the firm sent forth ten times as many American books as it did British.

In going over the lists of Messrs. Harper & Brothers and of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company I have resolutely cast out of account all schoolbooks, because a consideration of these might have given a false impression, since the schoolbooks of all Americans who were boys in 1861 were already of American authorship. I was a boy myself in 1861 and I never saw a schoolbook of British origin until after I had been in college for a year or two, and then it was only a single manual of political economy. When Noah Webster issued, in 1783, the first part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language, afterwards known as Webster's Spelling Book, and as such sold for half a century to the extent of a million copies a year, an

example was set which other American educators were prompt to follow.

For more than fifty years now the American schoolboy has been supplied with American books suited to American conditions and inculcating American ideas. Nor is there any likelihood that this fortunate condition will ever change. The American Book Company, a publishing firm formed by the consolidation of four or five of the leading schoolbook houses of this country, supplies probably four-fifths of the books used in American schools. I have recently made a careful examination of its complete classified price-list of school and college textbooks, with the eminently satisfactory result of finding in the first 500 titles only one book of foreign authorship.

Perhaps it was in consequence of the wholesome Americanism imparted in the schoolroom that American boys and girls demanded other books of American authorship. Certain it was that the department of the publishing trade which handles "juveniles," as they are called, gave an early preference to books describing life in America or from an American point of view. Peter Parley was a pioneer and Jacob Abbott followed after; and I confess I am sorry for the boys and girls of Great Britain who did not know the joy of travelling through Europe with Rollo and Uncle George, the omniscient. From my own childhood I can recall only one volume of British origin, although of American manufacture; it was a sturdy tome called *The Boy's Own Book*, and it had strange woodcuts of strangely chubby youths in strange Eton jackets.

In Doctor Holmes's paper on "The Seasons" (to be found in Pages from an Old Volume of Life) it is made evident that the American children of the second decade of this century were less fortunate than those of the seventh decade. Doctor Holmes tells us that he was educated on Miss Edgeworth and Evenings at Home. "There we found ourselves in a strange world, where James was called Jem, not Jim, as we always heard it; where one found cowslips in the fields, while what we saw were buttercups; where naughty schoolboys got through a gap in the hedge to steal Farmer Giles's red-streaks, instead of shinning over the fence to hook old Daddy Jones's Baldwins; where there

were larks and nightingales instead of yellow birds and bobolinks; where the robin was a little domestic bird that fed at the table, instead of a great, fidgety, jerky, whooping thrush; where poor people lived in thatched cottages, instead of shingled ten-footers; where the tables were made of deal; where every village had its parson and clerk and beadle, its greengrocer, its apothecary who visited the sick, and its barmaid who served out ale."

And with the witty wisdom which is the secret of the Autocrat's power over us, he continues: "What a mess—there is no other word for it—what a mess was made of it in our young minds in the attempt to reconcile what we read about with what we saw! It was like putting a picture of Regent's Park in one side of a stereoscope and a picture of Boston Common on the other and trying to make one of them. The end was that we all grew up with a mental squint which we could never get rid of. We saw the lark and the cowslip and the rest on the printed page with one eye, the bobolink and the buttercup and so on with the other in nature. This world is always a riddle to us at best—but those English children's books seemed so perfectly simple and natural, and yet were so alien to our youthful experiences that the *Houyhnhnm* primer could not have muddled our intellects more hopelessly."

The colonial habit of dependence on England for literature and of deference to British opinion is to be seen in the history of the American drama quite as distinctly as in the other departments of literature, and it is not yet wholly extinct. At first, of course, all our actors were of British birth. When the first American comedy, Royall Tyler's *Contrast*, was played at the John Street theatre in New York in 1787, the character of Jonathan the Yankee was undertaken by Thomas Wignell, a native of England. Thomas Abthorpe Cooper was criticised in London as an American, but he had been born in Great Britain. Edwin Forrest was the first distinguished tragedian who was a native of our continent. Since he set the example many an American actor has appeared in England, and Mr. Augustin Daly has taken his whole company of comedians to Europe repeatedly. Nowadays there are always performers of American birth and train-

ing in half a dozen of the leading London theatres.

Indeed, it might fairly be said that acting was the first of the arts to develop here in America; beyond all question it was the first that we began to export. But the art of the native American dramatist long lagged behind that of the native American actor. Perhaps even now there is still a lingering survival of the prejudice in favor of foreign plays or, at least, against plays of American authorship. At present the foreign play most likely to be in favor is the French, but when the theatre was young in this country our sole reliance was on the British stage. Now we get light from Berlin and from Paris; then we saw no ray of hope except from London.

So complete was the dependence of the Park theatre on Drury Lane and on Covent Garden in the early part of this century that when our first native dramatist, William Dunlap, made adaptations of Kotzebue's plays he took good care not to avow his share in the work, allowing it to be supposed that his versions of the German originals were those which had been made for the London stage. Even as late as 1812, when Mr. J. N. Barker dramatized *Marmion*, "the prejudice then existing against American authors"—to quote the words of Mr. Ireland, the historian of the New York stage—"was so great that the play was announced as the production of an English dramatist, and thus, with its fine cast, commanded an extraordinary success." Perhaps this is even more pitiful than Cooper's pretending to be an Englishman in his first novel.

To show the changes which have taken place in the composition of our playbills during the past thirty years I have had lists made of the plays which were advertised for performance in the first full week of January in 1861, 1871, 1881 and 1891. The result of the consideration of these lists is not as convincing as one could wish, for the performances of a single week are scarcely enough to furnish matter for the adequate comparison of one year with another. Yet the comparison is not without interest, and it seems to me indisputably instructive. All grand operas, all circuses, all menageries, all dime museums, all negro minstrel entertainments and all those strange perform-

ances known, for some inscrutable reason, as "variety shows," are here left out of court, as having little or no connection with literature.

Making these deductions we find that there were open in New York in the first week of January 1861 seven places of amusement devoted to the drama, at only two of which were the plays wholly of American authorship; although at a third, where Edwin Forrest was acting, the American tragedy of *The Gladiator* shared the bill with the British tragedy of *Damon and Pythias*. At the rest of the theatres the plays were of British authorship, that at Wallack's being *Pauline*, a British dramatization of a French novel.

In the corresponding week of 1871, after making the same omissions, and after deducting also the performances in foreign languages, always very frequent in a city with a population as cosmopolitan as ours —making these allowances we find seven theatres, at which three British plays are being performed and three American plays, and one play, if it can so be called, *The Black Crook*, which was an American adaptation from the German. The decrease in the number of theatres considered is due to a temporary prevalence of negro minstrelsy and the variety show.

In 1881 the New Yorker who went to the theatre during the first week in January had his choice of fifteen performances, and he could see nine plays of American authorship, two American adaptations from the German, two British adaptations from the French and two plays of British authorship. The proportion of American plays seems overwhelming and it was probably not maintained throughout the year, although the preceding decade had seen an extraordinary increase in the number of American plays. Among those to be seen at this time in New York were *The Danites*, *Hazel Kirke* and *The Banker's Daughter*.

When we come to 1891 we see that the list of theatres offering a dramatic entertainment in the English language has swollen to twenty-one, and we note that the variety shows and the negro minstrel performances are now infrequent. At these twenty-one theatres we could see thirteen plays of American authorship besides two American adaptations from the German, while at the same time there

were also visible five plays by British authors and one British adaptation from the French. I may add also, and of my own knowledge, that the plays which were most popular and therefore most profitable at this time were all to be found among the thirteen of American authorship. It is a fact also that for fully forty years now the great pecuniary successes of the American theatre have been gained by plays of American life, and more especially of American character. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Rip Van Winkle*, *Colonel Sellers*, *My Partner*, *The Danites*, *The Banker's Daughter*, *Held by the Enemy* and *Shenandoah* have had no foreign rivals in popularity except *The Two Orphans*. Possibly exception should also be made to *The Shaughraun* and *Hazel Kirke*, both written in America, although dealing with life in Europe.

It is to be noted that the Copyright act of 1891 has had, and will have, but little effect upon the foreign dramatist, because for twenty years and more judicial decisions in the United States courts had accorded him a full protection for his stage-right under the common law. Thus the American dramatist had been freed from the necessity of vending his wares in competition with stolen goods long before a like privilege had been vouchsafed to the American novelist.

A careful study of the figures here presented will convince the disinterested critic that the American dramatist has passed his foreign rival in the race for popularity, just as a careful study of the successive lists of Messrs. Harper & Brothers and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company will prove that the American author has also overtaken the foreigner. If there was truth once in Sir Henry Sumner Maine's assertion that we Americans offered the example of a literary servitude without parallel, that assertion is true no longer. The American is now conscious of a demand from the American public for plays and for books which reflect American life and embody American character. Before another decade has closed the century, the proportion of works of foreign authorship to be seen in our bookstores and in our theatres is certain to be smaller still. Sooner or later the time will come when it will be profitable to reproduce in America only the best books of foreign

authors and only the best plays of foreign dramatists.

At the same time that the American author has been taking possession of his own country he has also been conquering abroad. I have not had time for the needful and laborious calculation, but I believe that an examination of the files of the *London Athenæum* and *Saturday Review* of 1861 would show that very few books of American authorship were deemed worthy of reprint and review in England, while an examination of their files for 1891 would reveal a surprisingly large proportion of books of American origin now considered as entitled to criticism. And I believe that this proportion is steadily increasing and that more and more books published in the United States are every year reprinted in Great Britain, or exported for sale in London in editions of satisfactory size.

Of course the reputation of American authors has been spread abroad in England largely by the agency of the great American illustrated magazines, which have now an enormous circulation on the other side of the Atlantic. There are at least two American magazines which far

outsell in England itself any British magazine of corresponding pretensions. A few British magazines and reviews continue to be imported into the United States, but they are very few indeed; and certainly the total number of copies imported is less than the number exported of any one of the American illustrated monthlies.

It is pleasant to be able to assert that this widespread popularity of the American magazines in England has not been due to any attempt to cater to the English market. On the contrary, the more obviously and frankly American these magazines are, the more marked is their success in England. No doubt a large part of this popularity is due to American superiority in wood engraving, in process work, and in printing, and to the liberality of the American publishers in paying for these embellishments; but a share as large is due to the skill with which the American magazines are edited, to their freshness, their brightness, their vivacity, to their national flavor and especially to their larger scope and to their stronger understanding of the capabilities and the opportunities of the modern periodical.



RECOMPENSE.

BY FREDERICK PETERSON.

I CAME from desert solitudes, vast, dreary—
Mouth parched, and, with the glare
Of long, gray gleaming levels, eyes grown weary—
And found sweet solace there.

A patch of pleasant green, a shady cover,
A spring, a palm-tree tall,
And bougainvilleas splashed their crimson over
A line of yellow wall.



SHE UNPINNED HER GINGHAM APRON AND WAVED IT IN RESPONSE."

ON PAWNEE PRAIRIE.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

"**H**ERE comes pa and Henry from the barn, running as fast as they can. I wonder what's the matter!"

Mrs. Hitchcock stood in the kitchen door. "What are you running like that for? you'll get all het up," she called.

"Tell Abbie to come. Go around to the side of the house. It's the biggest drove of Texas horses I've ever seen. Tell her to be quick."

It was the older man who answered; the younger one had disappeared around the corner of the house.

Mrs. Hitchcock turned her head.

"Big drove of Texas horses, come on!" and she too disappeared.

Abbie Hitchcock was churning. The dasher went down into the rich cream with a splash, and snatching her sun-bonnet from its hook on the kitchen door, she ran up the stairs and crawled out of her bedroom window on the kitchen roof. She stood upright, balancing herself with one foot on each side of the ridgepole, and looked off over the prairie.

Away to the south a great herd of pranc-

ing horses was coming into sight over a rise of ground, their glossy skins glistening in the sun. It was early in September and the prairie grass was a soft golden color with deep greens in the hollows. The sun was hot and glaring.

"They're coming right this way!" Abbie called down to the others. "The drovers are heading them this way. See that black one out to the left. He won't stay in with the rest. How many drovers are there, pa?"

"There's four in sight. Don't that black act up stubborn, though?" He looked up at her, squinting his eyes in the sunlight. "You look out you don't pitch head first off that roof."

"She's always clumb around and ain't broke her neck yet," Mrs. Hitchcock said, looking up. "I don't see why you can't just as well set down. You give me a turn, standing there like that."

Abbie sat down, folding her hands over her knees.

"This is pa's chance; don't you say so, Henry?" she called down to the young man perched on the fence.

"Yes; you better not let him slip through your fingers this time."

"You're going to take me over and let me have my pick, ain't you, pa?"

"Then you'd play off on the herding. I know your tricks. When you've earned your horse you'll get him."

"You see if I ain't ready to start at five o'clock tomorrow morning. I ain't like Ray Dixon. I do believe that black horse is getting away from them. He is! He's coming right this way!"

"I'm going to jump on a horse and ride over and have a look at them," Mr. Hitchcock said.

"Don't you come back without bringing me a horse," Abbie called after him. "Perhaps they'll sell that black one cheap, he's such a nuisance."

"Well, I guess I'd better get back to my work," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "You mustn't let that churning stand too long, Abbie." And she went back into the house.

"Pa said the first drove that came through he'd get me a horse if I helped herd, didn't he, Henry?"

"Yes, but I don't suppose he 'lowed one would come along soon as this."

"They're apt to be along any day this

time of the year. It would be some fun herding if you had a horse with a little go."

"I shouldn't wonder if he would get you one if he found just the kind he wanted."

"Well, if he don't I'll back out and not help herd, that's all there is about it." She got up and walked back along the ridgepole to the window.

"I know what's become of Dixon," Henry said just before she stepped inside.

"Do you? Where is he?" she said, turning round and holding on by the roof of the upright part of the house. Her face was full of interest. "Has he bought a farm out West?"

"He brags that around, but he's hired to Conway to herd through the fall all the same."

"What did he hire to Conway for?"

"I suppose he'll pay him more than your pa would."

"Well, I don't know but he's got a right to hire to whoever he wants to. Where are they going to herd?"

"Just on the next ridge above us."

"You don't look tickled to death about it." She laughed and crept back through the window.

Mrs. Hitchcock stood by the open churn when Abbie went down into the kitchen.

"The butter's come soft, just as I said it would if you churned up here. I don't care if the stove is took out, it's bound to come soft up here."

Abbie put a great tin pail at the side of the churn and the rich buttermilk gurgled forth.

"I don't want to be shut down cellar where I can't see anybody that's passing."

"I'd like to know who you're looking for to pass."

Abbie did not answer. She carried the pail of buttermilk out into the shed and brought the wooden bowl, and after cooling it with water from the pail in the sink began taking up great ladles of the yellow butter.

"Well, I hope you'll get that butter down cellar before it's running oil," her mother said. She went out into the shed, letting the screen doors between the two rooms fly to with a bang.

"Another time I'll 'tend to the churn-

ing myself. I declare, the way you act, anyone would think you were my mother."

Abbie laughed lightly. It was a remark she had often heard her mother make from the time she was a little girl.

"I hope you'll never have a daughter dictating to you as you do to me. If you're simple enough to get married when you are sixteen, as I did, you will have."

"I'll have to hurry then, for I'm seventeen next week. Ma, don't you think pa might try and get me a pony from this drove? He could call it for my birthday."

"Will you take that bowl of butter down cellar?"

There was a clatter of horses' hoofs in the yard. Abbie dropped the butter ladle and sprang to the door. Her father was galloping into the yard leading a small black pony by a loose halter around its neck. The pony followed easily, occasionally tossing its head and looking about with large, beautiful eyes.

"Ma, do you see that?" Abbie cried, pushing open the screen door.

Mrs. Hitchcock turned toward her daughter. She had been bending over the stove and her face was very red. Her voice quavered with excitement. It sounded very much as if she were inclined to cry.

"Abbie Hitchcock, you take that butter down cellar, and don't you come up till you've worked out every drop of buttermilk."

Her father called her from the yard.

"You hear pa calling me," she said meekly. Her mother's face was rigid.

"You take that butter down cellar!"

She turned and lifted the great wooden bowl of butter and went down the dark, damp stairs into the cellar and began working the butter. She heard her father call to her the second time, and then her mother go to the door and say shortly: "I can't spare her just yet," then slam the door and go back to her work. She could hear the pony as he stamped lightly to frighten the flies.

"He hasn't ever been broke yet. I reckon it would be risking Abbie's neck to let her get on to him before next spring," she heard her father say to Henry Eike, who had come up and was looking at the horse. "But they'll sell all that fine horse-flesh for thirty-five dollars."

"I shouldn't wonder if I could break him in for her in a few weeks," Henry answered.

Abbie ran to the outside cellar stairs, which led up into the yard where they were.

"Of course Henry can break him in. I can break him in myself," she called up.

"There's another horse they'll sell for thirty that's been rid some, but he don't begin to come up to this one. Put on your bonnet and ride out behind me and look if you don't think he'll be more account to you than this wild thing," her father called to her.

"Ma, do you hear what pa says?"

There was no answer from the kitchen above, only the angry clicking of her



HENRY EIKE.

mother's heels as she walked across the floor.

"Come, I must be getting back with this horse. Come on, I can't fool no more time away." He waited for a few minutes. There was no answer from kitchen or cellar. "What on earth's the rumpus? Why don't you come on?" Still there was no answer. After waiting for a few minutes longer he turned and galloped out of the yard, leading the horse behind him.

Mrs. Hitchcock opened the cellar door.

"I suppose you think you ought to go, butter or no butter. Ain't you most done?"

"Pa's gone, 'tain't any use now," Abbie sobbed from the half darkness below.

"Ain't you most done? I said." There was no answer. "Well, I guess you don't want the horse very bad, or you could speak." She shut the door and went away.

Ten minutes later she called down the stairs again.

"You come up now, and leave that butter to me." There was no answer. She went down the stairs. The butter-bowl stood on the long table with a great ball of yellow butter, well worked, in the centre, but Abbie was gone.

She went up the outside stairs and shading her eyes with her hand looked off over the prairie.

Nearly a mile away, riding at full speed towards the herd of horses feeding in the hollow, she saw her escaped prisoner.

Henry Eike sat on the woodpile.

"Did you ever see anything to beat the way she rides?" he asked, slapping his leg.

"She ain't got any bonnet on her head. I don't know what them drovers will think," Mrs. Hitchcock answered.

"She ain't caring for a bonnet so long as she gets a horse."

"I'd like to know how she got that horse she's on in such a hurry?"

"I fetched it around for her. I's bound she shouldn't miss getting a horse if I had anything to do about it."

"That's the way she's always getting around me some way. It all comes of my being so young when I got married. I'll shut her up and lock her in before I'll let her be such a fool." She looked sharply at the young man sitting on the wood-

pile. "Girls, here in Kansas, think quick as they get their dresses let down it's time to be looking round, and the boys think of bringing up a family before they cut all their teeth."

Henry made no reply.

"Have you had any word from your father yet?" Mrs. Hitchcock asked.

"No; I don't 'low he thinks of writing to me."

"Well, I wouldn't if I was him. I'd let you see how you'd get along."

"I reckon that's what he 'lows to do."

"There's always two sides to a story. That's what I told pa when you come along in the spring and he hired you. I says, when a boy runs away from home there's something wrong on both sides. What do you think of doing through the fall and winter?"

"Mr. Hitchcock's hired me to help herd. He says if I do all right, I can stay through the winter and earn my board choring around."

"Why, he's hired Ray Dixon to help herd. He told me he's going to let you go when he comes. What are you talking about?"

"Dixon's went back on his word. He's hired himself to Conway. He sent word by me to Mr. Hitchcock this morning when I went over for the mail. I guess my father'd think I was pretty lucky to step in here the way I have."

"Well, I should say as much." Mrs. Hitchcock turned and went into the house.

Henry Eike looked after her. He would have been a handsome fellow if he had not had the misfortune of losing one of his eyes. He ran his fingers lightly through his curly brown hair and winked after her with his strong brown eye, his face illuminated by a broad grin.

When Abbie had looked up from the butter, her eyes full of tears of disappointment and anger, and saw Henry Eike standing before her making wild gesticulations toward the door, she turned her back toward him and went on working the butter.

He caught hold of her and turned her around. "I'll yell, if you don't go away and let me be."

He drew her nearer to him and kissed her. "You wouldn't yell any sooner'n I would, and you know it. Go on. I've brought a horse around to the other side of the barn. You can get out there before

your father starts back, if you rush. I'll stay here and finish the butter."

She crept noiselessly up the stairs and was gone.

The long, wiry prairie grass lashing around the horse's legs urged him on. The air was sweet with the delicate perfume of cactus that grew where the grass was not so thick.

The men who were driving the herd of horses, and her father, were watching her. She knew they were saying how well she rode, and she urged her horse to a faster gait and sat very straight.

Her light brown hair, that hung in one heavy braid down her back, had loosened and fell in soft waves to her waist. Her deep gray eyes were full of the fun and excitement of the ride.

Two miles away, across the prairie to the south, a large herd of cattle were coming into sight. The prairie, rolling in gentle undulations between, seemed at that point to meet the sky. The one herder of the cattle that could then be seen raised his wide-rimmed felt hat and twirled it in the air above his head. Abbie unpinning her gingham apron from her waist and waved it in response.

Her father and the men with the herd of horses had not noticed the man in the distance—they thought that she waved to them; they all took off their hats and waved them and cheered loudly.

"Henry Eike says if I want any fun riding this summer I'd better have a horse that's been rode some. I don't care so long's I get a horse," she called to her father as she rode up to them.

"I was offering that little bay horse to your father for thirty dollars," one of the drovers said, riding up near Abbie's horse. "You can sell him any time for as much again as that. I says to him, I'll sell him for twenty-five to accommodate the young lady; isn't that what I said, Jim?" Jim assented.

"Well, I guess we'd better hold off a while longer and you'll sell us one for twenty," Abbie said, laughing. "I guess there's something the matter with the bay horse, you're so anxious to get rid of him. I'd rather have that black one anyhow. I could break him in myself in no time."

The men all laughed loudly.

Mr. Hitchcock was making a closer examination of the bay pony.

"What's this scar on him?" he asked.

The drover jumped off his horse and looked at the place carefully.

"The blamed thing's run into some snag or other. Just a scratch. You can have him at twenty dollars if you'll pay the money into my hands. Jim objects to the sale, but I'm pressed for money."

Mr. Hitchcock closed the bargain quickly and Abbie rode back to the farm, leading her new horse.

At six o'clock the next morning Mr. Hitchcock's herd of fifty cattle was being driven toward the Pawnee prairie. Through the summer they were kept in the wooded pasture, half a mile east of the house, but after the cutting of the wheat and oats they were herded until the corn was picked, and were then brought back and turned loose in the great fields of cornstalks for the winter.

Mrs. Hitchcock's services were needed in driving out the herd. She rode on the old white horse. Her slim figure jostled painfully with his persistent trotting.

Mr. Hitchcock, whistling, galloped here and there, keeping the herd together.

Abbie wore a new blue calico riding habit, and a large straw hat with a band of blue ribbon. She had planned the habit on the last Sunday evening that Ray Dixon had taken her to meeting, three weeks before.

She rode, or rather danced, along by Henry Eike's side on the new pony, and talked rapidly, now and then taking a swift canter around some recreant calf.

"There's Ray Dixon's herd almost out of sight over that slope. You reckoned too far when you said he'd gone for good. Why didn't he come tell pa himself he wasn't going to herd for him?"

"I see him down to the Missouri line the other day and he told me to tell your pa he hadn't had time to get up to see him."

"Well, I think he's acted everlasting queer about it, that's all."

"He ain't straight, that feller ain't. I heard him bragging up to the store about some courtin' he did once, back in Illinois. He said he engaged himself to two girls at a Sunday-school picnic one day. He took them both home and whispered love first to one and then to the other all the way there. When they got together they compared notes, so he didn't have any trouble getting rid of them." Henry

Eike laughed. "It was rich on the girls, wasn't it?" Abbie looked away across the prairie—there was nothing funny to her in the story.

"But he's engaged solid now, he says."

"Yes, you've told me that before."

She struck her horse and galloped away to the other side of the herd and then rode slowly again, her head bent forward and her face burning. "Just think how near I came to being engaged to him myself. He almost asked me one time. He would have bragged about my loving him as he did these girls at the picnic. I'd like Ray to think I was engaged to Henry when I went with him to meeting three weeks ago. He was engaged then himself. I believe I'll make him think I was. We weren't either of us, last summer." She went off into a happy reverie.

They had come to the place where the cattle were to be herded, and Mr. Hitchcock, after many cautions, sharply repeated by his wife, went back with her and left Henry and Abbie alone with the herd. The cattle, with their heads turned toward the west, fell to eating contentedly in their own shadows.

"I had a letter from my father yesterday," Henry Eike said, riding up by the side of Abbie's horse again.

"Yes, and you told ma you never had heard a word from him. What did you tell that for? I don't see why we have to keep it any longer, now he's written twice. I ain't going to keep it as if I was ashamed of it any longer, either. If you care so much for me as you say you wouldn't want to keep it either."

"I thought sure my father would send me some cash, this letter. You know how your folks would rumpus if anything was said now."

"What did your father say this time?"

"Just what he did before; that if I'll come home he'll put me on one of the best farms in eastern Missouri, but not a red will he show up till I'm on the spot."

"Did you say anything to him about me?"

"There ain't no knowing how he'd take it. He might go back on getting me the farm, then where'd we be? If we once get back there he'll be all right. He won't let me go away again, that's one thing sure. We'll have to wait no end of

time if we stick around here till we can tell our folks."

Abbie had listened to this argument a great many times in the last week. She enjoyed the young man's love-making and the idea of an elopement, but she had no intention of yielding to the idea.

"I ain't going to say what I'll do. Perhaps I'll go and perhaps not. You better ride after those cattle. They'll get with Conway's herd if we don't look out."

"Ray Dixon is waving to you. He'll be riding down this way talking to you."

"Well, if he does, he's got a girl, so it won't do anybody any hurt."

"You're engaged too, don't you forget it."

"I ain't likely to, the way you keep pestering me about it." She pulled up her horse and galloped away from him.

The young man in the other herd halloed to her. She waved her hand in response and he rode up within easy speaking distance of her. "You played my father a nice trick, hiring out to Conway," she called to him. He rode nearer to her.

"What did you say?"

She repeated what she had said.

"One would think, the way you run off, you'd stole something."

The young man looked at her, his eyes opening wide in astonishment. He gave a prolonged whistle. "That's how the land lays, is it?" he said, and turned his horse suddenly and rode away. After a minute he came back and rode quite closely to Abbie's side. He was a strong, handsome fellow and sat his saddle well.

"I've heard around that you was engaged to that fellow over there. Is it the truth?"

She looked into his eyes and laughed.

"Yes, it's so. We can both say I wish you joy, can't we? There goes that line-back cow." She waved her hat to him and rode away. Ray Dixon looked after her.

"There's a hitch somewhere; but then she says she's engaged to him, so what's the difference to me?" He did not make an attempt to speak to her again that day, and through the week that followed his herd was out of sight beyond the ridge.

Sunday evening Ray Dixon was eating supper in the Conways' kitchen with the rest of the family. Frank Conway, with his elbows on the table, took great spoonfuls of bread and milk and talked loudly.



"AFTER A MINUTE HE CAME BACK AND RODE QUITE CLOSELY TO ABBIE'S SIDE."

"Well, I'm going to set Hitchcock on his guard. I don't suppose the fellow has wit enough to be downright dishonest, but he's the most consummate liar on record." He wiped his shirt sleeves across his face and laughed.

"You know he borrowed some money of Benton too?" the old man sitting at the lower end of the table asked.

"What are you saying, Grampy?"

"He borrowed some money of Benton. That's how Huntly came to write back to that place he was always talking about in eastern Missouri and found he hadn't no folks there. He'd borrowed of him several times and he heard Benton dunning him in the store t'other day, so they put their heads together and Huntly wrote."

"Well, if folks don't find out he's done more than borrow of them I give up," Ray Dixon said, getting up from the table. "He can lie like wildfire, that's one thing sure."

"He talks scandalous about the girls," the old man said, rubbing his trembling

hands together. "Setting out in front of Benton's store last night he was up to it again. I'd laid him out if I'd been a younger man."

Ray Dixon was standing by the door. He turned quickly.

"Who does he talk about?"

"He don't stop at nobody. I'd have stopped his doggoned mouth for him if I'd been some of them young fellers setting around there. If that Hitchcock girl had heard him she wouldn't be seen riding to meeting with him."

Ray Dixon's face was very red. His hands clinched the doorknob closely.

"You can rest on it she don't know nothing about him. She ain't one to take up with a blackguard." He went out and shut the door.

The moon was coming up over the haystacks by the barn. He went out in front of the house and looked over the prairie toward Mr. Hitchcock's house. A light was burning brightly in one of the front windows.

"She's setting up with him."

Without any definite plan, he walked rapidly along the prairie road toward the house. It was a quarter of a mile away. A light from the open kitchen door shone out into the yard. He went around and knocked at the side door. It was several minutes before anyone answered, then Mrs. Hitchcock came to the door.

"I want to see Abbie half a minute," he said, in an undertone.

"Why, she's gone riding with Henry Eike. They started about half an hour ago, I should say. Won't you come in? Mr. Hitchcock's getting ready for bed, but I'll tell him you're here and he'll be glad to come out. It ain't late yet."

"No; I won't stop. I'll go along back."

Mrs. Hitchcock shut and locked the door as he walked away.

He heard the horses stamping in the stable, and went across and looked in.

"They're gone in the covered buggy. I hoped they'd gone horseback, but there's Abbie's horse."

The pony, standing far back in his stall, had turned his head and was looking at him. He whinnied softly.

Ray went in and patted him.

"What do you say, old fellow, to finding out where Abbie's gone to?" He looked back toward the house. "If they knew what's in my mind about her, they wouldn't rest so easy."

He slipped on the bridle and led the horse out into the road, jumped on, and galloped away across the prairie.

"We'll take a short cut for Missouri. Perhaps they ain't gone over there to dodge the license, but it's my idea they have."

The horse picked up his small feet and seemed to fly along the ground. The night was very clear, and the long prairie grass glistened with a heavy dew.

For ten miles he had urged the pony to its fastest gait; then he drew rein and raised himself in the saddle.

"There's that rock fence. This side's Kansas; that side's Missouri. Now, if they ain't over that next rise, we'll turn about and go home."

As he rode on he noticed that the pony was limping badly. He jumped off and led him on for a short distance, when he stopped abruptly and refused to go.

"Well, here's a fix! Borrowed a horse

without asking, and lamed him ten miles from home."

He fastened the halter securely in a pile of stones, and ran on to the top of the next rise of ground. A covered carriage was going slowly down on the other side. There was a house at the foot of the slope, standing among some trees.

He looked back toward the horse.

"I don't know but I'd be willing to let them go, if that animal was in its stable."

He was surprised to see the carriage stopping in front of the house below. Someone got out and hitched the horse and went in.

He looked back again, then ran down the slope to the side of the carriage and looked in.

Abbie Hitchcock sat crouched in one corner of the carriage. Her hands covered her face. He could see that she was crying.

Ray Dixon ran to the hitching post and untied the horse quickly.

"Did he know what road to take, Henry?" she asked, seeing him there.

"Yes; we're all right," Ray answered, in a low tone. In a minute he had jumped into the carriage, and was driving away.

"Won't you take me home, Henry? I don't want to go. I've backed out while you was in the house. I want to go home."

Ray looked at her. She had her face covered with her hands again.

"Don't be scared, Abbie, you're going home."

She took her hands away from her face quickly, and looked at him.

"Ray! Ray! did you come after me?"

"I did that, Abbie."

"How did you know?"

"I didn't know anything; I guessed."

"Why, I saw you unhitching the horse! I thought it was Henry."

He put his arm around her.

"You're trembling, Abbie; you're not afraid of me, are you?"

She hid her face against him.

"I rode your horse and lamed him, Abbie. There he is hitched over there."

"Pa thinks he had been ridden too hard some time before we bought him. He can't stand anything."

"Well, I guess he's a used-up horse now."

Ray jumped out and hitched the pony on behind the carriage. They drove slowly home across the prairie.



THE LATEST LITERARY FASHION IN FRANCE

BY T. S. PERRY.

IT is not in political matters alone that France is a perpetual torment to the conservative half of the world. Its literature is always a subject of hot discussion, and not of discussion alone, for endless experiments are continually made by young men who are glad to break with every tradition. The fact that they all have logical minds only lends fresh fuel to the fire, for there is nothing denied a logical mind; it can prove anything it accepts.

At the present time there flourishes a little band of writers who call themselves Symbolists, and are never tired of announcing that the school of Naturalism is dead. For many years we had been accustomed to hear that this ill-fated school not only was not alive but had never lived, so that we seem at the outset to have discovered a logical flaw, were it not that it is already known how easy it is to be logical and inaccurate at the same moment.

What Naturalism is, or was, everyone knows, although it is impossible to conceive of a greater divergence than that ex-

isting between the theory and the practice of the school in France. In theory—and it is Zola who proclaims it in his *Roman Experimental*—the imagination is extinct, the strangeness of the story no longer arouses interest; rather, the more trite and commonplace it is the more it is typical. The whole note of the naturalistic novel is the representation of real persons in real surroundings; the whole effort of the novelist of this school is to give the reader a fragment of human life. Such, in a few words, is the theory; this is the ideal that Zola has proposed to himself, but how near does he come to it? Perhaps as near as people generally come to their ideals; that is to say, few would ever gather what it is he is aiming at from what he does. His novels are almost uniformly grand, massive stories of the old-fashioned sort which he decries, and only to be distinguished from avowed Romanticism by the fact that he celebrates men's weaknesses and vices, while his despised predecessors celebrated their moral grandeur and flawless virtues. We may take any one of

here a similar divergence appears. If we examine what these poets have done, and not merely what they said they were going to do, we find a continual effort to widen the lines within which French verse may be written, a perpetual struggle for greater freedom. They are trying to revive new metres and new cadences and are very bitter against the Alexandrine verse. They are studying the arrangement of sounds with untiring zeal. At times this leads them to extremes whither commonplace people cannot follow them. When Rimbaud, a young poet of promise who abandoned verse-writing and died only a few months ago, immortalized himself by writing this line in a sonnet on vowels:

"A noir, E blanc, I
rouge, U vert, O
bleu,"

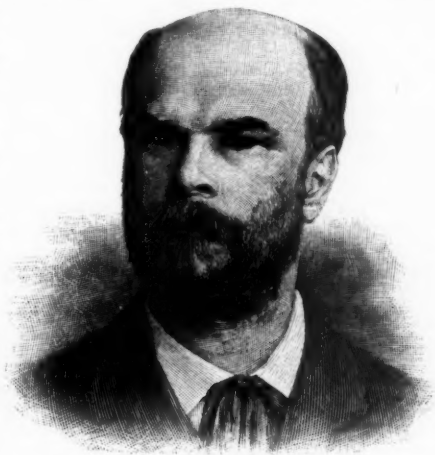
he could hardly have supposed that he was revealing a mighty natural law which should be to future bards almost what the multiplication-table is to mathematicians. To be sure, René Ghil has ventured to amend it—is there anything the young will not do?—by calling I blue, O red, and U yellow, and he has even endeavored to improve upon it by calling A organs, E harps, I violins, O brass, U flutes, but Rimbaud's utterance still prevails.

What these interpretations show is not necessarily the color or the orchestral effect of the vowels, but that poets are studying with great eagerness the harmonies of sound in language—surely an object of legitimate interest—and this work bears witness to the good results of their attention to this important matter. Take, for example, of these new tendencies in modern verse the work of Paul Verlaine. It would be hard to find a poet whose work is fuller of seductive charm—I

speak of that part of his poetry which is not too vile for general reading—and it is only natural that the Symbolists should be quick to assure the world that he is their leader. It is equally natural, all things considered, that Verlaine should deny this statement, as he does with warmth, in his scorn calling that esteemed band Cymbalists, yet while he may be right in denying that he is one of them they may also be right in ascribing their origin to him.

When he was interviewed by M. Jules Huret, whose most interesting book, *Enquête sur l'Évolution Littéraire*, shows

us how heartily men of letters can hate one another, he said: "You know that I have common sense; perhaps I haven't anything else, but that I have. Symbolism? I don't understand. That must be a German word, isn't it? What can it mean? But, after all, I don't care. When I suffer, or am happy, or shedding tears, I know there is



M. PAUL VERLAINE.

no symbol there. . . . I don't find anything in my instincts that compels me to seek the why and the wherefore of my tears; when I am unhappy I write sad verses, that is all; with no other rule than my instinct to write them as well as I can." He also condemned the efforts of the young men to enlarge the current vocabulary by reviving obsolete words and phrases. Yet every important literary movement is accompanied by changes of this sort, which, like all change, is denounced by half the world. The question of the justice of the change is determined only by the success or failure of the movement, and the words and phrases remain even when the theory on which they were written has ceased to exist.

It may be unkind to say that some of the verse of the Symbolists is obscure, but the only alternative is silence. There are poems, and a great many of them, that would sound most admirable if read aloud in the next room, so that only their sonority would reach us, and we should be spared the delusive intellectual effort to seize their sense. The word *or* (gold) is used with almost barbaric profusion, as if Poe's alleged reason for choosing "Nevermore" as the refrain of his "Raven" because the long *o* was the most sonorous vowel, and the word was "in the fullest possible keeping with that melancholy which [he] had predetermined as the tone of the poem," had been taken seriously. However this may be, Poe is the only foreigner whose verse has had any influence on the work of these modern men from Baudelaire to Mallarmé, both of whom have translated him.

It is only natural that when a number of writers are devoting their attention to demonstrating and developing the musical qualities of language some of them should sacrifice clearness and significance to sound. It is what we see in the work of



CARTOON OF MALLARMÉ, FROM LES
HOMMES D'AUJOURD'HUI.

some contemporary writers of English verse, as well as in some of the past, and in the general movement in France we see many analogies with what has been going on for some time in England, though with less aggressive discussion than in France. These lines, from Mr. Frank Marzial's *In the Temple of Love*, represent very well some of these same qualities in modern English verse:

"All over the world is the violet blue
Of the liquid ether, all rose-shot thro';

And clear beneath, hung down half-way,
The stars like bright stones shake and sway;
And high on a rose-rock gauzing away,
The moon's clear strip curls silvering thro'."

It will be observed that the element of obscurity is not absent.

Although Verlaine denies that he is a Symbolist, it is certain that these would-be innovators admire him greatly and owe much to him. Mallarmé, another object of their admiration, is, to our thinking, far less wonderful as a poet, and is distinctly hard reading in the small amount of verse that he has given to the world, but his personal influence is very great. That Verlaine should impress his generation is not surprising, for no one has greater power than he to express subtle moods by caressing phrases, to record momentary impressions by haunting cadences, and, more than this, to express deep feeling with a fervor which is at once eloquent and simple.

Space is lacking for examples of his various qualities; a line or two may be of service to recall him to a reader already familiar with his verse, while insufficient to introduce him to a stranger. The *Parfifal* sonnet, cited in part by Mr. George Moore in his *Impressions and Opinions*, is an excellent example of his mastery of verse, especially its last line:

"Et, ô ces voix d'enfants chantant dans la coupole!"

but what is one line out of more than half a dozen volumes? The best intro-



M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

duction to this interesting writer may be found in the *Choix de Poésies de Paul Verlaine*, published by Charpentier, in 1891. The poet's life is a curious one. As a Frenchman said of him: He has given his soul to God and his body to the devil. He alternates between wild excesses, which he chronicles with perfect frankness and great elaboration in volumes of verse, and the deepest remorse, which finds expression in poems of the sincerest religious fervor, so that more than most writers of verse he is benefited by discreet selection and in this volume the choice is admirably made. It enables the reader to see why the Symbolists are anxious to count Verlaine among their little band. From him they have learned a delicate and subtle art, though they have sometimes employed this when they have had nothing to say. Jean Moréas, a Greek, struggles hard to interest a cold world, and even advertises a new school, the *École Romane*, in which he breaks away from Verlaine and Mallarmé, and promises to go back to the principles of the sixteenth century. He is often very successful in giving his verse about that amount of remoteness.

But this statement is far from being a complete definition of Moréas or of the general movement of which he is one representative. His *Pélerin Passionné* contains pieces that are wonderfully melodious, though often he is very obscure, and, evidently, wilfully obscure, in the deliberate attempt, not so much to copy, as to



M. STEPHANÉ MALLARMÉ.

make a tracing of forgotten methods. If the poets of the Latin decadence had not written as they did, Moréas would not write as he now does.

Now, as then, the Symbolists are in a great measure foreigners. Like Lucan and Martial, who went to Rome from the provinces, many of the adherents of this new school flock to Paris from remote places. Mr. Merrill, for example, who is quoted above, is an American citizen as well as a Parisian poet, and his work has a noteworthy quality of sincerity as well as richness. Possibly it is to foreign-born Parisians that the careful concinnity of classical French appeals less than to the native Frenchmen.

Maeterlinck is a writer who is making his mark in a very different way. He is a Belgian who has written a volume of modern verse, but it is only as a playwright that he has become known. His dramas are as romantic as possible; the scene is always laid in an indefinite region; the time is as uncertain as possible. What the author generally does is to place his characters in these vague surroundings and then to let them be the prey of a few very simple and powerful emotions. There is no psychology; they are no more to us than x in the algebra; they are never explained, they are simply assumed to exist, and various terrors assault them. What is very noticeable in his work is the utter absence of rhetoric; we have tragedies with no fine language, no rhetoric. Things happen, people speak, but it



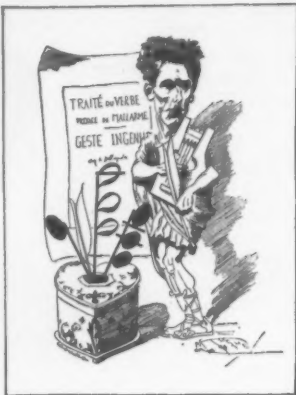
CARTOON OF JEAN MORÉAS, FROM LES HOMMES D'AUJOURD'HUI.

sounds as if someone were to come home from the theatre and tell us what people said in their various speeches, omitting the usual cloak of blank verse, but giving us simply the core of their utterances. Every speech is reduced to its lowest terms, and, as it were, is shorn of all the paraphernalia of fine-sounding language which has always seemed a part of the pomp of tragedy. It is obvious that we have here a very great change in the introduction of the methods of realism into the most wildly romantic literature.

Then, too, the repetition of the same phrase by different characters is a most frequent device and often singularly impressive. In fact, as someone said, the plays are composed with pure colors, like an impressionist picture. Many find Maeterlinck's work trivial and empty. Others do not; they receive an impression from it, one of gloom or terror, and that impression, if it be strong enough, is a good part of what constitutes literary success. Those who are not moved by him ask, with some scorn, what is the meaning of his fantastic tragedies? The question proves nothing: what is the meaning of the Ancient Mariner?



M. RENÉ GHIL.



CARTOON OF GHIL, FROM LES HOMMES D'AUJOURD'HUI.

Whatever the exact value of Maeterlinck's work, he at any rate exists and counts for something, and a man's importance often depends on other things than esthetic merit. If he is the forerunner of the breaking up of tragic rhetoric, his significance will be found to be very great. At present there seems to be a risk of his wearing out methods, once impressive, by too frequent use. Thus, in his later play, *Les Sept Princesses*, we find some of the same dramatic

effects that made his earlier *L'Intruse* memorable, and we are glad to see that he intends to touch other chords than terror. His *Princesse Maleine* is an effort to write a Shakespearian play. That it proves him a formidable rival to Shakespeare cannot be affirmed—though one enthusiastic French critic has said it in his haste—yet there are fine things in the play, but its monotonous gloom does not wear so well through five acts as in a shorter piece.

L'Intruse and *Les Aveugles* have at least this quality of appealing directly to one of the strongest passions of human nature, the hatred of anything new. Nothing could be simpler than the first of these: the family sitting around the table by lamplight, with the young mother in the next room with her new-born child. The rest are waiting for her sister to arrive. The father asks:

"You don't see anyone coming, Ursula?"

The Eldest Daughter (at the window): No, father.

The Father: And in the avenue? You see the avenue?

The Daughter: Yes, father; the moonlight is bright and I can see the avenue as far as the cypress grove.

The Grandfather (who is blind): And you don't see anyone, Ursula?

The Daughter: No one, grandpa.

The Uncle: What sort of weather is it?

The Daughter: Very fine; do you hear the nightingales?

The Uncle: Yes, yes.

The Daughter: There is a little wind rising in the avenue.

The Grandfather: A little wind in the avenue, Ursula?

The Daughter: Yes, the trees are moving a little.

The Uncle: It is strange that my sister has not come yet.

The Grandfather: I don't hear the nightingales any longer, Ursula.

The Daughter: I think someone has come into the garden, grandpa.

The Grandfather: Who is it?

The Daughter: I don't know, I don't see anyone.

The Uncle: It's because there is no one there.

The Daughter: There must be someone in the garden; the nightingales are suddenly silent.

The Grandfather: Yet I don't hear any steps.

The Daughter: Someone must be passing the pond, the swans are frightened.

Another Daughter: All the fish are suddenly diving down.

The Father: Don't you see anybody?

The Daughter: No one, father.

The Father: Yet the pond is in the bright moonlight.

The Daughter: Yes, I see that the swans are frightened."

That is the method, and so the play runs on with ever-growing grimness, until it is seen that it is Death entering—his presence perceived only by the blind grandfather—to seize the young mother. *Les Aveugles* is equally impressive.

These men seem to us the most interest-

ing exponents of the tendencies of modern French literature. The countless jugglers with words have succeeded better in pleasing themselves than in making themselves understood by others. Their number is enormous, the number of schools is enormous, for as soon as any man shows the slightest cleverness he is labelled and classified, as if he were a new recruit who had to be assigned to some branch of the service. Thus, not many months ago, Rod was proclaimed the founder of a new school, the Intuitivists, who did not observe other human beings, like the Naturalists, or study abstract principles of human nature, like the Psychologists; but looked into their own hearts and wrote, as if that were a new thing.

While this work is going on, the prophets are all busy announcing the approach of a new era. Occasionally those who are on the heights announce that they see the dawn of a new day, and then there are outbursts of applause, as at the theatre when the play is delayed and there is reason to suppose that the curtain is about to rise. Then follow gaps of silence, and afterwards fresh applause, when another prophet expresses his confidence in a speedy change. Thus *Voguë*, Rod and others have steadily proclaimed the coming of a new and fairer day, in which literature shall be inspired with a lofty enthusiasm and a nobler fire, and we shall all be idealists once more. If they are right, there is one thing certain: we shall not be idealists of the old-fashioned sort. Schools and aims change, but they never go back to what they have been before.



STURGEON FISHING IN THE JAMES.

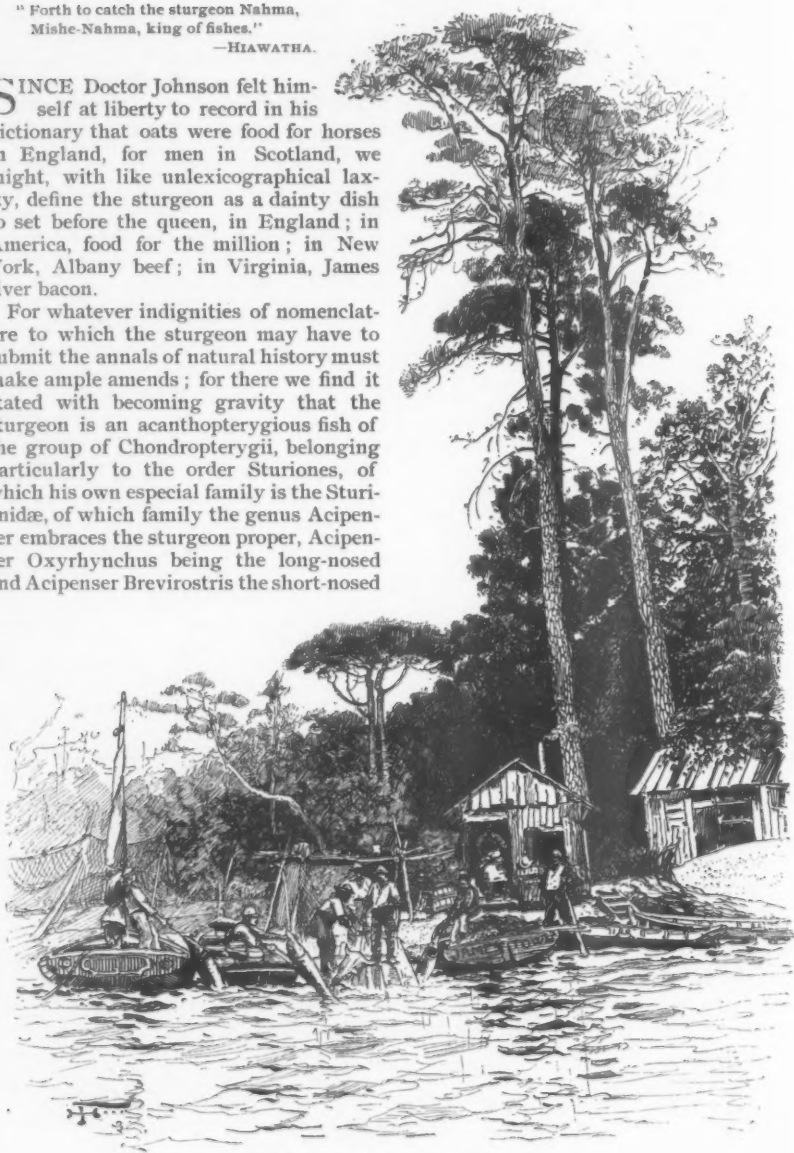
BY CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

"Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
Mishe-Nahma, king of fishes."

—HIAWATHA.

SINCE Doctor Johnson felt himself at liberty to record in his dictionary that oats were food for horses in England, for men in Scotland, we might, with like unlexicographical laxity, define the sturgeon as a dainty dish to set before the queen, in England; in America, food for the million; in New York, Albany beef; in Virginia, James river bacon.

For whatever indignities of nomenclature to which the sturgeon may have to submit the annals of natural history must make ample amends; for there we find it stated with becoming gravity that the sturgeon is an acanthopterygious fish of the group of Chondropterygii, belonging particularly to the order Sturiones, of which his own especial family is the Sturionidæ, of which family the genus *Acipenser* embraces the sturgeon proper, *Acipenser Oxyrhynchus* being the long-nosed and *Acipenser Brevirostris* the short-nosed



FISHERMAN'S CAMP ON THE JAMES RIVER.

species abounding along the Atlantic coast of North America. With such an imposing pedigree, from which he might be mistaken for a noble Roman, the sturgeon should rise superior to the mere trifle of a nickname.

It is due to the comparative rarity of the catch in English waters that this fish is there considered a gift meet for the sovereign, whether or not it may ultimately grace the royal board. On this side of the Atlantic, on the other hand, its exaltation by the aborigines to the rank of king of fishes resulted most probably not so much from its great size as from its abundance and importance as an article of food, as for a like reason maize was held in peculiar veneration as a special gift from the Great Spirit.

From the account of Longfellow, or the authorities upon Indian legend-lore from whom he drew his material, Mishe-Nahma, the king of fishes, differed in many particulars from the log-like beast of reality, partaking largely of the marvellous in the atmosphere surrounding the miraculously born hero with whom he is associated.

Hiawatha, son of the West Wind and great-grandson of the Moon, set forth upon Lake Superior in his birch canoe, upon the bow of which perched Adjidaumo the squirrel, the purpose of the expedition being the capture of Mishe-Nahma, for which he had armed himself with a fishing line made of the twisted bark of the cedar tree. On the bottom of the lake the monster lay

"In all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spines projecting!
Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable. . . .
Fanning with his fins of purple."

"Take my bait, O sturgeon, Nahma!" cried Hiawatha, and at last, made angry by the oft-repeated "challenge of defiance, the unnecessary tumult," the sturgeon,

"Flashing leapt into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha."

It would be both graceless and absurd to demand a physiological exactness in the primitive hero-myths of a people, and

a great part of their charm would be destroyed thereby. But Mishe-Nahma, like Jonah's whale, possessed 'an organism most unlike that of his species as known to us. The great jaws through which Hiawatha's canoe plunged as a log "shoots and plunges down the rapids," give place to the comparatively small, oval, tube-like opening, toothless and very protractile, situated far back under the snout, almost in the throat, which serves the sturgeon for mouth; the snout, with its four fleshy, whisker-like organs of touch, being nothing more than a mud shovel designed with a possible ornamental intention. It follows from this that the sturgeon is a mud-sucker, hardly to be tempted by any bait that might be offered to him at the end of a line. The poetic description of Mishe-Nahma in armor and war-paint holds good, with a softening of the colors, in the case of his less heroic descendants. But since his mighty skeleton lay bleaching on the shores of Lake Superior there has been a much more decided softening of the bones, from the cartilaginous nature of which the sturgeon has been assigned to the group of chondropterygious fishes.

Fortunately for the Indians, the afterwards practised method of capturing the sturgeon was not that instituted by their mythological hero, who came to earth to teach them the arts of peace. Passing from the realm of legend and the Northwest into Virginia and the more authentic records of a later period, we find the method in vogue still decidedly on the heroic order. Robert Beverley, who published his quaint history of Virginia in 1705, relates that "The Indian way of catching sturgeon, when they came into the narrow part of the rivers, was by a man's clapping a noose over their tail, and by keeping fast his hold. Thus a fish, finding itself entangled, would flounce, and often pull him under water, and then that man was counted a cockarouse, or brave fellow, that would not let go, till with swimming, wading and diving, he had tired the sturgeon and brought it ashore. These sturgeons would also often leap into their canoes in crossing the river, as many of them do still every year, into the boats of the English."

The Nahma of the Ojibways was known as the copotone among the Indian tribes of Virginia, with whom the first English

settlers came into contact. Now, as the great tawny, many-curved river that the Indians called Powhatan bears the commonplace phenomenon of the first king of Great Britain, so the fish taken in its waters in such numbers every year has lost its euphonious Indian appellation to be vulgarly known as James river bacon.

With the elimination of the heroic element the capture of the sturgeon has lost its dignity and consequent power of bestowing social prestige. Without the modification in the method it is hardly probable that Travis and the Merry Grig would successfully ply their vocation of fishermen on the James. It was certainly not in the attitude of postulants for the order of Cockarouse that we sought connection with the fishing fleet, nor had we the smallest desire to take our daily dip in the waves attached to the tail of a sturgeon. The Merry Grig declared that he was "a great one for company;" so we went.

Travis is a mild-mannered, not to say meek-spirited, negro of the yellow color of soda-bleached gingerbread, with dark eyes of that bovine softness by which one is invariably moved to an indefinite and undefinable sympathy, through imagining, against positive knowledge, a non-existent pathos. The Merry Grig, his partner, in the shadow of a broad-brimmed hat stiffened into shell-like convolutions by much wetting and many suns, is a white man, a tiny fellow, shorter on one side than on the other, nature having seen fit to bestow upon him legs of unequal lengths; and as he stands at the oars he rises upon the toes of one bare foot, the whiteness of which indicates no kinship to the bronzed face above. He has an alias—Baker, I believe—by which his companions know him, and would not recognize himself under the sobriquet by which we have come to speak of him between ourselves, because of the impartial cheerfulness of manner with which he accepts good or evil luck, and the guileless good nature of his profanity. He and Travis are members of a company of fishermen who move their camp from point to point along the northern shore of the river according to the season. They own neither boat nor fishing tackle, being simply in the employ of the chief fishermen and receiving their reward according

to their catch. The headquarters of the company are on Jamestown island, now a quiet plantation, but once, nearly three centuries ago, the scene of the first successful attempt on the part of the English at the colonization of America. Here we came upon the encampment, pitched beside a redoubt of the war between the States; and from here we set forth with Travis and the Merry Grig to catch the sturgeon, Mishe-Nahma.

The drop of ten feet from the end of the dock into the wave-tossed boat inaugurated the expedition with a spice of adventure. The sky was overcast with hurrying gray clouds, the wind came out of the east, bringing from seaward a chasing procession of white-caps that broke into spray against the outgoing tide. We endeavored to assume an air of unconcerned familiarity as we looked down upon the Merry Grig in his bobbing boat.

"If you don't hit plumb, I'll be blankity blank blanked if you don't git wet," he remarked, with a sweetness of manner that would have sanctified a child and done credit to an angel.

Out half a mile from shore, and then, with gentle rowing, the boat slips down on the tide. It is just before low-water-slack and the eighteen boats of the fishing fleet—not all from the same camp, however—are already dotting the river, bound in the same direction. Only one of them passes us, which the Merry Grig considers a display of unnecessary energy and childish ambition on the part of its occupants. Then Travis heads the boat toward the channel, rowing slowly outward, and the Merry Grig limps to the stern, where the coils of net lie in a seemingly inextricable tangle. The first thing to go overboard is an empty powder can, which flies out like some gorgeous red-banded bird at the end of the rope forming the top line of the net. The net follows, slipping out over the stern, occasionally flung upward in great fan-like swirls, and sinking instantly from sight, leaving the line of black-painted wooden floats, known as dobbers and familiarly contracted into "dobs," to mark its course.

The net, composed of several sections called "shots," measures half a mile in length, is thirty feet in width and weighs 200 pounds without the rope and the hundred or more floats from which it is sus-



CUTTING UP THE STURGEON.

pended. When it has been told out to its full length we are almost halfway across the river; for Jamestown island, separated from the mainland by a narrow stream, contracts the river to a width of about two miles, from which it broadens suddenly into the curving reach of Cobham bay.

The net having been dropped, a period of inactivity succeeds. The boat, with an occasional languid remonstrance from the oars, rises and dips with the waves, which it pounds now and again with a smacking sound, and seems to make no progress, though with the net it is drifting swiftly on the tide. The long, slender black dobbers in a waving line bob and reel among the white-caps like a procession of demoralized champagne bottles inebriated with their own sparkling tipple. It may be this element of suggestiveness that leads the Merry Grig to offer us a draught of scalding whiskey out of a stone jug. More probably we are moved to accept by the wind, coming raw, with a threat of rain, across the water. But neither wind nor whiskey seems to affect the Merry Grig, as he leans half sitting

against the gunwale and sucks the chalk pipe he has filled with bits of the rank-est black plug tobacco. His single upper garment is a loose cotton shirt, opened in front to its lowest limit; his trousers are rolled halfway to the knee; he wears no shoes. We turn our eyes with a sense of comfort to Travis's flannel shirt, of that fiery scarlet supposed by certain people to possess medicinal virtues in rheumatic affections, and are glad to turn up our coat collars. At starting we had felt vaguely that our own fishing togs were spurious and amateurish, making one think of what Ruskin calls "the patent apostolic fishing costumes" of the Disciples in one of Raphael's cartoons; but now we rejoice in our inappropriate raiment.

Three schooners, with all their canvas spread before the wind, sweep toward us like great white-winged birds skimming along the water.

"Them's the things we hate," says the Merry Grig, sweetly.

As they approach, he stands waving his hat to the right; and, one after the other, they tack from side to side to avoid the

numerous nets, causing us to marvel mightily at the gracious amiability of schooners.

We have almost forgotten the purpose of our coming when Travis, resting on his lifted oars, remarks disinterestedly, "That were a strike."

Springing to our feet, we look along the line of distractingly bobbing dobs, but discover no foundation for his assertion. The Merry Grig, with the true instinct of the courteous host, evinces an interest as lively as our own, and points out to us that one of the champagne bottles is wet over its very cork, indicating a recent submersion. The boat having been brought to the spot, very cautiously he leans over the gunwale and gathers up the net immediately under the telltale dob, only to find that the sturgeon has tangled it slightly and found a passage beneath.

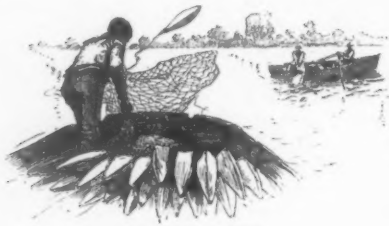
The blue outline of the low shores shows that we have drifted about two miles and

Hauling in the net is more onerous than putting it out, for its weight has been more than doubled in the wetting. So the boat is anchored, and Travis goes aft to assist in piling the net in its orderly confusion, and laying the dobbers in regular lines one upon the other.

When this work is nearly completed the boat that has been below us passes 100 yards away. The Merry Grig, with an impish chuckle, lifts in the powder can, and he and Travis take to the oars.

The other three boats of our camp reach the pier ahead of us, and we find six sturgeon gasping on the boards. The two largest, measuring some seven feet each, are cows, as the females are termed, and we scramble up on the pier just in time to see the tail of the first severed from the trunk with a single blow of an axe. There is an instantaneous spurt of blood and a snake-like contortion of the great bone-plated body. A few moments later the ripping open of the belly with a long, sharp knife is an almost bloodless operation, and there, disposed in neat layers, is the roe—a million or more of eggs, with all their life potentialities suddenly destroyed. It is this roe, of a glittering black hue, like shot of many sizes, that renders the cow sturgeon a so much more valuable catch than the buck. Occasionally two cows will yield a keg of roe, which is worth from eighteen to thirty dollars in the natural state. It is exported in large quantities to Germany and even to Russia, notwithstanding the monster species of sturgeon found in the Black and Caspian seas, and much of it returns to our shores in the form of caviare. However much one's palate may delight in being tickled by this dainty, the appetite is apt to grow a trifle fastidious in witnessing the first process in its manufacture. However, the average citizen does not care to superintend the butchering of his beef. On the whole, the removal of the roe is a nice process, as such things go; and caviare in its final form holds no suggestion of the quivering flesh and the muscular contractions which give to death the hideous seeming of agonized life.

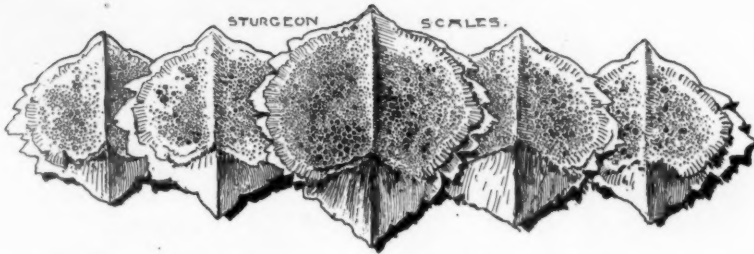
After all, the fate overtaking the cow, though horrible enough to look upon, is prompt and complete. But the less esteemed buck is left to a lingering tor-



CASTING THE NET.

are now lying in the widened curve of Cobham bay on slack water, for all the tossing of the waves. The powder can, floating far in-shore, has already begun the return journey with the changed tide of the inner channel, making a long curve in the line of dobbers. And soon we too begin to drift upward.

But not another strike. The men who put out their net below us seem to meet with better luck, for now and again their boat darts swiftly forward. The boats above us begin one by one to haul in their nets, and we soon follow suit. We have an ignominious feeling combined with our disappointment. But the Merry Grig remains undisturbed, telling us that he took in four big fish on the morning's high water. The Merry Grig's success on the tide before and the tide after taking us out was always phenomenal.



ture, that may endure a day or two, to end in having a card fastened between the small, mud-blurred eyes with tacks driven into the skull. And then come negro bothhands, when the steamboat stops at the wharf once a day, who insert hooked iron rods into the gills, and the sturgeon is dragged down the gangplank and thrown among its fellows already piled upon the deck. Only a faint agitation of the gills or a weak, spasmodic flap of the tail shows that life is not extinct. It is unlovely enough, all this part of it, and one need not be finical nor a sentimentalist to think it so. The sturgeon nowadays carries its most resplendent war-paints on the inside. The flesh itself ranges through every shade of yellow, from the palest straw-color to the deepest orange, while the brilliant reds and blues, the white and metallic black of the internal organs, make up a crude color effect beside which the external markings fade away into the grateful softness of neutral tints.

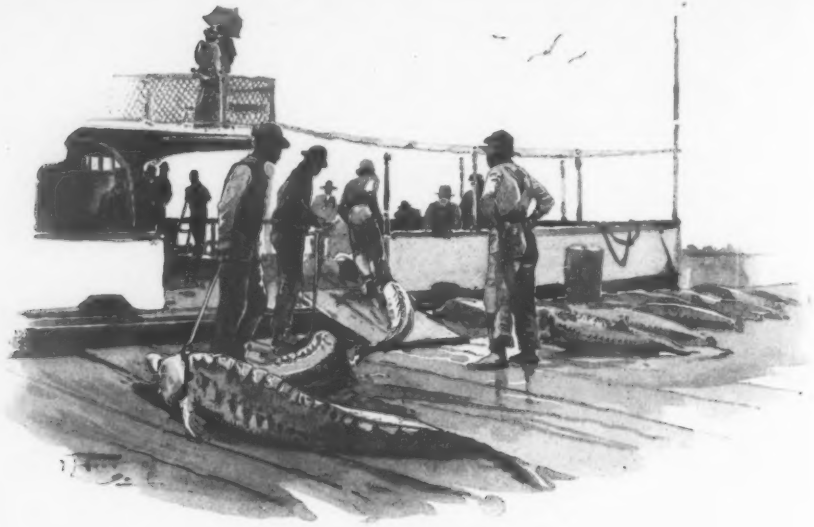
Sturgeon fishing in the James as a possible money-making industry had its beginning with that of the Virginia colony. The settlement at Jamestown was effected in 1607, and the next year, as we find it recorded in *The Generall Historie of Captain John Smith*, "Arrived one Captaine Argall and Master Thomas Sadan, sent by Master Cornelius to truck with the colony, and fish for sturgeon, with a ship well furnished, with wine and much other good provision. Though it was not sent vs, our necessities was such as inforced vs to take it." From which it appears that Master Cornelius's venture was not a success. But "Captaine Argall" had come in the time of a corn famine, when, says the contemporary chronicler, "We had more sturgeon than could be devoured by dog and man, of which the industrious by drying and

pounding, mingled with caviare, sorell and other wholesome hearbes, would make bread and good meate." But the people wanted a different and more usual diet; so they packed Captain Argall back to England, having first "revictualled him," with the admonition to his employers that when they had taken heed to the welfare of the colonists they might expect in return that wealth they so much desired.

In the spring the sturgeon come into fresh water to spawn, and the fishing season may be said to begin properly with April, reaching its height in May and early June and declining with the summer. During this period the value of a fish of the larger size ranges from six or seven dollars down to a trifling amount that does little more than cover the expense of capture and transportation. As the nets are cast just before high and low water, there are four possible fishing hours per diem; but the boats generally go out on three tides, often on only two. The catch averages something more than two fish to a boat. On the whole, according to the *Merry Grig*, the trade of fisherman is not altogether lucrative.

It is at high water, coming a little before noon, that we make our second excursion. The sun looks out of a clear sky of an intense blueness, unflecked by a single cloud. It is hot on the shore; but on the river the ripple of a breeze breaks the glare of the water. Recollection of the uncomfortable coolness of a few evenings before tempers the distrust with which we slip into the boat, thereby committing ourselves to a three hours' exposure to the sun; for we scorn, outwardly, the idea of umbrellas.

Out into the stream, and once again we drift on the tide, upward this time, soon leaving behind us the historic island, where the ruined and vine-covered church



LOADING STURGEON.

tower stands a solitary sentinel among the dead who once lived and walked the streets of the town, the very course of which has been obliterated.

At first, the transition from the stillness of the tree shadows to the gentle breeze stirring the surface of the river is agreeable, despite the glare and the myriad diamond points of light dancing along the sun-path in dazzling procession. But the breeze, capricious as an April maid, flirts with us a moment and then away. We can see the water break into dimples with the breath of its flight, while we seem to lie stationary on a sheet of glass, though bits of pine bark rushing swiftly by us attest an unfelt motion. The dobbers, drifting ahead of us, stand well upright with an air of conscious virtue, unruffled by remorse for past inebriations. And the sun at the zenith strikes upon our heads as through a burning glass. The fierce scarlet of Travis's shirt is an offence that shows green against our lids as we are forced to drop them now and then. We do not yet know that this is the hottest June day on record, and that at this very moment the mercury stands at 107° in the shade in Providence, Rhode Island.

Suddenly one of the pompous dobbers

disappears and pops up again in the manner of a dignified pedestrian overthrown by a banana skin, and the river, like molten glass, undulates without breaking into a ripple. Before we can reach the spot down goes the dobber again, and another and another—four, five, six, like tenpins, to the number of thirty. After a few rapid submersions the dobbers resume their upright position, and soon, with little apparent persuasion on the part of Travis and the Merry Grig, an eight-foot cow, entangled in the net, floats upon the water. It lies there very like a log, until Travis touches it with his hand, when a flap of the powerful tail sends a dash of spray sparkling into the air. We look at the huge beast, note the smallness of the boat, and begin to doubt the desirability of the sturgeon as a travelling companion. Quickly and dexterously a halter of rope is slipped over the head and tightened behind the gills and another over the tail, the upper and larger lobe of which has something of the grace of a lateen sail. After all, the fish is an occupant of the boat but a short while. As soon as it has been disentangled from the net the head halter is passed through the mouth and one of the gills and it is dropped into the water alongside.

And herein lies the degeneracy of the sturgeon, the hero-descended. With all its plated armor and gorgeous war paints, with all its enormous capacity for resistance, it possesses but a craven spirit, surrendering almost instantly in the toils of the net and offering little other opposition than dead weight to the will of its captors. Whatever may be the brute strength of the body, the head, with its depressed forehead and diminutive leaden eyes, gives no evidence of an intellect capable of directing it. It is the mouth that marks the character; so perhaps the absence of this feature—for the singular aperture hidden away under the throat is of no value in this connection—accounts for the expressionless ugliness of the sturgeon's countenance.

"I been see 'em knock a plank plumb outter de side of de boat," says Travis, in answer to our scorn.

With three fish in tow and one in the boat we are drifting homeward on the changed tide through the stillness of a steaming humidity, the stately dobbers stalking on ahead, when the Merry Grig skips briskly sternward and begins preparations for taking in the net. Gasping in the sodden heat, we have passed beyond a counterfeit of interest, even surprise.

"I'll be blanked ef I ain' got to git in ahead of that blue fellow," he declares with a sidewise nod of the head to the westward.

A great blue-black squall is swooping down the river on the breast of the calm. A javelin of light strikes through the blackness and pierces the water, followed a moment later by the crashing sound of its might.

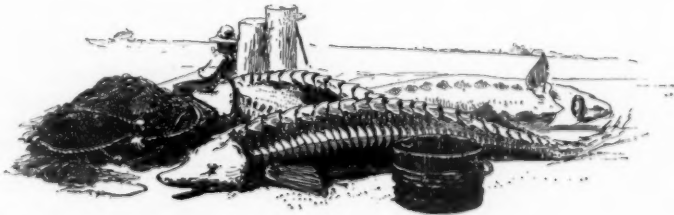
The glassy calm is shattered into a myriad ripples. Another moment and the storm breaks, the boat plunging suddenly

forward on the crest of a great wave. Amid the glare of lightning, the rush of rain, the dashing waves and the onward sweep of the wind we are wet to that degree when protest subsides into callous indifference. We reach shore at last; and so ends our brief experience as sturgeon fishers. What follows is an anti-climax.

After our intimate acquaintance with the sturgeon Nahma, or Copotone, in his native habitat, we somehow feel perfectly content that he should be monopolized as an article of food by the sovereign queen in England and the sovereign people in America. Yet he is esteemed a dainty dish enough in many of the stately old houses of eastern Virginia, so famous for their cookery, and surely appears such when baked with bread-crumbs and the "whole-some hearbes" of the old historian to a soft, rich brown, or broiled in steaks and served with highly seasoned sauces.

With the Merry Grig familiarity has not degenerated into contempt; for we last saw him among his fellows upon the beach stripping the jacket from a small sturgeon destined for the evening meal. Angling, says the apostle of the "gentle art," delightful old Izaak Walton, is "somewhat like poetry: men must be born so." The Merry Grig was clearly born with the fisherman's instinct; but with a humiliating sense of our dull perception we reluctantly confess that he did not make us think of Shakespeare. We lift our hats to him now in belated acknowledgment.

With the conversion of the roe into caviare, the air-bladder into isinglass, and the hideous head into oil, it seems strange that the armor of Mishe-Nahma, with its traceries like Chinese carving and its decorative possibilities, should be thrown into the water or allowed to bleach into beauty upon the sand as a worthless thing.





MAKING A LIVING.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

HE tried to laugh. But his poor wife has seen him try to laugh before.

He pushed the paper across to her. "Oh, we knew it before," said he. "The gas is worse than ever, and the taxes are worse than ever, and of course the boots of a boy of fifteen cost more than his baby shoes did."

Then he said, very good-naturedly, that there was not much use in putting it all on paper. You know very well that you have eleven dollars and thirty-four cents in your pocket-book. The accounts might show that you ought to have forty-nine dollars there. But if you have not, no grocer is going to give you forty-nine dollars worth of "value" on the pledge of your account book.

They only do that in Wall street. Sometimes they will not do it there.

He and She, named above, had been happily married seventeen years. As a proof, here were these three boys and three girls, of the boots of one of whom

he had spoken. When they were married, She had a little income of \$250 from some bonds. He had a salary of \$1000 as a bookkeeper. Seventeen years had passed. The six children had come, and had thriven. The bonds had been converted once or twice, there had been "reorganization" of the K. L. & S., which issued them, and on the whole they had done well; their income from the bonds now was \$300 a year.

As to housekeeping, well, some things cost less and some cost more. Six children cost more than none did. The rent for the apartment which eight people needed was more than the rent of the two rooms with which He and She started. In those early days, what with extra work and copying and testimony as an expert and such windfalls, He and She had added to her bonds some other savings, which stood in stead now. From these, and those K. L. & S. bonds, they had \$400 sure, besides his salary.

And of the \$1700 of income in this last year, when nobody had been sick, when they had given up, for economy, her visit to her mother and the boys' outing in vacation also, they had, it seemed, saved the balance of eleven dollars and thirty-four cents which has been alluded to, with which to begin another year.

It was a poor enough result of a year of sharp economy.

What troubled Isabel most in the matter was her certainty that He was now working on nerve and determination only, and that He was tired and sick of his work. There was no longer any talk of a "rise" or a change. He never had any plans for the recasting of the business. All that had gone, as a good many other tokens of youth had gone. She kept this to herself, but she knew it.

And what troubled Kildare in the matter, though he kept it to himself, was the certainty that She did not rise to life with the old alacrity. Sunshine, where she was—yes! But it was manufactured sunshine. It was like sunrise in Lohengrin or Sonnambula as compared with sunrise in the Adirondacks. She was giving way to the demnition grind.

Of course there were the children, and at fifteen and thirteen even they could be thought of, must be thought of, as bread-winners. Shelburne, that big boy whose boots cost so much, was only wild to leave school and to go into a provision shop, as Tom Minturn had done the year before. Tom was to have a "rise," or hoped he was, and Shelburne had Tom's interest or patronage promised for the place, if only his father would let him off from school. Kildare had already to use all his authority to keep Shelburne in the temple of the muses.

"Of course," said He to Her, "if we made up our balance sheet, as we do when we are getting ready for a corporation meeting at the works, we should put in as our best asset:

"I. The children.

"But, like some of our best assets in those balance sheets, 'they are not at present productive.'"

"You and I were productive when we were fifteen," said she, laughing. "I made 137 pounds of gilt-edged butter in the six months before I was fifteen. Father let me have all the money it sold

for, and I hired my first piano with it. There's where your psalmody comes from now."

"And I and Nathan did all the work, after the ploughing of the locust lot, before I was sixteen. We took out 811 bushels of potatoes. There was some sort of murrain on potatoes everywhere else, and we sold those at Trowbridge to the hotels at eighty-three cents a bushel. I know I had to get up at two o'clock every morning for six weeks, when we were carting them those eleven miles. Of course we had to deliver them."

"Yes, if you want your boys and girls to earn more than their salt you must have them on the soil." Then, after a pause, "What did Shelburne say Meldrum would pay him?"

"Three dollars a week. My child, the boy eats more than that, thank God!"

It was after this talk at breakfast that Kildare found, at the office of the Consolidated Clothes-Pin company, where he was first bookkeeper, a letter from his cousin Seabury, written from Dana. Dana was a New England town, just outside the Milk Range. This means that there was no convenient access to the morning milk trains which supply Boston, Portland, Providence or New York. So a farm in Dana was not worth much, unless, indeed, a man had six children whom he wanted to raise, for whom he wanted full supplies of the air, water, sleep, milk, eggs, butter, bread and meat which are needed for the manufacture of men and women out of the raw material called babies.

If anyone had any amount of this raw material, and wanted to go into that line of manufacture, the town of Dana offered its advantages.

Seabury was settling an estate there. There were orphan children, and the court would not let him sell the landed property till they came of age, although they lived in Chicago. So he wrote to Kildare to say he wanted to lease it, and would for thirty-six dollars a year. There were forty acres of land in cultivation. There was wood enough for fires, and pasturage enough for three or four cows. Seabury did not advise sheep. The house was an old-fashioned square country house, and was within half a mile of the postoffice and the church. On paper

everything was charming, particularly as the out-door passion, which comes at the end of winter, which makes blood run in a different fashion, was beginning to seethe in Kildare's veins.

These pages must not be crowded with details. The Dana house was snapped up by somebody else. But the correspondence with Seabury revealed other houses and other farms, waiting for hire or for purchase in other towns. So soon as Kildare showed to Isabel what he had written to Seabury, and what Seabury had sent to him, she was only wild to change the tenement for the house, the avenue and park for the fields and the woods. As for the children, there is no language to tell their delight. To children of this human race of ours, change is always heaven.

The margin, as New York was compared with Trowbridge, was the closest possible. So they knew, alas! Rent in New York was \$520, and in Trowbridge it was only \$35. Street cars in New York were \$130 for all, in Trowbridge they were nothing. Here was \$600 to the good. But, on the other side, there was no regular salary paid once a month after they resigned at the C. C. P. Co. Clothes would be the same in both places, perhaps rather cheaper in Trowbridge; not so much for gloves, more, perhaps, for overshoes. No opera there, nor such temptations. But probably Monsieur L'Imprévu had his own. "Monsieur L'Imprévu will take care of half your income." This was Prince Albert's word to his daughter.

For food, this family, like most families, spent rather more than a third of their income, say \$700. Practically, in all families who live on meats, vegetables, milk, tea and coffee, the expense is divided nearly thus:

| | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| Butter..... | About one-tenth. |
| Beef..... | About one-tenth. |
| Mutton..... | About one-twentieth. |
| Poultry, lamb, and other such "luxuries," with veal, which is no luxury..... | About one-tenth. |
| Fish, eggs, and potatoes..... | About one-tenth. |
| Tea and coffee..... | One-tenth. |
| In this family, sugar was..... | Rather more than one-twentieth. |
| Milk and cream were..... | Almost one-tenth. |
| Flour and bread were..... | About one-tenth. |

The other tenths went for vegetables,

medicines (they had no wine nor spirits), for yeast, vinegar, pepper, mustard, olives, lobster, sardines, grits and grapes, lard and lemons, Thanksgiving, and so on.

Now in the new life at Trowbridge they counted on butter, milk, cream, eggs and poultry for nothing! Then they assured themselves that the four or five pigs they could surely fatten on next to nothing would pay the village butcher for what beef, veal, mutton and lamb they condescended to use. For potatoes, they would raise every one, and cart some over to Barre, the nearest railroad town.

But even with all this boasting, see where they were.

New York food for a year was \$711. Granting they saved five-tenths of that by these rural industries, which were "certain to succeed," this was, with the rent and car reduction, $\$600 + \$356 = \$956$. And this must recompense that cutting off of the "comfortable salary."

The bonds, which never paid but \$400 a year, must now pay \$35 for rent + \$356 for meat and drink (including fish and groceries), and for all the clothes for which they did not earn the money by their new endeavors.

"Mother, we will live in rags if we must," said that big Shelburne, whose boots have been commented on.

"You are used to that," said she.

On these calculations they pulled up stakes in New York on the 1st of April. A fit day for the enterprise, said their pessimist friends. Yes, they gave up one month's rent, for the rent had been paid in advance to May day. There were furrows to be drawn in Trowbridge, potatoes and oats and corn to be planted, pigs and cows to be bought, and everything to be begun. The 1st of April saw a jolly party of a brave father and mother and six inconceivably happy children gathered at the Forty-second street station, on their northward way.

This reader will hear again of their experiment in future numbers of the Cosmopolitan. He must now consent to consider some serious comment on the theory on which they acted.

The plan which they launched upon, often suggested in America, is not what some foolish people think it—a panacea.

But it has its advantages for a small fraction of the people who are driven to

the wall in cities, probably for two in a hundred of such people,

I have discussed it more than once in the *Cosmopolitan*. I refer to it again because, where we are surveying the whole field for which we are to provide, we must take in even the smaller details.

God has not done with the country; nor has man.

Many people who go into cities, cheerfully enough and bravely enough, at twenty years of age, have not the same cheer or courage at forty. This is a pity.

They may have, as He and She had in the story above, children to train. Now children cannot be well trained, according to Madam Primrose, unless there is a barn. For the training of children, the country is better than the crowded town.

Also, the boy's work, between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, pays better in the country than in town, not in money, but in "a living." So does the girl's.

All these truths, and many more, may be urged by skilful cultivators of small fruits, or elegant rose gardens, and urged never so wisely, by people hidden behind pens in city offices, with a view to persuade an ignorant world that New England and eastern New York and New Jersey have the advantages for farmers which Iowa and California have. The penmen who write such essays waste their ink, and do not persuade even one fool.

But, granted the conditions which over-ruled Kildare and Isabel—granted a little regular income and a family of healthy children—it is often true that, where a family cannot make a cent of money in

the year, they may make an excellent "living," if they know how.

Very curiously, and to the pessimists very unexpectedly, the United States census just now comes to the support of us optimists in this matter. For it proves that, of the large divisions of the country, the northern Atlantic states are those which increase most rapidly in population.

It proves, second, that of these states New Jersey, Rhode Island and Massachusetts are those which increase at the most rapid ratio.

You say at once, "Oh, yes, this is because Camden and Jersey City are increasing so fast in New Jersey, and it is because of the great factory towns in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. It is only one more bit of this cursed increase of cities which is going to send the world to Satan and Beelzebub and the rest of the devils."

Before you rush so fast into this statement, be so good as to examine this supplementary statement—that Berkshire county, the western county of Massachusetts, the county of hills and valleys, the county which, a year ago, you said was the county of deserted farms, is the county of them all whose rate of increase has been the most rapid. Dear Mr. Pessimist, will you be good enough to put that in your pipe and smoke it?

And, dear Mr. Kildare, whatever your name; and, dear Mrs. Kildare, whatever your name, to you this gospel is commended:

To make money is one thing; to make a living is a better.

ETERNAL BEAUTY.

If we should linger in some spot
At night-fall, when more tender grows
All nature, and at sunrise find
It was the moonlight and the rose

That lent a harmony and grace,
And made mysterious and fair
What, in the common light of day,
Seems only desolate and bare—

Could we believe that true which fades,
Still is immortal, but evades,
And bears an impious touch no more than those
Light-balanced petals of the full-blown rose.

"UNCLE NAT."

BY WALTER CARY.

THE clubhouse servant faced with astonishment the figure that stood blinking in the light. It was a tramp, every crease and tear of whose clothes showed the unmistakable results of drink.

"You want to get out of here," the servant said gruffly.

"What's that you say?" asked the tramp with an unsuccessful attempt at dignity.

"You want to get out, and if you don't hurry I'll put you out."

"You'll hang my hat up, you will, and you'll take my order for a drink if I want one. You'd better find out who are the members of this club or you'll be put out yourself." He started forward, then turned and straightened himself: "If you want to know exactly who I am, look in the list of life members for Colonel Nathan U. Franklin. That's me;" and

waving his hand he started forward once more.

The servant stood for a moment uncertain, when an old gentleman came down the stairs. As soon as he saw the disreputable-looking object he stopped an instant, surprised, then, looking more closely, ejaculated: "Well, I declare if this isn't Colonel Franklin. Why, Colonel, we haven't seen much of you of late."

The colonel shambled by his acquaintance, muttering something unintelligible. But the servant was satisfied.

The colonel walked upstairs and halted at the threshold of one door after another until he came to a room occupied by a group of young men.

One of the group glanced up, looked startled, and with well-bred unconsciousness gazed in the opposite direction. Another, noticing his companion's ex-



AT THE CLUB.

pression, also looked up, and seeing the swaying figure instantly arose.

"Why, Uncle Nat, what brings you here?"

At these words another member of the group arose and also confronted, without saying a word, the now thoroughly disconcerted colonel. He pretended not to see this second young man, but said to the other, with an apologetic laugh: "Nattie, my boy, don't be hard on your uncle. I couldn't stand the old place any longer, so I footed it to the city. Once here, I had to come to the club to see where my old friends were."

"Well, now that you're here," said the one he had not addressed, "what do you intend to do?"

The old man still refused to notice this speaker and looked at the other so appealingly that he stepped forward and, taking the colonel's hand, said: "Fellows, this is my uncle, Colonel Nathan Franklin. Probably most of you know him already, if not personally, at least by reputation."

Unhappily the look that the young men tried in vain to hide showed that they did know Colonel Franklin by reputation, though not by the reputation the nephew had apparently meant.

The young man touched the bell. "I was about to order some cigars, Uncle Nat; won't you join us?"

If the old man saw the hint he refused to notice it and answered: "I don't know what you and your friends have been drinking; but whatever it is I'm sure it will mix well with champagne."

The unfavorable nephew did not disguise the contempt he felt. Everyone else looked uncomfortable. One had the courage to say: "It is just before dinner, colonel, and we have merely been taking an appetizer."

"Well, imagine that the champagne is another appetizer. You certainly won't refuse to celebrate my return to the city? I don't know what brand you young men drink nowadays?" As no one answered his implied query he turned to the servant who had entered the room and said: "Bring two bottles of champagne, the kind that most of these young gentlemen drink."

The unfavorable nephew, who had taken no pains to hide his impatience, now thrust

his hands still deeper into his pockets and strode toward the door.

"Hold on, Richard," the old man pleaded, "even you won't refuse to drink to your uncle's return."

"I certainly shall refuse to encourage the extravagance of one who orders what he knows he has no money to pay for."

After Richard had gone everyone tried to cover the awkwardness he felt by talking. One or two remarked about the weather, but most of the young men resumed where they had left off when the colonel came in. Two, slightly apart from the others, were discussing politics, more particularly pensions. The words of one caught the colonel's attention: "Whatever the G. A. R. may have done during the rebellion, they have entirely wiped out any glory they may have gained by their greed in rushing after pensions."

"Young man," said the colonel, "pardon me for intruding on your conversation, but I overheard a remark I cannot let pass. Whatever the remnants of the grand army may do today to make their comrades blush, they can never do away with the self-sacrifice of the heroes who fell in the war. No reward is too great, either for the living soldiers who freed the slaves or for any of their family who may survive them."

An impressive silence followed these words of the colonel. It was finally broken by his nephew.

"How does it happen then, Uncle Nat, that you have never petitioned for a pension?"

"Because," answered his uncle with a laugh, "I wasn't killed."

"But you received wounds from which you have never recovered."

"Time enough for me to ask for a pension when I need one."

There was not much said after this. The young men with one excuse and another took their leave, after bidding the colonel good-night.

Uncle and nephew were alone.

"Well, Uncle Nat," said the younger man, rising, "now that you're in the city I suppose you want to stay; and we might as well come to some agreement about your future. Richard and I had planned to dine here at the club tonight.

We three can dine together, and talk the matter over."

"Can't you and I dine alone?" plaintively asked the old man; "you know what kind of a meal it will be with Richard opposite or beside me."

Nat did know what the meal would be, but he also knew that his brother's consent must be gained for any scheme that concerned their uncle. Then, too, he knew that his brother would take all responsibility of the disagreeable business in disposing of the old man; there was plenty of that, and he was glad to be relieved of it at the expense of an awkward hour or more. He found Richard in the reading room and broached the matter as gently as he could.

"He has no right to come here," snapped out Richard. "He cut himself loose from us years ago. It is only through the greatest tolerance on our part that he has lived in the old house."

"That's all true, Richard; but you must remember he's father's brother and that father cared for him while he lived."

"I remember that father watched him strictly and told me he was totally lacking in self-control and should have no liberty whatever." Then, after a moment's silence, "I suppose now he's here we must do something. Have you ordered dinner?"

The meal was not enjoyed by any of the three. It was not until they had adjourned to the smoking room, however, that Richard broached the subject all had in mind.

"Well, now you're here, what do you intend to do?" It was a repetition of what he had said at their first meeting.

"I don't know. What are you going to do?" The colonel felt warm and comfortable now and was disposed to be independent.

"We'll give you one more trial. You'll concede that we're under no obligations to do so, that we have already done more than could be expected. However, you're our uncle, and we'll make one more effort to keep you up. We'll give you all the clothes you need; we'll board and lodge you."

"Here in New York?" asked the colonel eagerly.

"Here in New York. But we shan't allow you a cent of money, and we'll in



"THEN HE WENT IN."

nowise be responsible for your debts. I shall take pains to make that fact understood both here in the club and among the tradesmen who may identify you with us."

"Oh, Richard!" murmured his brother, "that's unnecessary."

"It's not unnecessary. Nothing is unnecessary with Uncle Nat. He has lost all sense of responsibility and honor."

The colonel tried to look dignified, but he only looked maudlin and foolish.

"There is one condition, however," continued Richard, "which I shall insist on, and that is, that at your first backsliding you consent to give up all claim on us and go to the poorhouse."

Both of his listeners started. "Not the poorhouse," protested his brother. "At least let it be to an asylum."

"Not at all. If Uncle Nat can't stay sober, I don't intend to incur any more expense in his behalf."

"That's all right," assented the old man, who had recovered his composure. "The poorhouse let it be. I shall be as well off there as anywhere else. And, besides, I won't have to go there anyway, because I have drunk my last drop."

The two nephews smiled, each in his own way; but the colonel nodded emphasis to his words—"I mean what I say."

When Colonel Franklin found himself clean and clean shaven, in a new suit of clothes, with a neat lodging to look forward to at night and the prospect of regular meals, he felt that he had every reason to abstain from drink, and was sure that he should never yield again. In fact, he knelt by his bedside and vowed not to touch another drop, praying at the same time for strength to keep his vow. Then, when he had risen from his knees and walked into the street, the thought came to him, as his hands sunk into his empty pockets, that he couldn't yield if he wanted to, for he hadn't the price of a drink. That thought, however, didn't stay long with a man of the colonel's experience, as his eye glanced down his person and took in the various articles of clothing, all of which were new, and each of which would bring exactly what price the colonel knew to a cent. Then he figured up the total sum and reduced it to drinks. Estimating a moderate number of drinks to each day,

the colonel began to figure up the number of days that must elapse before he would be reduced to his former shabby condition. These various calculations he made without any idea of carrying them into effect, but merely as a pastime. Suddenly it occurred to him that he was walking towards a pawnshop with which he was familiar. He continued in the same direction, still with no thought that he would be so weak as to yield, but merely to satisfy a certain longing to view the spot where he might get his precious cash if he wanted to.

When he got halfway to the shop it occurred to him that if he did pawn his clothes he was not in a position to get as much cash as if he had his old clothes with him, so as to take nothing from the pawnbroker in trade but dollars and cents. So he retraced his steps to his room, half wondering if he would yield, half condemning himself for having yielded. Yet even now it wasn't certain what he would do. He was testing his strength, he told himself, and up to the last moment he thought he would be strong enough to turn away before he had committed the last act.

In his room he got his old clothes, and, rolling them up, shuffled out into the street again. His pace was rapid now, and he went directly to the pawnbroker's. There he paused for a moment, and stood looking at the window, telling himself that he hadn't yielded, and imagining that he was persuading himself to turn back. Then he went in.

There was no dickering. He was an old hand at the business, and the broker knew he was. The price was named and accepted. That is, the price was accepted for all but the trousers. Nat had selected the trousers, and had been at considerable pains to find a pattern he liked and that he thought his uncle would like too; so the colonel decided not to part with the trousers—at least, not yet.

When the business was done the colonel in his old clothes shambled into the street, jingling the money in his pockets. Then the realization of his weakness and shame came upon him with a force that brought the tears to his eyes. Tears come easily to the eyes of men like the colonel. There was still chance to redeem himself, and, with a resolution he hadn't felt for years, he decided to go to Nat, tell him how near

he had been to a fall, get from him the money needed to redeem his clothes, and restore himself to an upright life. He walked in the direction of Nat's office. On the way were many saloons. Into one of them the colonel turned.

How long his calculations had told him his newly acquired money would last it did not matter; they were all wrong, and soon after midnight he was turned out of his last saloon without a cent in his pocket.

How he happened to stay there all night without interference from a policeman is a mystery, but he awoke to find himself in the hallway of a First avenue tenement.

His first thought, as he sat up, was for his trousers. Alas, they were dirty and stained, and on one leg above the knee was a rent. He tried in vain to remember how it came there. Then he arose and went into the street. He discarded at once the idea of returning to his neat and comfortable lodging. He knew that now that was no place for him. The only place for him was the poorhouse. It was but a question of hours, of minutes, how soon he must go to it, and he realized that he must soon seek out his nephew—for there was but one nephew connected with the idea of his going to the poorhouse—and tell him that he was ready to be sent. However, he put off the evil moment as long as possible.

How long he wandered about he never knew. He turned from avenue into street and from street back into avenue, wandering without aim or purpose.

He was on Third avenue, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street, where he stopped to watch a group of children. They were all dirty and most of them uninteresting. One, however, his attention dwelt upon. It was a light, curly-haired boy, about six years old. In his maudlin mood he imagined a resemblance to his brother, Nat's father. He was Richard's father, too; but he only thought of him then as Nat's father. That was how he looked, when, as children, the two did "stumps" in the orchard belonging to the old home. The colonel was fast growing tearful in his sentimentality.

Suddenly there were shouts and signs of confusion up the avenue. The street seemed black with people rushing down.

Then the cause of the confusion became apparent. At the head of the mob galloped a sharp-horned Texas steer that had apparently escaped from one of the slaughter houses on the East river. Behind it was a butcher's cart, with men holding lassos and shouting at the tops of their voices. In front the street was suddenly cleared of all but the drunkard and the curly-haired boy, whose companions had scattered, and who stayed seated on the curb, too bewildered to move.

The steer made a straight line for the child. Colonel Franklin, though dazed, realized the danger, and, staggering forward, picked up the boy and ran behind a big iron post that, rising from the sidewalk, makes one of the supports to the elevated railway. The beast veered from the post, missing the man's arm by two inches.

"Shin up the post," cried someone from the crowd, and then Colonel Franklin saw that a fretwork of iron bars formed a zigzag ladder up the centre of the post. While the steer prepared for another attack Uncle Nat lifted the child up as far as he could reach, shouted "Cling, sonny, as tight as you can," and held him until he was sure he had a good hold both with his sturdy little legs and his chapped and grimy hands. Then the colonel thought of himself, and for the first time appreciated the peril of his situation. The steer was close on him once more, and it required great activity to keep the post between him and his enemy. Three times the beast rushed on him, and three times he dodged. The perspiration stood out on his forehead and rolled down his face. He knew he could not stand it much longer, and began to look out for another place of safety.

"Why don't you climb up with the boy!" shouted the same voice that had advised him before. But for some reason the idea had taken hold of the colonel's muddled brain that it would endanger the boy's safety if he climbed up with him.

There was another post in the street a few yards away and he decided to make for that. So when the steer withdrew for another rush, the colonel started for the street; but he didn't make allowance for the drop from the sidewalk and sprawled in the gutter.

There was a shout of terror from the crowd as the mad animal lunged at its prostrate victim. One of its sharp horns grazed the colonel's leg, and piercing the unfortunate trousers that had been saved from the pawnshop, pinned him to the pavement. The colonel heard the frenzied snorting and felt the warm breath. He knew that the beast was withdrawing for another lunge, yet he had not the power to stir. Suddenly he heard a sharp report,

and, with a roar, his enemy tumbled over and lay beside him, dead.

It was a sorrier-looking figure even than the one that surprised the little group at the club, that figure which an hour or two later walked into the Franklins' office. The filth of the gutter had dried in streaks and blotches on the old coat, that was now more in rags than before. There was no hat covering the thin gray hairs, and the hands were revoltingly dirty. The old man simply closed the door behind him and looked from one nephew to the other. His expression for one was appealing, for the other hard, and as if it said, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Nat's answering look was of affectionate expostulation. Indeed, he put it into words: "Oh, Uncle Nat!" Richard's greeting was more definite. "So you're back already," he said shortly and sharply. "I gave you credit for making your good resolutions last at least a week."

"Well, you see they didn't. How much time are you going to give me now?"

"I don't know. I didn't expect you quite so soon. However, I looked for you before the end of the week, and arranged with one in authority. He told me to let him know as soon as you appeared. I'll telephone him."

While Richard was out of the room Nat tried to keep up the spirits of his uncle and himself by feigning a jocularity he did not feel.

"Well, Uncle Nat, you've got rid of your finery in such short order you must have the memory of a glorious time to show for it."

"I did have a pretty hot time, Nattie, my boy," said the old man with a sly laugh, as he remembered his latest experience. "I suppose those times are at an end though, now," he added with a sigh. "But you'll come and see a fellow occasionally, won't you, Nattie?"

"Of course I will, Uncle Nat, as often as you'll want to see me."

"There's plenty of water out there," the old man said, in a tone meant to be jocose. "But I wonder," and his voice became earnest, though there was a wink in his eye, "if you can't smuggle something a little stronger from time to time."

"Mr. Brown says," said Richard, coming in from the other room, "that you can



COLONEL NATHAN FRANKLIN.

start at once. The keeper will be ready to receive you as soon as you appear."

"How am I to get there?" The voice trembled perceptibly.

"You know as well as I do the dock where you get your transportation from."

"Must I walk?"

"You may take the cars. Haven't you the money?"

"Not a cent."

Richard began to fumble in his pocket. Then he looked suspiciously at his uncle, who knew as plainly as if the look were expressed in words that his nephew accused him in his mind of intent to gain money for drink. He instantly resolved that his nephew's suspicion should be justified. Nat had gone to the window and his back was toward the other two. There was a moment of silence, which the old man broke with a half sob, half whine: "Come, boys, as a last favor, you'll let

me go in style? You'll send me in a carriage?"

"What utter nonsense," exclaimed Richard; but Nat turned at once and said: "Of course, Uncle Nat, you shall go in a carriage if you want to." And he disappeared into the room where the telephone was.

A little later the hatless, ragged old man opened, with a grand air, the door of the carriage that stood at the curb. Nat had been reminded at the last minute of an engagement he said he must keep, and it was Richard who accompanied his uncle to the street.

"Driver, take me to my seaside residence," and the colonel settled himself luxuriously in the soft cushions. "The young man will direct you," and allowing Richard to close the door and tell the driver where to go, he waved a gracious farewell and was borne away.

LETHE.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

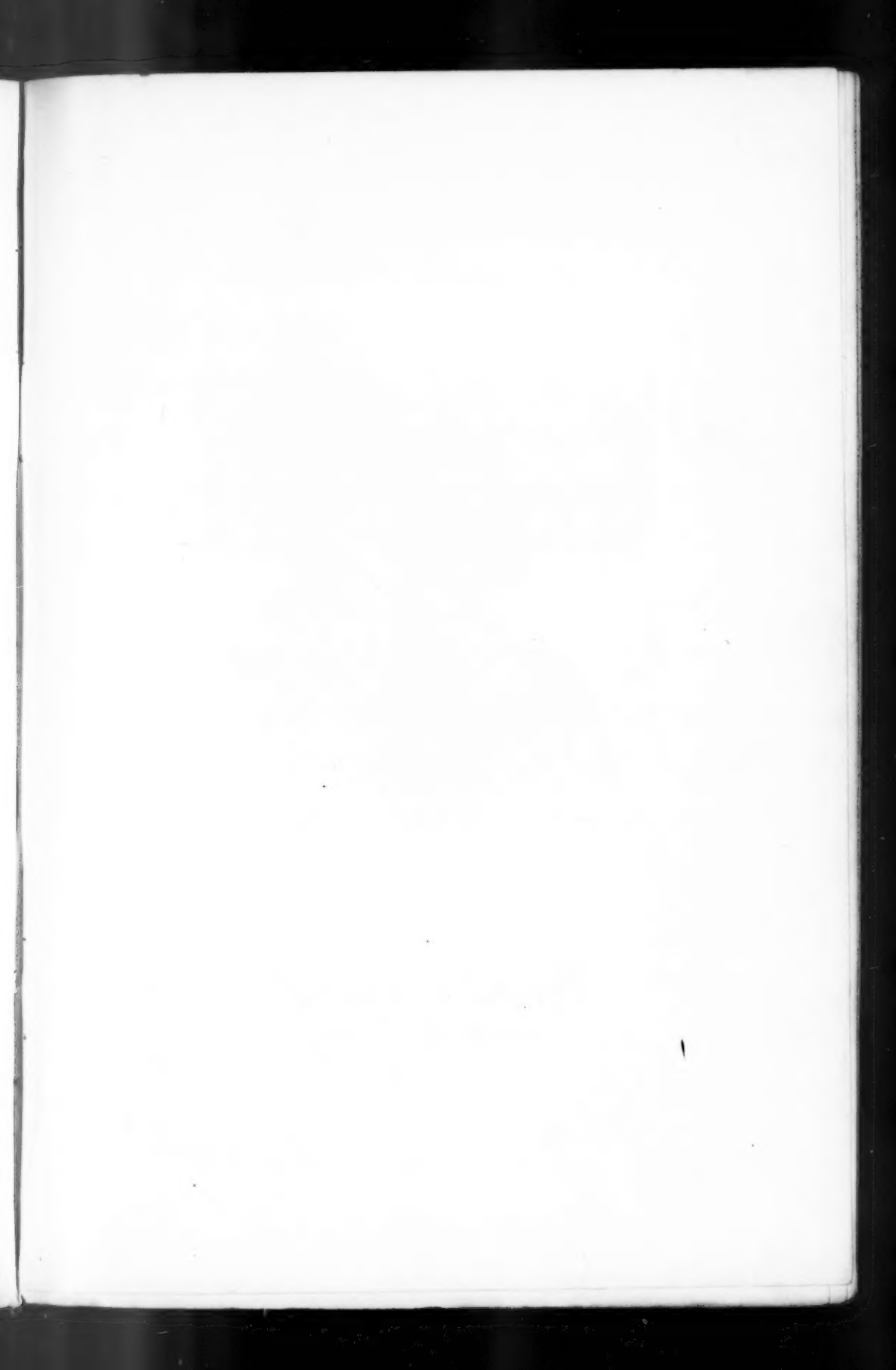
REMEMBRANCE followed him into the skies.

They met. Awhile mute Sorrow held him thrall.
Then broke he forth in spirit words and sighs:

"Great was my sin! but at my contrite call
Came pardon and the hope of Paradise;

If this be Heaven, thy blessing on me fall!"
She looked. Peace filled her unremembering eyes;
She knew him not—she had forgotten all.







Henry James